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THE  
BRITISH ESSAYISTS:

WITH  
PREFACES,  
HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY  
A. CHALMERS, F. S. A.

VOLUME XXXVI.

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LOOKER-ON.

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No. 33—64.

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## THE LOOKER-ON.

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No. 33. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1792.

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*Magnum certè quiddam præstare videntur, si delibantes aliorum ingenia ex compendio sapiant, aut in cortice doctrine aliquatenus læreant.*

BACON, DE AUG. SCIENT.

They think they have done wonders, if, by simply colouring their thoughts with other men's wit, they can shorten the fatigues of study, or just penetrate the rind of knowledge, unable to pierce into the core.

I HAVE given my readers a chapter on the false refinements of the present age; I shall now present them with my thoughts on the false learning by which it is disgraced.

False learning, in which I include false taste, is properly a branch of that false spirit of refinement which has been considered before, and consists, in Lord Bacon's words, "of vain altercations, vain affectations, and vain imaginations." This part of the question was left untouched in the former paper, as being a topic broad and interesting enough to demand a separate consideration. It is a subject of regret to consider, that this false learning does not arise from the want of a disposition in the character of the times, towards objects of this nature, but from

a wrong bias in its direction, resulting from the contagious effects of this distempered refinement.

It would be unjust to our own age to deny, that what we have lost in depth, we have recovered in breadth ; and that, for one profoundly learned of the old times, we have ten superficially so in the present. Unfortunately, indeed, literature has of late years become a part of the mode, and has accordingly partaken of its insipidity, its caprice, and its adulterations. There is in fashion a tyrannical insolence, that loves to trample upon nature and the right constitution of things ; she insists upon submission, and yet her requisitions are as perverse as they are peremptory. She imposes the same tax upon us all, without considering our inequality of resource, and different measures of ability. If it be the fashion to be learned, learned we must be, at all events ; and our ingenuity is strained to the top of its bent, to discover succedaneums that may supply, and impositions that may dazzle, till literature becomes a commodity as artificial as dress, and admits of the same mockery of imitation, the same speciousness of ornament, the same coxcombry of character, and the same artifices of deception. When an article becomes the mode, such as have the means will procure it genuine and perfect ; while those who are without them, must resort to some adulteration that retains its resemblance, or some composition that usurps its appearance.

The remark is perhaps a little paradoxical, yet, in some circumstances, I can not but lament the abundance of our resources, and the fertility of our inventions, which, in respect to learning, have conjured up such impositions and deceptions, and suggested such seducing resemblances, that we are betrayed by our impatience, precipitance, and vanity, into the

adoption of this literary 'chicane, instead of the ingenuous ambition of real attainments. The effect of these mechanical helps has been very much to multiply the professors of knowledge, without adding many to the number of its faithful votaries; they have stocked its wardrobe with such an inexhaustible diversity of tinselled apparel, that her badges have lost their customary distinction, and are become as equivocal tests as ribbons and stars.

Besides the operation of this impertinent mixture of fashion, in extending the surface, and contracting the depth of knowledge, it may be made a question, whether some of those inventions on which humanity prides itself the most, may not be in some sort chargeable on a similar ground. I contemplate the art of printing with a pious sort of gratitude, when I consider it as nobly instrumental towards the propagation of truths, which laid claim to universality, and involved the immortal interests of the soul. I regard it with reverence, as the only weapon of power to cope with the spreading usurpations of prejudice and error, which were not to be overcome by partial opposition, or temporary exertions; with the gigantic arms with which this art has furnished us, we have been enabled to grapple with Error in her remotest retreats, and expose her under all her disguises.

Unhappily, however, the assistance which this art affords us, is of a mercenary nature; indifferent in itself, it obeys whatever impulse and direction are given to it; and, in a certain ratio with our spreading inquiries, delusions and false lights have been unhappily multiplied. When the tones of public reasoning, by being overstretched, grow lax and nerveless, and a wanton spirit of change gets abroad, under pretence of illumination and discovery; when a secret corruption has invaded our stores of accumu-

lated knowledge, and a corroding infidelity is consuming the very core of philosophy; our admiration is turned to regret, in contemplating this mighty engine of intellectual rule, in the hands of a natural foe, disposed to use it to our destruction, and leave us nothing but the monuments of faded vigour and lost perfection.

But there are other circumstances in the tendency of this noble invention, which are but too favourable to false learning. The multiplication of books on every subject has occasioned to some a perplexity of choice in the destination of their views, that has long suspended their application; and to others, an uncontrollable passion for reading, that intrenches upon the time which belongs to reflection, and harasses the mind in a perpetual chase, by starting at each minute fresh objects of pursuit. The character of a book-purchaser, known in ancient times, and so common in our own, seems to spread with the increase of this literary merchandise. A good library is now a part of every gentleman's establishment; and if the learning of a wealthy man be but elegantly bound, no matter in how small a compass, or with how great a waste of margin. It is a common thing for a modern scholar to found his fame on the arrangement of his library; tender the mean while of its repose, and viewing it with a sort of Platonic love, that suffers no thoughts of actual fruition to break the serenity of his contemplations; while others, with a passion for distinction, without an idea of difference, rest their claims to literary eminence on their painful acquisition of scarce editions, of which their admiration is as groundless as that with which children prefer a farthing with a hole in the middle, to one that has no such pretensions to notice.

I do not love to let myself loose in unqualified

censure ; and yet I cannot in this place help feeling a temptation to declare, that, in the long course of my observation of human nature, I have never discovered much real knowledge in your indefatigable book-collectors ; and am often put in mind, when I am led in triumph to their libraries, which I am to consider as bearing testimony to their learning, of our common friend, Mr. Patience, who, in a note to his advertisement, in which the afflicted are more particularly instructed how to find out his house, tells us, “ that his abilities are to be known by the blue lamps at his door.”

Lucian is very pleasantly severe upon the illiterate book-hunter, and enforces a sensible strain of ridicule with this story among others. “ A man of respectable quality, whose name was Evangelus, had conceived a mighty rage for gaining a victory at the Pythian Games. As his personal deficiencies precluded all excellence in running or wrestling, he be-thought himself of his skill in playing on the harp, which had been so magnified by some treacherous flatterers, that he resolved to try the success of this fancied accomplishment. To Delphi, then, he came, in great splendour, with a crown of laurel ornamented with gold and emeralds. Nothing could exceed the beauty and richness of his harp, which was decorated with jewels and gems of great costliness, and on which the figures of Apollo, Orpheus, and the Muses, were admirably sculptured. When the day of celebration arrived, three candidates presented themselves ; but Evangelus drew upon himself the admiration of all the spectators, arrayed as he was in a purple robe, and shining all over with diamonds of the finest lustre. Thespis, the Theban, came first into the lists, and exhibited no inconsiderable talent ; but he could hardly prevent the impatience of his

auditors from breaking forth, so great were their expectations of the skill of Evangelus. At length the Theban harper finished; and now stepped forth, with a countenance betraying a confident security, the favourite of the public: a respectful silence prevailed; expectation had charmed every tongue, and every man was preparing himself to feel sensations he had never proved before; when, after a variety of flourishes and gestures on the part of the performer, a wretched unmusical strain assaulted their ears, accompanied with the snapping of the chords, which were not able to sustain the rudeness of his blows. The surprise of the assembly held them for some time in this silence, so flattering to the deluded Evangelus; till, at length, the performance became so intolerable, that the judges, enraged with their disappointment, and conceiving themselves in a manner insulted, ordered him to be turned out of the theatre, and well disciplined for his ignorant assurance. As soon as he was dismissed, an Elean, whose name was Enmelus, came modestly forward, whose whole appointment was scarcely worth ten drachms; his harp was old and crazy, and furnished with wooden pegs. The man's appearance, however, was presently forgotten when he began to sing and play, both of which he did in a manner so exquisite and masterly, that the most rapturous attention fixed every eye upon him; and while he touched the chords, his air and figure, and his very instrument, homely as it was, appeared with infinitely more grace than his opponent was able to assume, with the aid of his trappings and insignia. As he was returning from the theatre, with his crown of victory on his head, he met Evangelus, and thus accosted him: "Friend, you have now had an opportunity of learning, that the union of folly and splendour draws aggravated ridi-



cule upon both ; and that where we find it yoked with arrogance and pomposity, we cannot even pity the miscarriage of ignorance."

I have no intention, any more than my friend Lucian, to hold to ridicule those hunters after books and editions, in whom this curiosity is built on a certain patriotism in literature, and that delicacy of selection which true taste inspires. I have only in my thoughts a set of characters who contemplate the sacred walks of the academy as a market or fair, where, in peddler fashion, they have only to bustle among rows of book-stalls, and purchase learning on the true mercantile principle of buying that only which may be sold to advantage again. I am told that many of our adepts in this species of traffic, introduce some speculation into the commerce of books, and will buy an author very much out of condition, to get him up in order, against a good time for sale ; and that oftentimes an old stager, that has been hacked through a public school, will, under proper management, come out in the spring with an entire new coat, and so judiciously hogged and cropped, that, except you opened his mouth, you might imagine him in the full prime and mettle of his years.

But this diffusion of literary property, which printing has produced, is not only chargeable with this nominal learning, to which it has given an injurious kind of credit among us ; but we may lay to its account also a tendency to draw out our ancient weight of metal into flimsy wire, or to flatten its substance into tawdry plates, to cover over a larger surface, indeed, but to impose a fictitious worth on the simple and the vulgar. There is little doubt but that the practice of transcribing, on which the ancients were forced from the scarcity of books, was calculated to impress them deeply with the subjects on which they

were engaged, and opposed a salutary barrier to that roving inconstancy of pursuit, which, acting on the mind with opposite impulses, suspends it in a floating medium of broken particulars. The continuity of thought, and perseverance of application, enforced by these difficulties and restraints, had a direct tendency to give to the ancients that mastery over the subjects about which they were conversant, that power of assimilation, that unperishing tenure, that unalienable property, which mightily manifests itself in the vigour and simplicity of their details, and the masculine touches of bold originality with which they abound.

The same literary wants, in which, on a superficial view, we seem to see so much to lament, threw them upon the frequent necessity of oral instruction and learned communications ; a circumstance of two-fold advantage, calculated at once, by a reflective force, to infix in the mind of the speaker his own acquisitions, and to press conviction on the hearer, by the weight of present authority. Since the era of printing, it seems as if a flood of learning had been progressively spreading over the human mind, checking its wholesome productions, and nourishing the growth of a worthless vegetation ; but in the simpler ages of antiquity, it dropped from the mouth at intervals in gentle showers, fertilizing wherever it fell, sinking deep into the pores of the soil, and rising again in genial juices and vegetable life.

It is not unpleasant to remark, as this supposititious learning diffuses itself, the manner in which it operates upon the new provinces of life on which it encroaches ; how soon it accommodates itself to a new range of subjects, elevates the low, amplifies the little, and decorates the vulgar. There is now no occupation so mean, into which it has not found its

way, and whose consequence it has not raised, from the maker of geometrical breeches, to the mere manufacturer of manuscript sermons. We all begin to exalt our tones and pretensions, and adopt a prouder language. Mr. Powell, the fire-eater, is a singular *genius*; and Mendoza has more science than Johnson.—I have heard of hieroglyphical buckles; so that our very shoes will want deciphering, and the Coptic language must soon make part of the education of our Birmingham buckle-makers. Alphabetical buckles are become common; inasmuch that in teaching ourselves to talk with our fingers, we may begin with learning to spell with our toes. Our wigs are made upon principles, which used to be made upon blocks. Our chimneys are cured of smoking by *professors*; and a dancing-master engages to teach you the nine orders of the Graces, and, if you take forty lessons, will throw you in an *elemqsyuary* hornpipe. Our servants are beginning, as my correspondent tells me, to read behind our carriages; and the Bond-street loungee, with his breeches cut by a problem, has as much of the language at least of learning, as any servitor in black logics at Oxford.

This wide spirit of accommodation, so characteristic of modern learning, has opened ways to the attainment of literary honours that were barred for ages before. There is scarcely a mind in which nature has not drawn its line of demarcation between the rational and the brute; scarcely a creature that walks erect and inhales the breeze, but may find some employment in the provinces of literature level to its powers. If you cannot compose, you may scrape together; if you cannot build sentiment, you may rake anecdote; if you cannot write a poem, you may sew together an opera; if you cannot write your

own name, you may edit a horn-book with historical engravings.

I shall now take leave of my subject for the present; but as I have not yet half exhausted myself upon it, I shall follow it up through another paper, in which I shall descend more into particulars, and develop, as far as I am able, a few of those ambushes and disguises, which false learning has borrowed from the sophistry of modern improvements, for the sake of my modest countrymen, wherever they are to be found, who sacrifice their rights to a race of bold usurpers. My intention has hitherto been only to show that learning has outgrown its strength; and that, unless we call in to its aid the proper exercise and cultivation, we have reason to fear that its decay will forestall its maturity.

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No. 34. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29.

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*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas  
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;  
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?*

HOR. ARS POET. 1.

If, to a human head, a painter join  
A horse's neck; or, idiot! would combine  
A sordid fish's tail—the lovelier share  
Of lovely woman—limbs sought here and there,  
Stuck round with feathers all, pick'd where he could—  
Would you not laugh, my friends? I know you would.

THE last time our society met, it was the fashion of the evening to talk upon my paper. As each

successively gave his opinion as to the spirit in which such a work should be conducted, I could observe how the bias of their particular professions and occupations had narrowed the range of their curiosity, and how much I might have overlooked of what concerns our general nature, had I followed in the selection of my subjects the counsel of any one individual.

My excellent old friend, Mr. Allworth, whose talent of reasoning upon life, independently of his own particular concerns in it, is peculiar to himself, gave me real pleasure by his manner of considering this subject. "When I think," said he, "good Mr. Olive-Branch, upon the objects and uses of this undertaking of yours, it strikes me that it cannot well cover too extensive a portion of that variety which human life affords; while it maintains in itself a certain consistency and order, a certain regularity of construction, and subserviency of parts, which will stamp it a whole when it comes to its completion, place it above mere collections and magazines, and assign it a liberal rank among intellectual productions. It should, methinks," continued he, "be constructed and distributed like the plan of a Roman villa, with its *urbana*, its *rustica*, and its *fructuaria*. Its *urbana*, laid out in elegant apartments, should admit only drawing-room company and fashionable topics; its *rustica* should be dedicated to humbler life and homelier characters, and accommodated to the uses of the mechanic, the labourer, and the peasant. Into the *fructuaria* should be thrown fragments of erudition and stores of pleasantry, hints, projects, inventions, specimens, and a rich miscellany of ready materials. It might not be amiss also, if you had your *chenoboscium*, or goose-pen; your *nessotrophium*, or place for wild fowl; your *suile*, for

wine ; *cochleare*, for snails ; and *theriotrophium*, for wild beasts. With this stock and establishment, you have only to place yourself in the *cenatio*, which was usually at the top of the tower, whence you may overlook the land that stretches itself before you, and select those objects which interest you most in the busy scene which presents itself."

I relished this idea of my good friend's so well, that I have been induced to carry it a step or two further, and, in consequence of a very curious letter I received a few days ago from an intelligent correspondent in my neighbourhood, on the subject of sign-posts, have been induced to add to my premises an apartment for monsters.

" TO MR. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

"Having observed that it is the spirit of your undertaking to reject no topics from which instruction or amusement may be drawn, I have put together, with a view to their admission into your paper, some remarks on the various devices by which innkeepers and tradesmen decorate their houses, and distinguish their several occupations. I am well aware that *The Spectator* has preoccupied a part of this ground, but a great deal remains yet to an attentive observer ; and, in this fairy world, new and mysterious phenomena are continually arising, to tempt conjecture and excite investigation.

"As to the moral purposes to be answered by this inquiry, I cannot boast much of them, unless you will allow that it affords a useful lesson by occasioning us to reflect what a strange sort of creation we should gather around us, if we were left to contrive for ourselves ; and into what an unaccountable perplexity we should throw the whole economy of

nature, if she were once to submit her work to our correction.

“Though I am well convinced that sign-posts are no modern invention, but of considerable antiquity, yet I believe that the Bush, which still keeps its place at country wakes, and which used to be hung up at the door of almost every cottage, to signify that the owner had tapped a fresh barrel of beer, was the indication generally adopted in very early times. I have never read the Greek or Roman writings in a view to this object, but have no doubt of their existence among them. I have somewhere seen *ad bubula capita*, ‘at the sign of the bull’s head;’ and I recollect a passage in Quintilian to this purpose, *Tabernæ erant circa forum, ac scutum illud signi gratiâ positum*—‘There were shops about the market place, and that shield was put up by way of sign.’ Your extensive reading may perhaps furnish you with many more passages that bear this way. I shall engage no further in this deep part of the inquiry, but shall begin with the creation of those monstrous productions which sign-post painters have been accused of introducing, but which in reality are to be charged to the account of the heralds. The Golden Griffin, the Green Lion, the Black Swan, and the Blue Boar, are nothing more than a griffin, or; a lion, vert; a swan, sable; and a boar, azure; the simple heraldic distinction of the neighbouring lord paramount in the feudal times, and adopted as a sign by such of his tenants as opened houses for the reception of the public. The same system still prevails in every part of the kingdom; and an attentive traveller, who is conversant with heraldry, may know what families are the principal proprietors of the estates over which he passes, without asking the question. Thus, in North Wales,

the Upright Hand, and the Eagles, will inform him whether he is upon the territories of the Middletons or the Wynnes. The Eagle and Child, commonly called, in Lancashire, the Bird and Baby, serves in like manner to point out the estates of the Earl of Derby, who bears that device for his crest.

“When there is occasion to paint over again an heraldic sign, the scientific part being little attended to, it frequently happens, that only the principal component parts of the arms are retained upon the new board; to which circumstance we owe the Three Tuns, the Three Goats, the Three Swans, the Three Pretty Pigs, and innumerable trios of the same kind. The most respectable class of signs is that of such as relate to historical subjects; some of these record minute facts which might otherwise have been lost to posterity. I remember to have seen at Sherston, in Wiltshire, a sign called the Rattlebones: upon making inquiry into the signification of so obscure a name, which was not at all explained by a half-obliterated painting on the sign-post, I learned that it was intended to commemorate a British hero, who, in fighting against the Danes, received a dreadful wound in the abdomen, and who, in this critical situation, by holding a tile against the wound, preserved his own life till he found means to take away that of his enemy. The classical sign of the Pick-my-toe, relates to the well-known story of the Roman, who would not stop to pick a thorn out of his foot before he had delivered his message. The Rose and Crown still reminds us of the badges of the houses of York and Lancaster. The William of Walworth, represented in the act of arresting Wat Tyler, is very properly chosen as a sign at the place whence he took his name. The restoration of Charles the Second, introduced among us the com-



mon sign of the Royal Oak ; and to the house of Hanover we owe the troops of White Horses which pranced upon the sign-posts of our Whig innkeepers. I suspect that the Hole in the Wall alludes to some obscure historical fact.

“ Sacred story has not been neglected by these historical sign-painters : nor have they forgotten the mysterious character of the original in their unintelligible mode of representation. In Chandos-street, a dragon supporting a bell, insinuates the story of Bell and the Dragon. The Two Spies, the Baptist’s Head, the Noah’s Ark, and the Jacob’s Well, still bespeak a certain orthodoxy in the landlord, which, by an easy transition, we carry to his ale and october. Among the few signs which propriety has suggested, I have remarked a portrait of Simon the Tanner, of Joppa, at Bermondsey, and Elisha’s Raven, at a butcher’s shop in the Borough, with a muton chop in its mouth. The King or Queen’s head, on the sign-post of an inn, affords a pretty sure criterion by which we may guess the date of its original establishment, as the reigning monarch always lends his countenance upon these occasions. Sometimes, indeed, on fresh painting the sign, the old king is deposed, and a new monarch reigns in his stead ; but no landlord that feels for the antiquity of his house will suffer this revolution to take place. Henry the Eighth is still to be seen at Lambeth ; and, considering his host-like appearance, I wonder more freedoms have not been taken with his person in this way. A Queen Elizabeth is as scarce as an Otho. There are but few Charleses, perhaps because the head of a Stuart was thought an uncertain tenure ; a greater proportion of King Williams, who is properly enough exhibited where the liquor of his country is sold ; more of Queen Anne than of George

the First; and several of the late king. A royal progress produces a number of new king's heads; on these occasions the painters work faster than the horses travel; and I have known his Majesty's nose and chin get the start of him by a full quarter of a mile. Biographical signs frequently occur in the cities of London and Westminster; and they are generally placed with due regard to the residence or place of resort of the persons whom they represent—as the Essex Head, the Sir John Falstaff, the Sir Paul Pindar, the Whittington and his Cat, and many more of the same kind;—a practice that will enable our English biographers to decide between contending cities, in naming the birthplace of an illustrious character.

“The devices of our tradesmen might, in general, bear a much stronger relation than they do to their several occupations; some, indeed, are less unhappy than others. The peacock under a rainbow, is well enough chosen for a silk-dyer; the wheat-sheaf is a good emblem for a corn-chandler; and the hams and chicken are not much amiss for a cook's shop. The naked boy with a pair of breeches in his hand, in Monmouth-street, makes a more forcible appeal to us than the unwearied courtesy of the bowing beggar prince himself, striding from one frontier to the other of his ragged empire. The head of Sir Walter Raleigh very properly overlooks the door of a dealer in tobacco, as we owe the introduction of the plant to that illustrious admiral. Many tradesmen are contented with the representation of the article in which they deal; and this would be perfectly unexceptionable, were it not that the mercantile principle of turning every thing to money had induced them to cover their signs with gold. Every object is seen by them through this jaundiced medium; and we

have golden boots, golden periwigs, golden razors, golden hams, and golden sugar-loaves. As for the fish, they all look as if they came out of Pactolus's stream. The cook in Rag-Fair, who hangs out every morning a piece of raw beef, has hit upon a very natural mode of announcing his occupation; while the great A and the bouncing B, at a printer's door, is perfectly in character.

"The beehive, as emblematical of industry, might be adopted by any trade; but I observe it is most frequently used by the linen-drapers. The Adam and Eve, too, is a favourite with them, being intended to exhibit the contrast between the vegetable drapery of our first ancestors, and the varied decorations of a modern drawing-room. The ingenuity of the sisterhood, in the fabrication of lace and the ornamental articles of female attire, may account for the sign of the Three Nuns at a milliner's shop; and I find great fault with Nun and Crucifix, milliners in York-street, Covent Garden, for suffering a device so suited to their names and professions to escape them. If these ladies, on a matter of such moment, thought it necessary to be furnished with a precedent, I could have supplied them with one on the grave authority of Batt. Pigeon, of famous memory; who, in the adoption of three pigeons for his sign, showed it to be his opinion that a coincidence of name was a sufficient apology. Why a haberdasher should live at the Hen and Chickens, I cannot imagine, or a tea-dealer at the sign of the Grasshopper; unless we suppose a change of tenants, and a transition from one business to another in the same shop, without regard to the consequent anomaly of the signs; indeed, unless for this way of accounting for it, the adoption of signs has sometimes such little foundation, that it would look almost like Egyptian idolatry.

“We should be at a loss to guess at the meaning of the leathern doublet at a great iron foundry in the Borough, were we not informed that it was placed there by the first institutor of the manufactory, who, from a very humble beginning, rose to distinguished opulence, as a representation of the identical doublet which he wore when he first came up to the metropolis. The Z’s, an ancient sign at grocers’ shops, look very enigmatical; but I am told they allude to the word zinziber, or ginger, and intimated the sale of that article. Many have been the conjectures about the sign of the Good Woman, which is used by the colour-men; and very undeserved jokes have been passed upon the fair sex on this occasion. Were I to hazard an opinion upon so delicate a subject, it would be, that at the time when every trade and occupation had its patron saint, male or female, the colour-men fixed upon some good woman who had lost her head by an accident not uncommon in the days of saintship. The origin and meaning of the barbers’ pole, has afforded also a great field for conjecture; it is generally, however, supposed to allude to the joint occupation which they formerly professed; and its twisted ornament has been thought to represent the fillet which they used in bleeding.

“I cannot quit these gentlemen without bestowing upon them the praise they so richly deserve for the moderation of their terms and their steadfast adherence to their original price, while the charges for every other article in life are so fast improving upon us. This moderation is particularly commendable in men of genius and literature; and under this head I introduce to your notice Mr. Puff, who has inscribed the following couplet over the entrance of an alley in Shoreditch—

“Up this Court lives A. Puff,  
Shaves for a penny, and thinks it A. Nuff.”

Such of my readers who are connoisseurs or amateurs in sign-painting, must look to a future paper for the conclusion of this subject.

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No. 35. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1793.

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TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING LIBERTY AND  
PROPERTY AGAINST REPUBLICANS AND LEVELLERS.

LET it not discredit my opinions on a political subject, that I confess myself an obscure Northamptonshire clergyman. It is not always the lot of those who act the busiest parts in life, to know the most of human nature; a very wide range of exertion will often absorb reflection, and the mind will sometimes be thrown out of its balance by the conflicting pressure of surrounding objects. Such is the monotony of human passions, and such the uniformity that runs through the human character, that if the sphere in which he moves be but wide enough for him to collect a sort of average, each in his own little platoon, by the force of careful observation, may arrive at a pretty general knowledge of man and his nature. If this remark be just in regard to the contemplation of individual man, it holds more strongly in what respects the survey of civil society; for as, in this case, we can form no competent judgment of the parts, but what is built upon a consideration of the

whole, it is the more necessary to be so far unoccupied with the detail, as to possess our understandings entire, and capable of stretching their views to the wide relations of civil life.

Your patriotic and manly proceedings have reached me in my peaceful retreat; and as the design of my periodical undertaking calls from me whatever efforts I can make in the cause of humanity and my country, I am happy to have found a set of men to whom I can with courage address myself, and to whose sanction I may with confidence recommend my endeavours for the common good. The discontents which have been sown with such industrious malignancy among our deluded countrymen, render every exertion necessary to disabuse all those whose enjoyment of the unexampled blessings which the present state of England holds out to them, has been transformed into a sour spirit of dissatisfaction, by the most unblushing misstatements and the falsest theories.

But nothing so provokes our contempt, as the petulance with which these proud prophets of sedition predict the downfall of our national establishments. They assure us of this, as if it were a conclusion deduced from the quiet examination of the errors of our constitution; while they secretly presume upon the success of their own machinations, and are ready to charge upon the exaggerated corruptions of our political system whatever calamities may result from their own pestilential endeavours to disseminate false terrors and false feelings among the natives of this happy island. To conjure up fictitious grounds of complaint in the bosoms of those who confess themselves happy and content, and to persuade them to put every thing to hazard, in a state flourishing and exalted beyond all former experience, for the sake

of giving a trial to theories, extravagant in their doctrines, and threatening in their forms, is an extent of turpitude that one must be wicked even to comprehend, and which is scarcely credible in Christians of the eighteenth century.

But, what are these theories, that pretend to such wonderful illumination ; that have marked so many thresholds with blood ; that have sent the peaceful from their homes ; that have been so fruitful in cold massacres and street butcheries ; that have dictated a lengthened series of cruelty, wonderful for the unanimity by which it has been characterized, and the spirit of deliberation in which it has proceeded ; and, to finish the picture, that have induced a whole nation to hold up with exultation, to the eyes of mankind, the saddest spectacle of human wretchedness that the heart can suggest—a man and a king, harassed for years with every mortification and misery that could affect him in either capacity ; torn from his wife and his children ; hourly trembling for their fate ; and called out from his comfortless prison, only to witness fresh scenes of calamity, or to sanction some new insult upon his natural feelings, or invasion of his political rights ? \* Such have been the visible effects of these theories, as far as they have been attempted to be reduced to practice. In the mean time, their compensations have been none ; since no establishments which promise any continuance, or which are suited to the circumstances of man in society, have yet succeeded to those which have been destroyed. It must be owned, that in France they have expunged the abuses of the old government ; but how have they done it—by anni-

\* Since this paper was written, their iniquity has been wound up ; and every mind of common tenderness must have rejoiced in the catastrophe, melancholy as it was.

hilating government altogether. Like drugs of a baneful quality, they have cured the disorders of the state by the sorrowful resource of the grave.

But let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that experience has proved a variety of substantial advantages to result to man from the adoption of these new theories; still, it remains a question whether these advantages be sufficient to counterbalance the misery they have occasioned. But if their benefits have been purely negative, consisting only in the abolition of certain errors, while the positive abuses they have engendered are beyond all comparison more destructive and more durably calamitous than the evils they have removed, they stand without apology, and are deserving only of detestation and abhorrence. After such proofs of their dangerous tendency, it would be madness in an *ill-governed* state to hazard what mixture of good there might reside in its constitution, for the sake of doctrines which could only give them in exchange no government at all, and which, it might be easily shown, contain principles that wage eternal war with all political subordination, and that mark out a state of society which, however metaphysically imposing, has no foundation in nature, and makes no provision for the passions and propensities which belong to humanity.

If, then, as it appears, a state whose constitution was inadequate to the purposes of good government, could only lose by taking in exchange such raw theories, for arrangements at worst peaceable, I ask the plain sense of my countrymen, if it be the act of rational creatures to barter a constitution which, after having for ages been cherished in the speculations of wise men, has at last, in the only country which has been able to display it in practice, produced an unexampled state of political prosperity;



if it can be the wish of any but the most abused understandings, or the corruptest hearts, to barter such a constitution for schemes so crude and unaccommodating, of which no quiet experiment has yet been made, and which, as far as they have advanced in execution, have marked their foot-steps with blood ?

But the better to clear my ground, I must deny the solidity of any proofs which can be drawn from the actual state of America, in support of these new theories of government. We know that, in the first ardours of independence, a coarse levelling spirit was as rife in that country as it has since become among a neighbouring people ; and we know too, that after sufficient experience of the miseries to which they conducted, the minds of these British descendants returned to their natural posture, their native character of sense and manliness emerged ; and, having exposed them to the puerilities of their first essays in government, suggested a system in which human nature, as well as human rights, were taken into the account ; in which, by some intrenchments on speculative liberty, the sum of practical freedom was increased ; and in which securities were planted round man's social rights, by a necessary subtraction from those which belong to a state of nature.

I shall content myself, in this paper, with estimating the real value of these new lights in the theory of government, and shall hope to demonstrate that, by reason of their inapplicability to human affairs, they would prove but a bad exchange for a very faulty constitution, supposing that constitution sufficient for the general purposes of order and civil restraint. If I shall have the good fortune to make this clear in my essay of to-day, I shall hope, next Saturday, to place in their true point of obliquity

the schemes of these destroying theorists, who would willingly scatter in the dust the monuments of British freedom, to make way for their houses of straw.

In the first place, I would caution my countrymen against the stale pretences, set up by these political doctors, to new lights and intelligence. The same doctrines have been preached in eras remote from the present, and have exalted their tones with unfailing constancy, when the times have been most favourable to their reception. They roared forth their incoherences with fanatical howlings, amidst the base hypocritical jargon of Cromwell's days ; and having maintained but a short-lived credit in their native barbarity of form, they have since disguised themselves in the dress of philosophy, and played upon us but too successfully with the false glitter of their borrowed trappings. We cannot expect to find an argument on many instances of their practical failure, since the repulsiveness of their nature to all political arrangements, has denied them these opportunities of making so complete a display of the ignorance on which they are founded, and has stopped them short in their career, ere they could manifest their maturity of contradiction and plenitude of mischief.

Thus, we see that in France, where the greatest struggle has been made to reconcile these abstracted rights of man with his actual interests, wants, and dependencies, nothing can endure that is made of such materials ; and the vanity of their proceedings and fluctuation of their councils, the contradiction of their conduct and the unsteadiness of their professions, mark well the lubricity of all those principles which are not grounded in the real circumstances of man, and in the constitution of nature.

We have seen in that country a government over-

thrown ; a constitution substituted ; that constitution again subverted, although it had expressly provided against violent changes ; and in its place we behold a shapeless pile of broken powers, top-heavy with an enormous military, and on the point of tumbling into one universal ruin. This army, which has carried away all those who should have cultivated the land, and thus may be said to have eaten up its own bowels, has just in the eyes of all Europe given the lie to the most boasted principle of the French revolution, I mean the abstinence from conquest, in annexing Savoy to the dominions of France. Into the same absurdities and contradictions are individuals betrayed when they profess a rule of conduct which their natures are incompetent to maintain.

The rights of man are of two denominations, as man has a twofold nature — he is either a solitary individual, or he is a member of a corporation. As an independent individual, he has a right to all he can acquire ; as a member of a corporation, he has a right only to what he can acquire without trespassing upon others. In society, therefore, his rights become relative and confined ; and, consequently, in questions that relate to man in society, we are not to consider what are man's abstract and solitary rights, but what are those rights which may be allowed him consistently with the common advantage. Our individual rights ought to be considered as so completely subordinate to the interests of the whole, and by consequence so distinct from our individual interest, that our first care, in forming ourselves into a political body, must be to establish a power which no individual can resist. Natural liberty, as has somewhere been said, is the right of common on a waste ; but civil liberty is the safe exclusive enjoyment of a cultivated inclosure. The rights, then,

which constitute our civil liberty, are the only rights which are worth maintaining, and these are properly the rights of the people.

The word people supposes society and subordination ; and man, as a part of the people, has his civil rights alone to consider, which include as much of his natural rights as are wholesome in his present circumstances. Nor can man, in this situation, be said to be removed out of a state of nature ; it is only an improved state of nature to which he is advanced. The weakness of infancy, the vigour of manhood, and the wisdom of age, are all in a course of nature ; and the real import of the term is so far from being confined to a state of uncultivated independence, that art and habit do in fact belong to our nature, and are a part of our original constitution. It is this spontaneous faculty of improvement that is the distinguishing property of man, in opposition to the brute. A state, therefore, to which the exercise of this attribute exalts us, cannot be otherwise than a state of nature to man ; and, consequently, the rights which belong to this state are natural rights ; and our civil rights are the rights of nature and of man, in those circumstances of improvement to which the exercise of his natural faculties has raised him.

Let us no longer, then, be imposed upon by these savage theories about natural liberty and the rights of man ; let us consider our rights as swallowed up in our interests, and let us disclaim all those boasted rights which are incompatible with our real happiness. The right which we ought to contemplate with the greatest satisfaction, is the right of restraining, by mutual compact and general consent, those unsocial rights which are exercised in savage life.

In the mean time, as an Englishman, I venerate civil liberty, and the rights of the people; but I have learned to know that civil liberty implies restraint, and that the people's rights require to be secured by a strong government; which government, to endure, must be accommodated to man's nature, and the mixed circumstances of his condition here. It must be built on no abstracted doctrines of right, but on the more solid ground of expediency. It must suppose and allow for human passions and human vices; it must maintain a control over these passions, by directing them to a mutual opposition; it must turn them, when it can, into favourable channels; it must proceed upon a supposition that industry begets property, property inequality, inequality ambition; it must conciliate, and not oppose, these natural tendencies, and enable itself to withstand the shock of unavoidable evils, by warily providing against them.

Politics are no abstract things; they exist only by their relation to positive facts and occurrences. In the air of speculative possibility they cease to breathe; they contain no metaphysical demonstrations, no truths *à priori*, no immutable axioms; but are complexional, contingent, and variable, as are all the natural and moral circumstances of man. Nothing is true in politics that is not experimentally good; and every thing is politically false that is practically injurious. And thus we see that the principles of government, for which so many are searching into remote and occult causes, are in fact deposited in every man's bosom.

The sense which our present race of speculative politicians would give to the rights of man, render them as unwarrantable as the divine rights of kings; and is certainly an error more dangerous in its con-

sequences, as it leads to the worst condition of humanity, a condition of anarchy and confusion. But whatever qualifications others more reasonable may annex to this phrase, it is the last imprudence to hold it forth to the people as expressive of the object for which they are to strive. The vulgar take the broadest meaning of the words, as most suitable to their capacities, and most flattering to their passions. The rights of man, to their conceptions, suppose an equal participation of luxury and power; not understanding that power implies subordination, and luxury owes its existence to the distinction of orders in society; that, in levelling the rich, they rob themselves of employment; and that, in raising themselves out of their sphere, they would annihilate that description from which arise the plenty they are so eager to enjoy.

When a people rise, from a sense of grievance, their objects are clear and definite; but when their minds are possessed with a zeal for speculative opinions, they have no reason in their claims, or rule in their actions; but, urged on in the dark with undistinguishing impetuosity, they suppose every thing an enemy that they happen to encounter, and they destroy in a moment what an age is insufficient to repair.

## No. 36. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12.

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TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING LIBERTY AND  
PROPERTY AGAINST REPUBLICANS AND LEVELLERS.

IN my paper of last Saturday, it was my design to show that the rights of man, in the sense in which they are now vulgarly meant and understood, are not his natural rights, or suited to his circumstances in civil society. It follows, then, that if our constitution be a bad one, at the worst it is better than the plan of these theoretical politicians, since positive facts do undeniably prove that, such as it is, it has enough of the cementing principle to hold us together in a long political union, and sufficient accommodation to the wants and faculties of man, to favour the growth of every social improvement. Now although this evident truth, upon the principle laid down in my last essay, that in politics things are true or false according to their tendencies to produce good or evil, without any reference to any abstract reasonings, is a clear testimony to the legitimacy and the wisdom of the British constitution; yet as the causes of these effects lie open to inquiry, it is worth the pains to examine them, to be convinced how far they are built on solid and durable foundations.

Amidst all the variations in the moral circumstances of man, his passions persevere in an uniform and steady current. Their tones, their expressions, and their modes, may be diversified by contingen-

cies ; but their objects are ever the same. Rule, acquisition, distinction, pleasure, applause, are the rewards which animate his hopes, and prompt his exertions. Forced into activity by these unwearied monitors, he becomes gradually acquainted with the capabilities of his mind, and is led by their constant agency in a regular ascent to property, inequality, and subordination ; taking new impressions as he proceeds, till he reaches his true point of dignity and elevation in the orderly dispositions of civilized life.

Now all this is in a true course of nature, and with little consultation of the rights of man. Still, in this state of improved nature, the human mind is true to itself, and preserves in a manner its parallelism. Its habits and qualities have changed their modes, but are the same in principle, dilated, indeed, by their reference to higher purposes, and their connection with wider combinations. We perceive, therefore, that these passions and dispositions are not only inseparable from the mind of man, but are really the instruments of his social advancement ; and that plainly every good system of policy ought not only to suppose their existence and allow scope for their operation, but so to dispose and direct them as to render them subservient to its interests and support.

The ancient governments were none of them suited to the nature of man. Democracies were all either loose and uncompacted, or violent and distorted ; and nothing shows their weakness more than their constant jealousy of their great men. Their history, therefore, is a melancholy picture of tumults and proscriptions ; and, however it may suit the purposes of weak arguments to build upon their examples, and blazon their transactions, it can never be the



wish of any sober mind to see them repeated in our own times. The monarchies of old were still less calculated to promote the happiness or improvement of society ; and plainly, neither the one nor the other proceeded upon the idea of consulting the nature of man ; and rational liberty was equally a stranger to both. So little adapted was the commonwealth of Rome to second the progressive improvement of man, and consequently so weak, timid, and jealous in its principles, that the introduction of philosophy and the cultivation of the arts were dreaded, by those who knew best the interests of the republic, as the forerunners of their country's ruin. The Spartan government was still more forced and unnatural than that of Rome, and can only be admired by those politicians whose opinion it is that nature designed us for soldiers, and that the ends of creation are fulfilled by courage and military discipline. Athens had no constitution that deserves the name of government. A natural taste, the force of emulation, the noble air of freedom, and a national pride, raised within its walls a gigantic growth of geniuses, and produced individuals that have furnished models to their posterity in those arts which dignify and polish humanity ; but, in a political light, it was the most wretched of all communities.

We may perceive, in a sober examination of these ancient republics, that their prosperity, and even existence, depended upon the operation of a national spirit and patriotic enthusiasm in the mass of the people. While this principle was in its full vivacity, all was sure to go well ; it served as a point of union to all the individuals of the state. By an irresistible attraction, it drew every thing to itself ; and every custom and usage, however intrinsically barbarous, suggested nothing to the mind but images

and associations of the purest patriotic tendency. But as soon as this superinduced and precarious principle fell away, for want of other cements arising out of the uniform and constant feelings and passions of the mind, the whole system went speedily to decay, and being vitally wrong in its construction, afforded no stock from which recovery might be hoped, or whereon improvements might be grafted.

It was late, indeed, in the history of man, before it came to be understood that the principle of surest operation, on which governments could depend for their continuance, was simply the love of self, a feeling that does not decay with time, or lie exposed to contingencies ; and that no political union was made to last, in which the interests of the whole body were not so blended with those of the individual, that, in prosecuting his own advancement, he was adding strength and support to the community. This law of action and reaction, and this spirit of mutual control which pervades all nature, and which upholds the great fabric of the universe, did sometimes present itself to the wisest among the ancients, as affording analogies to direct us in the theory of governments ; but they cherished it as a pleasing vision, not daring to hope that the temper of the times would ever admit of so rational a system.

This theory, so sublime, so consonant to the mighty scheme of nature, so grounded in principles of un-failing operation, which no force of human genius or human counsels have been able to accomplish, under all the diversities of place and circumstance on the great theatre of the world, has, at length, by a train of fortuitous occurrences and combinations, acted upon by vigorous intelligences and that native majesty of mind which early directed the views of Englishmen towards a noble freedom, established

a footing in this favourite isle, and exhibited a practical wonder to the envy of surrounding nations.

Could those ancients, whose deep study of human nature suggested this form of government as an unattainable model of perfection, have been told that at length it would actually exist under an inclement sky, in a remote island in the northern seas ; which island it would raise to unrivalled splendour in arms, in commerce, and in arts—how would their minds have been overwhelmed with astonishment ! and yet how would that astonishment have been increased, by hearing that the day would arrive when this happy country, satiated with prosperity, should contain a description of persons, and those not destitute of sense and knowledge, who would have the hearts to plan its destruction, and set every engine to work to root it up from its very foundations !

The false principles on which the enemies of this envied constitution proceed, appear in nothing more clearly than in their objections to its dateless origin and gradual incidental progress. They acknowledge nothing that has not sprung at once into form, and received a ratifying stamp from a regular convention of the people ; as if, to legitimate a real blessing, we must produce the evidences and records of its birth. In this instance, however, as in its general tenour, our constitution has proceeded in a manner correspondent to nature, whose method it is to develop her greatest truths, and to unlock her stores of knowledge, with gradual reserve, and in a tardy course of progressive discovery. I trace with veneration the finishing hand of nature in this slow conformation of our political liberty. Every thing that is most valuable in human knowledge has been the fruit of this gradual attainment. Every gift of God, and even religion itself, has moved in the same

march of progression. The moral order of the universe itself, while cities and empires flourish and decay, rolls on in a silent course of unmarked improvement. Thus answering to nature in the manner of its progress, it has not lost sight of her in the spirit of its plans, in which we observe a remarkable accommodation to the frame and character of the human mind. It depends on no forced or superinduced principles of action; and while it is susceptible of every advantage resulting from the highest exercise of virtue, it has not only provided against the operations of selfish passions, but has made them the fountain of useful activity.

Power there must be in every state, and power has a natural bias towards falling into the hands of a single ruler. Forestalling, therefore, these effects, which never peaceably happen of themselves, our constitution has adopted and modified this evil, thereby preventing the greater evil of numerous pretenders. In the progress of national wealth, large proportions of property and influence will be necessarily accumulated; hence will unavoidably arise pretensions to honours and distinctions. Our constitution has prevented the struggles for these distinctions, by creating them at once; and by the invention of titles has enabled itself to gratify this ambition, without entrenching upon the integral power of the state to supply it. The people are a great body, and mighty, which ever way they turn. If they enjoy no consequence themselves, they are always liable to become the instruments of bad and interested designs. The state has therefore given them a form, invested them with great power, and provided for them a medium through which they may act; and as the few that have most sense and spirit will naturally take the lead, this tendency has

been suffered to have its course, and the best instructed have been made the organs of the claims and wishes of the rest. Thus, in this wise constitution, a free passage is opened for the nature of our minds to operate, and the violence and ambition inseparable from man is turned into useful channels. Power so distributed, is a check upon itself, and the impulse of indirect forces has produced a new force in the state, which, agreeably to Nature's laws, proceeds in a straight and uniform line.

Let us not be imposed upon, therefore, by those writers who tell us that fortuitous governments must necessarily fall below the works of intellect. To such reasoners we reply, that a government which has been gradually moulded by time and occasion, has not excluded the exercise of the understanding, in waiting for the lessons of experience. It is reason which gives the stamp to those combinations which unforeseen events and emergencies have struck out; and retracing effects back to their causes, has founded a collection of practical rules to serve as guides in subsequent proceedings. Great experiments, and violent enterprises, suit only desperate circumstances.

In some countries, perhaps, nothing could be lost, and every thing might be gained, by a sudden subversion of the government. Where no principles of good are to be found, and rottenness has sunk into the very marrow of the state, let the carcase be thrown by as food for the ravenous tribe of revolutionists; but let not the vultures and the harpies be suffered to prey upon a body where the lifeblood yet flows in the veins, and where balsamic restoratives and alteratives might yet avail. Wherever the influence of Christianity has reached, it has breathed into governments a benevolence of spirit, and a gen-

flexibility of principle, that leaves them open to gradual improvements.

Much may be safely left standing as a security for present peace and order, while the work of reformation is going forwards. But these furious advocates for conventions, regenerations, and the rights of man, are at issue with all governments on a question of competency and title, and would involve them all in one undistinguishing ruin, for the sake of trying what they triumphantly call their splendid experiments. I speak here, however, only in a view to foreign states; our own constitution wants no such apology. All good men consider it as sacred, especially in times of heat and temerity; and so far are they from arraigning its purity, that they consider it as the only pattern according to which we are to proceed in the correction of its abuses.

By thus consulting the great example of nature in the conduct of the universe, we shall learn properly to estimate the value of our own constitution; we shall consider it as a part of a mighty whole, and as linked in fellowship with that scheme of analogy which unites in a sacred league our nature, our morals, and our religion, and characterizes the counsels, as far as our minds can explore them, of the Great Disposer of all things. We shall learn to despise those sorry calculators, that would persuade a country, whose constitution has raised her to be the envy of all the civilized world, to hazard that constitution in experiments on the grossest, clumsiest, and stalest theories. We shall learn, I hope, if English blood yet beats in our bosoms, to treat with a manly and spirited indignation the impudent and flagitious attempts of French incendiaries, who dare to come to our thresholds and our hearths, to tell us, that in four or five bloody summers they have emerged from a

state of political slavery, to a fairer freedom than the long-exercised spirit of the English people has obtained; to tell us, while as yet they have no ostensible establishment, that, upon their bare and unwarranted assertions, we should leave all to follow them, and join them in promoting the labefaction of all human government; despising for their sakes that precious inheritance of rights and privileges, bought with the lives and fortunes of our forefathers, and abandoning for their sakes our thrones, our sepulchres, and our altars.

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No. 37. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.

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TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING LIBERTY AND  
PROPERTY AGAINST REPUBLICANS AND LEVELLERS.

I HAVE endeavoured to show, in my last paper on this subject, that power, which must exist somewhere, can only be restrained within wholesome bounds by being rendered a check upon itself. This is man's nature, and the nature of the universe, wherein every thing is upheld by this law of action and reaction. This system of mutual control in a state will not be effected by frittering power of the same denomination among a multitude of individuals, but by sharing it among different orders of the community at large, and in proportionate masses. Thus, in our own country, this sober counterpoise of authority in the state, is our great security against partial en-

croachments; and abuses can enter but slowly into a system where there is always in some quarter or other a phalanx of opposition.

Power that is distributed among a number of individuals has invariably a strong tendency to coalesce; it is the society of interest which makes opposition firm, and maintains the equilibrium unshaken. While an individual is driving onwards in the pursuit of his own solitary aggrandizement, his objects are seldom limited or defined; but suppose him a member of a corporate body, his efforts are then directed to the interests of his order. Any eccentricity from this orbit of exertion is regarded with watchfulness and jealousy, and an account is taken of such a man's actions from the first moment of his aberration.

In the simple representative legislation adopted in France, this natural classification and reciprocity of power has been despised by the green precocity of these upstarts in freedom. All-sufficient in themselves, they disdain those intimations which nature affords, and seem to be persuading themselves that they have erected a system so metaphysically enchanting, that nature and man will lay aside their ancient character, and assume another that shall harmonize with its principles. "*Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.*"

What is the consequence of these proceedings? Turning our eyes towards this people, we behold a desultory, disbanded, enormous crowd of individuals, held together by no other cement than a temporary fanaticism, maintaining an unwieldy army, while they are starving themselves; mistaking the cowardice or the misfortune of the enemy for their own valour, and, in a delirium of national vanity, conducting a preposterous crusade against civil society



itself, without revenue, and without the means of enforcing contributions. Glorifying in what they call their splendid crimes, committed for the most part in cold blood, against unresisting imbecility; and proceeding at length to bring their king to trial, by an *ex-post facto* law, for the crime of reigning; on which principle the whole nation might with equal justice be tried for the crime of obedience. I say, the crime of reigning; for what more was it, to make such resistance as he could, either secret or open, to proceedings which were threatening him with a prison in exchange for a palace, unless it be an aggravation to call it the crime of self-preservation? As the father of his people, he was bound by an obligation which will bear no comparison with that of an oath extorted from a mind prostrated with grief and apprehension, to put forth what vigour and resource was left him to prevent the ruin of his country. This man, distinguished among the princes of the earth for being the first in his own kingdom to promote a salutary reform of government—distinguished for his voluntary sacrifices of power, his early attention to the complaints of his people, and his parental love in inviting them to assemble and lay their grievances before the throne—this man have they pursued with a vengeance unworthy of Christians, disgraceful to civilization, and becoming a people at war with nature and with feeling.

Such is the view which the French nation presents to us at this shameful period of their history, and such is the consequence of a defection from nature and her rights. In the mean time, I am far from condemning the principle of the revolution. I advert only to the conduct of it. They have shaken off a galling yoke, and vindicated humanity from despotic

oppression ; but the barbarous levity of their subsequent career, their dogmatism, their puerility, their upstart contempt, their vainglory, their inconsistency, their destroying rage, and their distorted theories, bespeak them a people unripe for rational and manly freedom, and with minds too ill-constituted in general for the enjoyment of so precious a boon. Is this a people to give lessons of liberty to Englishmen ? This a state of things to serve Englishmen for a model ? Are we to lay by a constitution which in ten years has raised us from an abyss of national desperation, to circumstances of splendour hitherto unknown, for such a shapeless structure as the French have reared, which, like the chimerical figure of a broken cloud, while we are endeavouring to trace it, shifts and shifts its form, till at length it perishes in confusion ?

I hear in my obscurity with extreme satisfaction, that our hearths and altars are still dear to my countrymen, and that the blessings of our wise constitution are not lavished on ungrateful minds. I hear, gentlemen, that your patriotie example has been followed in every corner of the kingdom ; and I begin to hope that since Providence has protracted my life to witness the rise of such absurd and calamitous theories of government, he will graciously permit me to see them in the end thrust out from society with deserved execration, “among the bestial herds to range.”

But it is not to these contemptible theories, and to the distorted condition of the French at this juncture, that I am satisfied with opposing the constitution of my country ; no republic of any times can endure a comparison with it. The histories of Greece and Rome are stained in every page with blood and crimes ; and no man can wish to see those

classical days again except in a tragedy or an epic poem. Of modern republics, most are tyrannically governed. Many of them timorous and dependent ; and such as have made a transient figure in the world, have owed it to the contingent advantages of a commercial situation, and not to any superiority of constitutional resource.

In regard to America, which certainly at this moment enjoys some share of political happiness, we have two or three points to consider. It is well known in what a dissipated state of society she remained for some time after her declaration of independence. In good time, however, she rallied her native intelligence ; and, perceiving that her enthusiasm had betrayed her into an admiration of a liberty that was impracticable in a state of political union, she put forth all her strength in a general convention to fortify her freedom by a strong and efficient government. This government, if it flatter her pride, she may call a republic ; but in fact it admits a strong monarchical mixture, and was copied after the British constitution as far as her circumstances would permit at the juncture in which it was formed. Where the constitution of America differs from our own, it is generally weaker. While the patriotic fervour of newly-acquired liberty supports her national spirit, while peace endures, and the struggle of rising fortune supplies occupation and employment, her present government may be found sufficient. But when the extension of her commerce shall induce luxury, and luxury new wants and new crimes ; when the exigencies of the times shall impose burdens upon the people, and the increase of her connections shall call for additional activity ; she may then possibly be obliged to avail herself of the power of self-correction she has re-

served, in imparting energy to such parts of her government as may seem to fail most in the balance.

Government must ever be placed in a high degree of security, to be just and mild in its administration. Weakness produces jealousy, and jealousy injustice. It has been thus with all the republican forms which have prevailed in the world ; they have always been violent in proportion to their timidity and their want of confidence in themselves. Every individual can shake them, and every minute derangement affects their existence. It is for this reason that they are always so occupied with the detail of their domestic quarrels, as to be rendered inattentive to the great interests of their political establishments. A strong government, like that of our own country, elevated above these petty apprehensions, has no concern with individuals simply as individuals, but in their capacity as members of a corporation. Here, an individual in his own person can produce but little harm to the community, unless he can acquire such an influence over the body to which he belongs as to persuade them to act in concert with his wishes. When thus much is effected, still, bodies of equal magnitude oppose his career ; and if singly they are insufficient to encounter him, an invincible junction is speedily formed, to which he is obliged to yield with disgrace. Thus, in our balanced constitution, we see every day individuals of gigantic ability, of power to wield a democracy, straining every nerve to exalt themselves on the ruin of our establishments ; but the constant reaction resulting from the counterpoise of interests and authority is such, and such the elastic vigour of our system, that the pressure of these attacks has only tended to exercise its resources, and to provoke its might. In simple republics, where power is subdivided and frittered away, a

sudden combination meets with small resistance, and rarely the state supports the rencounter; but the tempered solidity of the British government not only views without alarm or embarrassment the associations perpetually formed in support of requisitions of a dangerous tendency, but calmly hears, examines, and rejects.

This insecurity and jealousy characteristic of republican governments, placed them in one view of inferiority to limited monarchy, in which humanity is most deeply concerned. They dare not relax the severity of the laws, in those cases where mercy should season justice. The danger is extreme, where the immediate authors of law interrupt its course, or set aside its execution; thus, the curtain of hopeless sorrow is drawn round their tribunals, forbidding to imitate the justice of heaven, and suffering no ray to enter from the source of mercy above.

But although the obvious interests of a republic point out the necessity of an awful regard to the laws, yet the English constitution is far better adapted to uphold their sacredness and insure their stability. The triple sanction they receive, the solemn process of their ratification, the variety of discussion they undergo, and the necessity of the same solemnities in their repeal, all conduce to strengthen their claims to veneration. Indebted for their existence to no single power in the state, they are in a manner independent of all; and each department of the constitution will look with greater awe to those penalties which separately they stand qualified neither to repeal nor avert.

The monarchy of England has these remarkable advantages, to which I should be happy could I turn the attention of my countrymen. It is according to nature, and anticipates her; for the course of human

affairs is always tending to produce what our government has in the first instance established. It creates, therefore, without struggle, what would probably otherwise take place with violence and convulsion ; it does that coolly and temperately which might otherwise be done precipitantly and lavishly. Power conferred immediately, and on the occasion, by the people, is generally the offspring of sudden fondness, and consequently extravagant. We are not to expect enthusiasm and moderation to mix in the same acts and adoptions.

Another advantage we derive from this monarchical part of our constitution, is the discouragement it holds out to intemperate ambition. The establishment of so splendid a post, beggars all objects of ambition in which an unsolid titular greatness is the only incentive, and the public esteem is become the source of our truest exaltation. On this side, a passage is clear to patriotism and public virtues ; and yet so are things constituted in this happy country, that popular favour, which in other states may carry an individual to a dangerous elevation, in England sets bounds to itself, and expires by its own exertions ; borne upwards by the gale of popularity, the aspiring individual rises and rises, till he loses that intimate connection and fellow feeling with the people, and escapes almost out of their sight, being called, if I may so say, into situations of splendid obscurity. A mutual apathy succeeds, and his place is filled up in their hearts by some new adventurer.

Thus, in England, the supreme object of society is obtained. What is great in the souls of individuals finds room for exercise, without endangering the common safety. Ambition is called forth by high rewards. But these rewards are also its limits, and its consummation is its grave. Meantime the unity,

solidity, and indivisibility of the British crown, is the source of complicated blessings to this kingdom. As the point of union to the different members of the community, it cements and compacts our frame of polity, and gives steadiness and direction to the jarring interests and counsels of the different organs of the state.

The same circumstance of unity and solidity in the executive power, is admirable in a view to the liberty of the subject. Wherever it is shared among many, it becomes vague, slippery, and fluctuating; difficult to be limited, because difficult to be ascertained. But thus bound down and consolidated by the constitution of England, it presents a permanent and definable object to the people of this country, against which all their efforts and their caution may with certainty be directed. Thus, in the progress of political liberty, a regular course of attack has been conducted against this citadel of prerogative, and a regular course of grants have been obtained. What has been thus gradually and with difficulty acquired, has been wisely used and piously guarded, and has been continually increased by casual accessions, till it has gained a predominancy in the system.

In contemplating this mild strength of the executive power, it is an additional comfort to consider, that it arises, not so much from its own separate resources, as from its binding connection with the rest of our government; as an integral part of the whole, deriving its security, not from its own private supports, but from the reciprocal dependence of a constitutional balance. Here, we see the reason why the army is so little depended upon by the crown. To this we ascribe the subjection of the military to the civil power, and the sacredness of the English law.

But if imperfections still remain in the British constitution, and imperfection is the law of nature in every thing that is human, let it console us to reflect that it is not more distinguished by what it has already acquired, than by its power of acquiring still. This principle of improvement has lately endeared to us our precious inheritance, by adding fresh value to the trial by jury. While, therefore, we are grafting new excellences on our native "tree of liberty," while we are reposing under its guardian shade, let us gratefully cherish its root; let us moisten it with our blood, in defending it against those who would unnaturally change it for one of French growth and cultivation, with its crude and noxious produce of the "rights of man."

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No. 38. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26.

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TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING LIBERTY AND  
PROPERTY AGAINST REPUBLICANS AND LEVELLERS.

THE most difficult part of my subject lies yet before me — I mean the question of a reform of parliament. I have endeavoured, in what I have written already, to show the danger that lurks in the phrase of the "rights of man," when unexplained and unqualified, and the nonsense it implies in its vulgar acceptance. It has been attempted also, as far as the necessity for compression would allow, to contrast the fundamental principles of our own constitution with the spirit of these doctrines. Happily



for the effect of this reasoning, there was an appeal to practical proofs, in the experience of two great countries; examples interesting and affecting to Europe, to the world, and to posterity. If the reasoning has been good, it furnishes two most valuable conclusions. We learn from it, to consider our constitution as devolved to us in a course of nature, and as, consequently, well accommodated to the condition of man—but we learn from it also, that, like its great prototype, it contains a principle of improvement, has a property of growth under due cultivation, and affords intimations from time to time which assist our endeavours to promote it.

In this view, while we bury in our hearts the precious treasure of our rights, to depart thence only with our blood, we feel it a duty to ourselves to add to them, as time and occasion permit. Meanwhile, taking a religious care that what we add is sterling gold, and not a glittering bastard coin of foreign adulteration. By rights, I mean the rights of the people; and by people, I mean all the orders of the state; for the word supposes orders and degrees, and includes them—I mean the rights of Englishmen—such rights as breathe no spirit of destruction, and can only be promoted by referring to subsisting models. Let those then cherish, as doubly sacred, the principles of our constitution, who meditate wholesome reforms. If they wish to reform the practice, they have additional reasons for preserving the principle entire: since, as it has been said before, to spoil and to improve, are words more strongly opposed than to spoil and to preserve.

I proceed to consider the subject of reform under two heads; in respect to the time when, and the manner how.

The argument which appears to have been most

insisted upon by those who press the present moment, is the security afforded by the prosperous condition of the country—an argument to which there are evidently two handles; for it may either recommend the time being, as offering less ground of complaint, and therefore less to apprehend from violence; or, supposing other reasons to exist for the propriety of delay, this same prosperity of the country makes the task of supporting such delay easy, and the intermediate time is brightened by the consciousness that we are nevertheless advancing.

It is doubtless the character of a strong government, as it is of a well-constituted mind, to shrink from no examination of itself, and to acknowledge with candour its infirmities and errors. This is, in fact, the great praise of the British constitution. There is nothing mysterious, or imposing, or jealous in its operations; and so often are its fundamental articles implicated in subjects under the consideration of the legislature, that, to one unacquainted with its cautious provisions against hasty adoptions, consisting in the triple ordeal to which they are subject, our system might appear but a perishable tenure at best. Built to encounter the storms of human passions and human vices, our vessel is borne out into the main with all her canvas spread; the tempest in vain assails her; she has no rocks, or shoals, or quicksands, to fear. What seems to menace her with momentary ruin, only speeds her course; and what looks so like her own unwilling labour, is in truth the tossings of the troubled medium through which she proceeds.

Although the constitution of our country is thus hardy from its habits of daily exposure, yet there are rough mischances to which every thing that is human is surrendered. And there are contingencies in

the affairs of men, which it would be policy in us to elude, and madness to encounter. If it were true, that in this country the fanatical doctrine of the "rights of man" had so far gained upon the good sense of Englishmen as to blind them to the blessings of our constitution, and inflame a deluded majority of the people with a zeal for destroying it, I should say that this was the wrongest time that could be chosen for canvassing its defects.

All reforms, which are meant to be nothing more than reforms, require a sober disposition of the country at large; and those who sit on so solemn a question, should be able to devote to it the undivided force of their minds, in the fullest security as to every other political or personal concern. Now, although the present is a moment in which too many outrages are passing near us, and too many bad spirits are at work in our own country, to leave our minds in a state of tranquillity; yet the high consolatory proofs of a loyal and constitutional sentiment, reëchoed through all the classes of the community, to his Majesty's late proclamation, have, for some while at least, laid all our apprehensions to sleep. Thus far we have a negative argument in favour of the present juncture for entering upon the work of reform.

A great deal has been said in the preceding papers, on the powers of action and reaction, residing in our constitution, as copied from the great law of nature; in pursuance of the same plan of policy, measures that work towards any capital alteration in the scheme of our legislation, can never be so wisely timed as when there is evidently a spirit residing in the community at large to balance against this derangement, and an active sentiment is awakened in favour of the subsisting establishments.

When minds are heated with a love of innovation, and hurried by I know not what fatality towards revolutions, regenerations, and conventions, to make the minutest change is to open a floodgate through which the torrents of the great deep are ready to burst in upon us. Now we may choose a time in which the ardours of the whole nation are directed towards the saving side; in which the different classes of the community, with a spirit of union and sobriety most honourable to their understandings and hearts, have joined in one great fraternity for the preservation of order and peace; in which the body of the people will be themselves the security for the maintenance of the whole, while a regular and constitutional mode is pursued of altering, repairing, and strengthening the construction of particular parts. If this be an opportunity, it would be wise to embrace it, for such a time may not hastily again present itself. It would be wise to embrace this great occasion of contrasting, in the view of all mankind, the sterling sense and moderation of this happy country, with the violence, the cruelty, and absurdity of a neighbouring nation. Let these memorable and opposite events pass down recorded together to our latest posterity, and furnish examples for warning and for imitation to future generations.\*

It is a circumstance beyond all praise honourable to the nation in general, that two feelings, which seldom arise together in the mind, except where there is much good sense and discrimination, at this moment divide the minds of Englishmen. They are at once occupied with their cares for the safety of

\* It is necessary to look back to the date of this paper, as its principles may not apply at present. Indeed, whether they did then apply or not, it little imports to their value: the application is a question of fact, which was far from being the main object of the paper.

the constitution, and their solicitude for its reform. Nothing can afford a stronger testimony to the moderation of their views, and the correctness of their ideas on this question of reform, than their anxiety to preserve the spirit of the constitution entire for its sake. To demands so regulated, so reasonable, and so universal, the legislature must listen sooner or later ; but the conduct and consequences of the measure may be deeply and permanently affected by this difference in the order of time. It is particularly wise to do what must be done, with the best grace we can assume. It is, in such a case, the summit of good policy in the legislature to anticipate the struggles of the people. The general sense of a country, when it has outlived its first enthusiasm, is for the most part in the right. If it remain steady through a course of years, it is for the most part irresistible. Whichever way it points, the legislature must one day or other go, or be driven ; and it had better go, than be driven ; go willingly and at once, than late, and by compulsion. The people are never content with what they have extorted ; unreasonable opposition provokes their indignation ; and when once they have become acquainted with their own strength, they can rarely be brought to use it with discretion. Perhaps, for these reasons, the present is a crisis the most favourable that has happened, or is likely to happen again, for the parliament of England to begin a reform of the representation, and correct what other abuses in the practice have falsified the spirit of our excellent constitution.

With respect to the conduct and degrees of so delicate a proceeding, I shall state loosely some general observations.—To a business of such difficulty and danger, every man should bring with him a certain temper of mind, borrowed from a previous contem-

plation of the political situation of his country at the moment. He should make up some general resolution as to the degree of alteration to which his assent should be given. When our objects are undefined, there is danger of being drawn by the detail into a wider scheme of correction than is prudent and salutary under our circumstances. Evils are not always to be removed, simply because they are evils. In every human system there are necessary evils ; and sometimes, in our solicitude to shake off these badges of our infirmity, we substitute more solid inconveniences. Those who go to work with high-wrought notions of purity and perfection, are as ill-calculated for the undertaking, as if their object were really to destroy our government, or to render it unfit for the purposes of society. As there is neither absolute good nor absolute evil in life, it is the business of him who would reform our condition, not simply to separate the evil from the good, but to balance between evils of different magnitudes. He must distinguish between adscititious and necessary ills ; between those which are compensated by no advantages, or by none that amount to a counterpoise, and those which grow out of our felicities, and cling to our blessings as the badges of our imperfection. Without this thorough examination, this round calculation, we can never effectuate a wholesome reform ; and the same arrow, which was aimed at an evil, may strike through a blessing that lies beyond it, and sacrifice a substantial good to the removal of a diminutive sorrow. Government is not a mere holiday amusement, not a model to be gazed at for its delicacy of workmanship ; but a machine to endure, to suffer constant use, constant attrition, constant exposure ; a thing of every day, fitted to the vulgar, the coarse, and the profane, as well as to the refined, the lofty, and the learned.

I have said that a member of the legislature, before he enters upon so momentous a question, should bring with him the proper temper, resulting from a candid survey of the present state of the country. If, in regarding her comparative situation in different periods, he perceive that our present constitution, with all its imperfections and abuses, has not prevented a rise of fortune since her depressed condition in 1783, so rapid as to be almost incredible; if he find that four annual millions have acceded to the revenue of the nation; that the number of ships entered inwards and cleared outwards have increased from seven to twelve thousand; that the value of imports, which in 1783 was thirteen, is in 1792 not less than nineteen millions sterling; while the exports, which produced fourteen, have mounted to twenty; that the public funds have risen from between fifty and sixty, to between ninety and a hundred;—if he suffer his mind to meditate at leisure on these important facts, will he not be reserved in the liberty he allows himself, of proposing or supporting plans of alteration? He may say, that the political prosperity which has here been referred to, does not include political happiness; but let him solemnly ask himself, if the people, unless they were generally happy, nay, rendered so by their government, would or could enable their government, by their loans, contributions, and commercial exertions, to pursue its objects with such vigour and success.

The Americans, whose example has sometimes been cited for very opposite purposes to those for which it has been adduced in the course of these essays, built as much as possible on old foundations, and left standing their ancient records, and precedents, and all the common law of the land. They left them standing, not only because they wisely

held them in veneration, but because they felt, for woeful experience had improved them in polity, that it was enough at once to establish a constitution which contained within itself the principles of its future amelioration. They left this reforming principle to operate in a course analogous to that of nature, in a course of incidental improvement ; to wait the suggestions of time and occasion, and to advance cautiously on the lessons of experience. The same seeds of melioration are treasured in our own constitution, and are not to be provoked into sudden maturity by violent applications, but must be left to the kindly influence of the seasons, and the cherishing dews of heaven.

I did not propose to myself, in setting out, to enter at all into the detail of the question ; but one or two thoughts occur so forcibly to my mind, that I must lay them before the reader.

Much has been argued, by the advocates of reform, on the duty of going back to the Saxon scheme of legislation, as the ancient government of our forefathers, and, as such, entitled to be followed by their posterity. The inheritable nature of our rights and liberties has been eloquently enlarged upon by a man who, with a giant's strength, has stood between our constitution and its assassins. But this part of his argument our Saxon reformists have been inconsistent enough to assail with ridicule and contempt. It is clear that both are favourers of the principle of inheritance, with this immense difference, that the one would send us back upon our steps, in contradiction to the order of nature, to imitate an inceptive government subsisting in rude and unlettered times ; the other exhorts us to regard with such veneration as nature inculcates towards individual men, the constitution which our ancestors have formed in a



course of successive experience. As we cannot repay this debt of gratitude to our forefathers, let us discharge our bosoms by emulating their virtue in our love to posterity, and our solicitude to send down to our children a constitution entire in its principles, but improved in its practice. Thus, like the ancient husbandman in Tully's *Old-age*, we must answer, to those who demand for whom we are planting our oak, "For posterity and the immortal gods."

No man, whose mind is properly constructed, can abstain from venerating the first struggles of an infant people towards obtaining a correcter liberty—it is another thing to imitate their conceptions; this is an homage which no thinking person would wish to see paid to them; as well might we set about pulling down St. Paul's, to make room for a metropolitan church after the model of the ruin on Salisbury Plain. But though, upon the whole, the Saxon legislature, as it appears by such records as we have, was very inadequate to the purposes of good government, and to restrain the disorders of social life, yet, as it is always safer to borrow from former establishments than to follow our own inventions; it is both natural and right to consult the practice of these early times, and to copy, but with discrimination, what examples they may happen to afford us for the benefit of our own.

It would be clearly according to the spirit of that government, for not only every copyholder, but every householder, to have the privilege of voting for a member of the representative body. In respect to the copyholders, I own I see no colour of justice or reason in the exception; their place in society is among the most respected orders, and they are capable of serving their country in parliament. It seems, therefore, an inconsistency to deny them the

full rights of citizens, and to depress them below every freeholder of forty shillings a year. On the other hand, I know of no good that can result to the government of this country from extending this privilege to every householder. This measure, instead of giving purity to our constitution, would be stirring up the bottom of the stream, to sully its waters and obstruct its course. In the mean time, the system of borough-representation is intolerably corrupt in itself, and the source of incredible dissipation and immorality among the lower orders. I build nothing on the impurity of its origin, as having had its beginning in the interested partiality of princes and nobles. If it be notoriously corrupt and rotten, it demands an effectual remedy at the hands of the British legislature.

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No. 39. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

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*Intenti expectant signum.* VIRG. ÆN. v. 137.

Eager they wait the sign.

I PROMISED my readers the conclusion of the contribution that was sent me on the subject of signs; they afford us a sort of information that connects itself with the history of the mind, and displays some of its strange wanderings and capricious combinations.

“The junction of many animals, utensils, &c. upon

the same sign, may be accounted for in different ways. Some appear to be put together merely for the sake of *alliteration*, as the Lamb and Lark, and the Goose and Gridiron ; a figure so degraded by the abuse of it in modern poetry, that at present it can hardly be dishonoured by any application. Others have a sort of connection, as the Fox and Goose, the Dog and Duck, and the Ship and Star. The Bolt and Tun I take to have been a rebus upon the owner's name ; and many others, it is probable, may be accounted for in the same manner. The Cock and the Bottle has, I imagine, some connection with the transactions of the Cockpit. The Cat and Wheel is a corruption of Catherine Wheel. The Bull and Mouth, and the Bull and Gate, are well known to be corrupted from Boulogne Gate and Mouth, very fashionable signs at the time of taking that city from the French. Many of these junctions, otherwise very unaccountable, have been occasioned by the removal of landlords from one inn to another, who, unable to forget their local attachments, have frequently incorporated their new sign with that of their old habitation, however monstrous the union might be. Some such idea as this will help us to account for the good understanding that subsists in this new creation between beings which have seldom or never met in any other ; as, the Lamb and Dolphin, the George and Blue Boar, the Cock and Rose, the Black Lion and Three Bee-hives, and the Blue Mare and Magpie. Of this sort, likewise, is the celebrated Bell Savage Inn on Ludgate Hill, the most ancient perhaps in the city of London. This sign has been the subject of various conjectures, many of them ingenious, but all erroneous. By some it is attributed to a lady of the name of Arabella Savage ; others suppose it to allude to an old ro-

mance, and to be a corruption of *La Belle Sauvage*. The sign formerly represented a savage man standing by a bell; and the truth is, that it arose from an union of two inns which bore these respective signs. This piece of information I gained from an ancient record, in which it is described as the Savage Inn, *alias* the Bell upon the Hoop. There is reason for supposing that most signs consisted formerly of carved representations fixed upon a hoop; and several old books mention the Crown upon the Hoop, the Bunch of Grapes upon the Hoop, the Mitre upon the Hoop, and the Angel upon the Hoop. A sign of this nature, is still preserved in Newport Street, and is a carved representation of a bunch of grapes hanging within a hoop. The Cock on the Hoop may be seen also in Holborn, painted on a board, to which perhaps it was transferred on the removal of sign-posts. It is probable also that this sign may have given rise to the phrase of ‘Cock a Hoop.’ The Mitre near the Temple is still called, according to the old manner of spelling, ‘The Hope and Mitre;’ though some of your readers will be disposed to put a more literal construction upon this sign, and judge the connection to be by no means unnatural.

“ When a tradesman abandons his original calling, and enters into what is termed the public line, he frequently engrafts on the sign some allusion to his old occupation; a circumstance which has likewise proved a source of many ill-sorted couples, as the Magpie and Horseshoe, the Angel and Sugar-loaf, the Ship and Artichoke.

“ A sign is sometimes an indication of the favourite pursuits and amusements of the landlord, or of the prevalent sports for many miles round; thus, the Ring of Bells, the Cricket Players, and such-like

diversions, are very common upon every road. The Hand and Flower prevails among florists ; though I have seen this idea greatly improved upon, in the late king's reign, by an eminent gardener, who, being possessed of a beautiful carnation called after the queen, procured an accurate portrait of it, and placing it at his door as a sign, wrote underneath, 'My Queen Caroline.'

"Among signs distinguished by their singularity, may be reckoned the Tumble-down-Dick, in the Borough ; the Old Tabered Inn, in the same place, celebrated in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales ; the Two Sneezing Cats, in Houndsditch ; and the Four Winds. The Bag of Nails, at Pimlico, formerly called the Devil and Bag of Nails, has been supposed to have been a representation of Pan and the Bacchanalians. I have seen a book, however, wherein it is called the Blackamoor and the Woolpack, *alias* the Devil and Bag of Nails. The Labour-in-vain, or the Devil in a Tub, at Canterbury, alludes to the old fable of washing the Blackamoor white. The celebrated Devil Tavern, near Temple-Bar, now no more, was an instance of a remarkable misnomer. The sign, properly speaking, was that of St. Dunstan, the patron of the neighbouring church, and represented him in the act of performing that signal exploit of pulling the Devil by the nose with a huge pair of tongs. Notwithstanding this humiliating condition of his infernal majesty, by a natural obliquity in our minds, the sign was unhandsomely transferred from the saint to the devil, from whom the tavern has been called time out of mind.

"The Chequer, so common at the door of a public house, is said to have been intended formerly as an intimation that draught-boards were kept within for the entertainment of the customers. The colours

of the Chequer used to be red and white, whence the houses so distinguished were called red houses; and they were at length so numerous, that a red house became a general name for a tavern, and is used as such in many of the old plays. I must disagree with those who suppose the Chequer to refer to the arms of a duke of Norfolk, who had formerly the profits of a duty upon ale-houses; for the arms alluded to, are those of Maltravers, quartered only by the dukes of Norfolk, which are chequers or and azure, or blue and gold; colours which do not occur at the Chequer Inn.

“The solemn mystical sign of the World’s End is variously adumbrated. Sometimes the emblem is a man and a woman walking arm-in-arm, with the following lines underneath:—

‘I’ll go with my friend  
To the world’s end.’

Sometimes it is the figure of a globe on fire, as at Chelsea. — The various signs of the Salutation exhibit divers specimens of dress and manners, according to their dates. Sometimes we behold two fine gentlemen of the last century, equipped *en cavalier*, and exchanging most courteous salutes, to the effect of which their horses conspire by their caperings and curvettings. Sometimes two antiquated beaux, with long buckramed accoutrements and flowing perukes, joining hands, and bowing almost to the ground. The ‘Welcome Rodney to the Prince of Wales,’ at Lambeth, is the only modern Salutation I recollect.

“We are put in mind of a striking period of our history by the Saracen’s Head. The rough manner in which that people treated our crusaders, and the

sounding tales that were told of them by those who returned from engaging with them to their own country, gave this sign the formidable appearance it wears to this day.

“The local history which signs afford us is not to be despised. The Mitre at Lambeth, and the Hop-pole at Worcester, are specimens of this sort. Bishop Blaise, the patron of the wool-combers, adorns a sign in most towns which have any connection with the woollen manufacture. The Dog and Bear, in the Borough, perpetuates the memory of the Bear Garden there. And Simon the Tamer, as I have said before, justly holds a place among the brethren of that mystery at Bermondsey.

“It is pleasant enough to remark the contests about the point of originality between neighbouring signs of the same description. Some years ago the disputes ran very high between the Magpies on the Windsor road ; and the pride of antiquity had nearly carried back their claims to the Ark itself. We had accordingly the Magpie, the Old Magpie, and the Old Original Magpie.

“Sign-post poetry is much too extensive a field for me to enter upon in this place ; but I almost wonder that the prevailing taste for scraps and collections of all sorts, has not set some of my worthy contemporaries to work upon these specimens. I think admirers in this age might be found for them ; and it is evident how fruitful such a compilation would be in subjects for the painters and engravers of the day, who are grasping at everything that can be embodied and represented, and laying the whole world under contribution to their arts. The young student, who sets out from the Bull Inn, in Holborn, to travel to Oxford, may remark his approach to the seat of the Muses, in the following models of ale-house poetry.

‘Fine Purl rare o,  
Fit for a hero.  
If not in haste,  
Step in and taste.’

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‘I am a Fox, you plainly see ;  
There is no harm can come of me ;  
My master he has plac’d me here,  
To let you know he sells good beer.’

“I have now, Mr. Olive-Branch, nearly exhausted my sign-post erudition, which may perhaps have afforded some information that is new and interesting to many of your readers. To you at least it may show what a multitude of topics lie before you that have scarcely been breathed upon, and how objects that seem of no importance are connected with other objects of real magnitude in the system of life, and supply sources of amusement and matter for contemplation.

“Yours,” &c.

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As my correspondent has left me a little room, I think it will be an act of gratitude towards him, to insert a short epistle I received some weeks ago, which will help to vindicate the importance of his subject, by showing on how much minuter frivolities the thoughts of half the world are exercised.

“TO MR. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

“SIR,

“Among the various articles of useful information



with which our diurnal prints abound, there are none which I breakfast upon with greater appetite than those paragraphs which give us an account of the motions of our superiors. What particular satisfaction must it afford readers of the class to which I belong, to be informed that a great man dined at ten o'clock in the evening, got into his post-chaise at twelve, and while he was taking his afternoon's nap, was conveyed to Brighthelmstone to supper at nine the next morning!

"I am only kept from travelling by one consideration, which I conceive is a pretty ordinary one among persons of circumscribed incomes. In this inability, however, I am greatly consoled by the perusal of such books and papers as describe the travels of others. As I have a pious confidence in the veracity of all writers of travels, especially if they write their own, I take a more than common interest in this sort of reading, and my mind is full of a new creation, into which I can slip at pleasure, when anything disgusts me in the visible world. So extensive has been my reading on these subjects, that I have very little to learn at present from such as go about the world by daylight. But as it is of late the custom to peregrinate by night, I think a volume of road-dreams, or, where they have lamps in their carriages, highway lucubrations, would not be unacceptable to the public.

"But to return to the daily accounts which we receive of those that move in a sphere above us. I fear I cannot make your readers sensible of the satisfaction I have just enjoyed, from being positively informed that the duke of Ditchend, who reposed yesterday at Newmarket, sleeps to-morrow in town, and being able to make up my mind as to the fact of Lord Feeble's arrival at Bath. Sir John Garçon,

driving down Pall-Mall, in his phaëton, gives a pleasing jog to my spirits; Lord Canaille's losses at play inspire me with pathetic emotions, Lady Jumper's delivery excites my sympathies, and Dr. Gobblestone's gout throws me into a delicious melancholy. My soul feasts with delight on the motions of the court; and my bosom glows with satisfaction when I read of a journey to Windsor, and am assured that the royal family have all had their dinner. I sometimes imagine myself controller of the universe, and that these accounts are officially laid before me. In short, it is impossible to tell you how much tender anxiety is bred in me for my species by this kind of reading, and how much I learn to forget myself in these glowing pictures and moving details of other men's actions and concerns. Indeed, I would have every motion of the Great, however minute, announced in the way which a grave author informs me is practised in Monomotapa, where, when the king sneezes in a room, those present greet him in a voice loud enough to be heard by those in the ante-chamber. These give the same warning to those in the next rooms. Thence it goes into the court, next into the places nearest the palace, and at length into the town; so that in a few moments all places resound with acclamations. If every action of those above us could be so extended, and every sound that issues from them be promulgated in the same authentic and official manner, it would afford infinite satisfaction to their curious inferiors; and I am sure none would take greater delight in hearing from them this way than,

“Sir,

“Your very obedient humble servant,

“PETER PRY.”

## No. 40. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9.

*O imitatores, servum pecus, ut mihi sæpe  
Bilem, sæpe jocum vestri movère tumultus.*

HOR. EPL. i. 19, 19.

O imitators vile! O slavish herd!  
How oft within me have your efforts stirr'd  
The spleen, how oft with laughter shook my beard!

I KNOW of no quality of the mind, of a more general force than the love of imitation. Every circumstance of opinion or behaviour bends to it by degrees; and often, while we suppose ourselves intrenched in a most inflexible singularity, we are working after some secret model which engages us insensibly, and in a manner steals us from ourselves. My old housekeeper is an instance of the truth of this observation; the irregularities and roughnesses of whose temper are every day yielding to the contagion of tranquillity, and to the gentle influence of my mother's example. My principal correspondent in town, between whom and myself there subsists so regular an intercourse, and who is my first cousin by my father's side, is mightily taken with the smooth and uniform character of the Olive-Branch family. I am informed he has so successfully hit my manner, and the turn of my features, that the other day, upon his entering the coffee-room, a Northamptonshire gentleman declared, that Old Simon was come up to town—and spread a general alarm. The curiosity of all present grew so troublesome to my representa-

tive, that he could not forbear contracting his brows, and showing evident signs of dissatisfaction and distress, which immediately convinced the whole room that the original Mr. Simon Olive-Branch must be still in Northamptonshire. I have desired him to add a tail to his wig, and to dismiss his little round buckles and sugar-loaf buttons, that he may be less suspicious for the future in public places.

In our own society, I have seen both the good and the bad effects of this love of imitation. It appears very evident to me that the gentlemanlike and easy manners of Mr. Shapely have greatly won upon Mr. Barnaby the church-warden, with whose homely style of behaviour my readers have been long ago made acquainted. If my friend Mr. Barnaby could have contented himself with catching the spirit of Mr. Shapely's behaviour, his fear of disconcerting, his attention to the person addressing himself to him, his tenderness of contradiction, his silence on all matters of obligation, his frugal mention of himself, and his little curiosity in other men's concerns, he might have gained his point without laying himself open to ridicule by abandoning his natural manners. But, unhappily, it is the exterior about which Mr. Barnaby is grown so solicitous; and being of a bulky, unactive make, the determined manner in which he executes his civilities, frequently ends in a catastrophe that completely disappoints his purpose. If you drop your teaspoon, your head encounters Mr. Barnaby's as you endeavour to recover it. As he rises with the prize in his hand, he comes with such fury against the table, that every glass and teacup is thrown down, and the Echo vehemently excited. At last, you are presented with your spoon, but the same courteous hand oversets your tea. You are scalded, and rendered uncomfortable for the even-

ing; and Mr. Barnaby retires to his place, with a fit of coughing, that lasts him a quarter of an hour, and keeps the Echo in constant amaze.

Last night this singular gentleman came to our society with a pair of ruffles and a snuffbox; looking, as Mr. Allworth says, like beef *a la mode*. Every tender of his snuffbox is sure to be followed by some inconvenience to his neighbour; for as he generally gives his arm a swing upon these occasions, it is sure to take by the way somebody's nose, or wig, or spectacles, and give them a very rude assault. In short, Mr. Barnaby's hostile civilities have put us all in such bodily fear, that it is agreed amongst us, that, unless the paroxysm die away of itself, which, we trust, it will soon do, we must think of some laws for the restraint of boisterous breeding.

I observe with great pleasure, however, that this love of imitation is directed to another object in our club, from which no ridiculous misconceptions can possibly arise. The sentiments and maxims of Mr. Allworth begin to be retailed by every member of the society, and his temperate use of words is becoming very general. Thus, when we are emulous of a person's spirit and principles, rather than his manner, our attempts are generally, to a certain degree, successful; and if we fail, we are but where we were, without any superinduced absurdities of carriage and behaviour. If we succeed in our endeavours, we often carry more points than one; for the new habits of thinking and conversing we have acquired, seldom fail to give a new effect and colour to our manners, to impress on our conduct new modes of address and delivery, and to give to our feelings new tones of utterance and expression.

The other evening, as my mother and myself were sitting over the parlour fire, we happened to

fall upon the subject of to-day's paper. I remember, it was a remark of my mother's, that those persons whom it has pleased Providence to place in such situations of eminence as necessarily hold them out as objects of imitation to half the world, must have a vast deal more to answer for than their own conduct. "The eldest son of the crown," continued she, "what a mighty influence has this man over the nation in general! Let him wear the bow of his neckcloth at the back of his neck, and the seam of his stocking on the front of his leg, and in a fortnight's time not a leg or a neck but would receive the same twist. How worthily might such an influence be exerted on the moral character of his countrymen! How easy 'twere to make it the fashion to be just, honourable, and religious, if this great personage could be convinced that these were points of equal importance with the style of a head-dress, or the structure of a phaëton! I wish he would read and study," continued the good old lady, reaching from the window-seat a small octavo, with black covers, "this excellent book, which belonged to your great-grandfather, and, for aught I know, to his ancestors before him."

She then read to me a great part of the *Life of Sir Philip Sydney*, till, beginning to grow weary, she shut up the book, and thus continued: "This bright and accomplished cavalier might, if he pleased, in his day, have set the fashion of a shoetie, or have altered the shape of every man's peruke in the country; but he thought it more beseeeming his manhood and his greatness of soul, to hold out a brave example of virtue and religion. While all were looking up to him as the sample of courtesy, of elegance, and gallantry, he was bethinking himself of his paraphrase of the Psalms. He fell, fighting

for his country, and died in an act of Christian charity."

For my own part, I am thinking that it might not be much amiss if a petition were drawn up to the P—ce of W—les, by a body who should style themselves Christianity-mongers, which might run thus:—

"HUMBLY SHOWETH,

"That your petitioners conceive they have an equal title with the buckle-makers of Birmingham, to entreat the benefit of your highness' sanction to the interests of their trade. The commerce of Virtue and Religion is the most important that is carried on by this prosperous nation. That your petitioners are convinced, that all the articles of their manufacture are of sound and staple consistency, and would be particularly becoming to your highness' figure and condition. Your petitioners are the more particularly induced to throw themselves upon your royal protection, because they are well assured that their commerce, so intrinsically noble, wants nothing to promote and enlarge it, but the recommendations of fashion, which your highness is so well able to bestow upon it. Your petitioners take the freedom to assure you, that while their cause would borrow great advantages from your polished deportment, these qualities would derive infinite grace and dignity from their new connections. Moreover, they pray that your highness would not content yourself with being negatively virtuous; and that while you are, to the great joy of good and loyal men, laying down your imputed extravagance, you would take up, to fill the vacancy, some of those Christian habits which your petitioners deal in, and which, for want of fashion, lie long on hand. In

great hopes that this petition will find its way to the ear of your highness, your petitioners will ever think themselves bound to pray, with a true Christian loyalty, for long life and prosperity to the Eldest Son of the British Crown," &c., &c.

I have now done with the moral effects of imitation, and shall devote the rest of my paper to a consideration of them in a literary view.

It is in these provinces that imitation is for the most part ill-directed, and pointed at the manner of an original rather than the spirit and the character. Fine geniuses are always bold, and pass on to the very verge of permission, the very furthest limit of judgment and propriety; but their imitators break down the barriers, outrage their spirit, and distort their manner into downright caricature. Most imitators begin at the wrong end; they think if they are fortunate enough to catch the manner, the spirit will succeed. Whereas, the converse of this idea is the real truth. If we can once emulate the spirit, the manner will generally follow, or some manner of equal grace and effect.

For the decadency of dramatic writing, many reasons may be given; but no one strikes me more forcibly than the rage for imitation, so characteristic of modern composition; for, perhaps, with no kind of poetry does imitation so ill agree as with that of the stage. Nature and real life is its only model; and the fluctuation of common opinions, sentiments, and manners, requires a fresh impression to be taken off at every time we wish to exhibit a likeness. When the great and simple effects of passion are described, as in the epic poetry, imitation is more allowable and less discoverable; such general descriptions are suitable to all ages and nations. Here also we ex-



pect one general cast of language, for the great passions of the mind have always the same tones and utterance; but when we take in the more mixed and complicated scheme of human actions, the smaller varieties of character, and the more multiplied forms of distress, cruelty, ambition, intrigue, love, affectation, and fraud, the language as well as the sentiments must be suited to the actual course of real life, or the hearer cannot participate with much feeling or intelligence. Let the subjects and scenes of our plays be what and where they will; let them be heroic or domestic; let it be Athens or Venice; the piece must wear the stamp of real life, the colouring must show the breathing vivacity of original observation, or not a genuine tear will flow, or a natural laugh break forth.

To all these ends nothing is so contrary as the effects of imitation, which excite in the mind of the hearer or reader a disgusting idea of artifice, deception, and want of feeling in the author; and even though it remain invisible itself, it never fails to impress its character wherever it prevails, and produces incongruities and disproportions, and a general sickliness of colouring, that fatigues and offends the reader of animated taste. We shall nowhere perhaps find these observations better illustrated than in the ridiculous imitations of Shakspeare, so common among our modern dramatic writers. It is not by imitating, but by emulating this great poet, and by copying unweariedly from the same model which he himself had ever before him, that we can hope to rise to any sort of resemblance. We make but little advancement towards this perfection, by a superficial mimicry of his forms of expression, and those antiquated words, of which time, not Shakspeare, is properly the author.

When Shakspeare wrote, his style was doubtless of the most popular and familiar sort. In the merit of language, therefore, we best imitate this great author, when we adopt the most natural and suitable expressions relatively to the times in which we live, and to which we write. It is plain, that the same language which was natural and simple in his time, has lost that character in our own, and is become difficult, remote, and affected. We reverence in it the author himself; we are prepared to expect it in a writer of that age; we revere it as the rusty armour of our ancestors, which would nevertheless show ridiculous enough on the shoulders of a modern cavalier.\*

It has been the fate of another great original writer in our own country, to be succeeded by a crowd of unworthy imitators. I speak of the author of *Tristram Shandy*. As his *manner* was extraordinary, this has been the great object of imitation to the tribe of his copyists. It has been the fate of this man to have his style and composition degraded by the deformed likenesses through which they have been held up to vulgar view. All his imitators are in the same cant; and we will conclude this paper with a specimen that may do for them all.

### “THE TOUR OF SENTIMENT.

“And so!—said I, on entering the famed town of

\* Since these observations were written, a play has been represented on our stage, in times truly discouraging to such an attempt, in times in which the depravity of public taste has wellnigh converted the theatre into a puppet-show, which has surmounted these disadvantages, and struck so vigorously on the chord of nature and feeling, as in some measure to shake us out of our dulness, and alarm the sleeping sense of the nation. Such is the “*Wheel of Fortune*,” written by Mr. Cumberland.

Brentford—and so!—I could bear it no longer—I gushed into a flood of tears—An unfeeling butcher who stood near, and who had no joy above the fruitless struggles of the ox who tottered under his axe, pointed me out to the ridicule of his hardened comrades—A glow of shame, which, by the bye, human nature cannot always suppress, suffused my cheek—This, said I, is the dark side of things—My horse (who perhaps felt the force of the appeal—'tis a pliant beast) went onward, as if grateful that I had spared the spur. Before I knew that I was out of the reach of the butcher's taunts, my faithful steed stopped, as if unwilling to interrupt my reverie,—at Mr. March's great inn at Salt-hill.—And in what, said I, am I superior to the labouring wretches that herd in the meaner houses which are open to their more circumscribed necessities? A conviction of self-applause invigorated my whole frame.—In my life, I never experienced a more tranquil glow of animated sensibility.—A chequered window-shutter soon caught my eye—'Good entertainment for man and horse.'—Ay, ay, said I—for my late triumph over pride still made my blood dance in milder meanders through my veins—Ay, ay, said I, and I patted the meek neck of my faithful companion—Ay, ay, said I, and I hope we may reverse the motto, and say, 'Good man and horse for entertainment'—and so saying, I gave my horse to honest Will the ostler; and walking briskly into the worst room I could find, I fared sumptuously on a crust of brown bread, half mouldy with age, and a glass of water which I drew from the pail in which my steed had been drinking. The worldling will smile at my mortification—but let it be remembered that I am writing a language which the worldling cannot understand.

"'Tis strange! said I—passing strange, that

French cooks should be called in, when sentiment can give so keen a zest to the homeliest fare!—(A tear filled each eye as I spoke—I know not how they came there—and as the heart is not made for scrutinies, I did not stay to inquire.) Thou, hapless animal, said I to my faithful steed, art unacquainted with this luxury. Esopus knew it not, or peacocks' tongues would not have been in his bill of fare. I spoke with vehemence; and I fear my quiet companion suffered by the enthusiasm of his master—for he stopped suddenly, hung his head, and presented an attitude so moving, and so pregnant with silent reproach, that Balaam's ass, with all his loquacity, would have suffered by the comparison. 'Pardon me,' said I, 'most useful and harmless creature, if I have unwarily drawn innocent blood.' My tones, as I spoke, were sweet and flexible—partaking of the melting philanthropy of the soul that gave them utterance. His gentle nature was appeased—he recovered his pace—'Kind heaven,' said I, 'for once reverse thy decrees, and grant my excellent beast the immortality he merits, by virtues his rider would be proud to possess.' Whether my imagination was warmed by a train of reflections, each of which would put the tyrant conqueror to shame, or whether merit, though in a quadruped, is never unnoticed—but it matters not—the effect was the same; (we are ever prone to judge by events;) so it was, that he reared exultingly as I finished my prayer. He had never thus raised himself before; his humble disposition kept him nearer the earth.—And why, said I, should I reject the suggestions of my expanding heart? Xanthus, said I, prophesied before thee, honest brute. I embrace the omen; and, if I am credulous, let me not be scoffed. Achilles was so before me—And so saying, I raised my eyes

which, by a habit of thoughtfulness, were generally riveted to my horse's mane, to view the streets of

### SLOUGH.

“Slough!—’tis an invidious name—but let that pass.—Charity would perhaps have chosen a tenderer appellation; but are not words intended as the pictures of ideas? The town, reader, is not clean; and the mire which my steed gathered in his passage through it, impressed more forcibly upon my mind the appositeness of the title.—Yet what will not habit effect?—The countenances of the inhabitants, though defiled, were illumined with serenity; but the solution is not yet complete.—Patriotism will have its dues—it was native dirt; and who shall say that the *natale solum* can ever inconvenience or disfigure?—The mystery was at an end—or I was too indolent to pursue the inquiry—or perhaps pride concealed the deficiencies of my theory, as is often the case with wiser men, or what shall we say to Descartes and his atoms?—But be it as it may—when an attempt is made to remove difficulties, one may fail in the primary end—but it is made up to us in another way; and the self-applause arising from a consciousness of strenuous endeavours, more than pays us for our trouble. If I am wrong, let not a cruel world too harshly buffet my system—A fly’s wing might overturn it—I have a heart too feeble and tender to sustain the penalties to which the errors of my head might expose it.—‘Do not laugh, but pity me.’”

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It was my intention to have added something on the signs and evidences of imitation in authors; but the question is too diffusive for my present paper.

I cannot help remarking, however, while I am upon it, that we are to make up our judgments in this matter from evidences which lie both in the sentiment and in the writer. No man has better described what ought to be taken into the account in respect to the writer, than the author of *The Essay on Imitation*. “If a northern poet,” says he, “describe an Italian spring—if an author of a gloomy disposition delineate scenes of merriment—if we find a course of sentiments or cast of composition different from that to which genius, situation, or complexion would naturally lead;—that is, if a recluse man write like a man of the world, if a great writer deviate much from his natural manner, if a humane man deal much in bitter and acrimonious sentiments—we may judge them all to be led away by the charms of imitation.” We must make also a comparison between the general turns of sentiment and manner by which two writers are characterized; and, in proportion to the affinity we think we can perceive between them, we should be disposed to think a similitude of thought fortuitous.

Perhaps this apology cannot fairly be made for Tacitus, one of whose most beautiful passages runs suspiciously parallel with one I met with the other day in the twelfth chapter of Xenophon’s *Agesilaus*.

“Huc illuc agebatur Galba vario turbæ fluctuantis impulsu, completis undique basilicis et templis lugubri prospectu. Neque populi nec plebis ulla vox, sed attoniti vultus, et conversæ ad omnia aures; non tumultus, non quies — quale magni metûs et magnæ iræ silentium est.” TACIT. HIST. LIB. I. XL.

Καὶ κραυγὴ μὲν οὐδεμία πάριεν, οὐ μὲν οὐδὲ σιγὴ, φωνὴ δὲ τίς ἦν τοιαυτὴ οἷαν ὀργὴν τε καὶ μαχρὴν παράσκειτ’ ἄν. XENOPH.

In determining with respect to the probability of

imitation from a consideration of the sentiment, we perceive that one thought, by its own nature and quality, is more probable than another, to have occurred accidentally to different writers; and therefore that, notwithstanding the widest dissimilitude of character, authors may sometimes exhibit remarkable coincidences, without deserving to be suspected of imitation. Thus, the well-remembered sentiment in the play of Terence, *Homo sum*, &c., is exactly expressed in a line which I read a long time ago, in the first or second part of Lucian's Panegyric on Demonax; but which I do not remember well enough to quote.

The resemblance which a passage of Menander in *Hirelinus* bears to the scriptural commandments, is remarkable, and is certainly not to be ascribed to imitation, but to the breadth, compass, and universality of the thoughts, as well as the home appeal they make to the moral sense and our general nature. "If any one, O Pamphilus, think that, by merely offering a sacrifice, he can arrive at the favour of God, he has an unworthy opinion of him, and will find himself mistaken. He must become a man of virtue, beneficial to society; must not pollute virgins, nor commit adultery, nor steal, nor murder; and the wife, house, horse, youths and maids of another, he must not covet them. Sacrifice, therefore, to God with justice and benevolence; let your purity, therefore, be in your hearts rather than in your garments."

It is altogether the operation of a nice judgment to discern the true marks of imitation. Upon the reconsideration of a passage which at first wore a suspicious appearance, we often discover that there was a train of thought in the writer's mind, which led necessarily to it, and that, to have avoided the resemblance, would have been really an effort of

study, and an injustice to himself. Truth and fact too, and the same track of observation, will often force two writers upon the same adoptions; and by sacrificing too much to a delicate scrupulosity, an author may submit to a cruel defalcation of his principal idea. Would any man have chosen that the author of the *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, should have given up the following transcendent passage, because part of the thought, or rather the fact on which it is grounded, occurs in Buffon or in Virgil?

“Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole at one time is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression.”

BURKE'S *Reflections*.

“Nevertheless, however admirable this work appears, it is not the individuals that are the most wonderful, but the whole under which these individuals are in perpetual fluctuation. It is in the succession, reproduction, and duration of species, that nature becomes inconceivable. This mysterious faculty of reproduction, which resides alone in animals and vegetables; this kind of unity in diversity, always subsisting, and seemingly eternal; this procreative power, which perpetually exercises itself, without being destroyed; is a secret, the depth of which we are unable to fathom.”

BUFFON. *Nat. Hist. Anim.*



*Ergo ipsas quamvis angusti terminus ævi  
 Excipiat (neque enim plus septima ducitur æstas)  
 Sed genus immortale manet, multosque per annos  
 Stat fortuna domûs, et ævi numerantur ævorum.*

VIRGIL, GEORG. iv. 206.

I am sorry that my limits allow me to say no more on this head of imitation, as I am persuaded of its importance to the general objects of literature. To suspect it everywhere, and on insufficient grounds, or on the other hand to be dupes to its artifices, are extremes that tend equally to betray our judgments.

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No. 41. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

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Round him much embryo, much abortion lay.

POPE.

IN revolving the general cast and spirit of such of my lucubrations as have been committed to the world, I cannot help secretly accusing myself of treating the votaries of fashion with too little indulgence. So much has this lain upon my conscience, that I determined, a few days ago, upon making them some reparation; and accordingly wrote with great urgency to my friend the Projector to turn the course of his labours as far as possible into a channel that might produce some advantages to fashionable life. He has accordingly exerted himself with his usual vigour and alacrity, and has sent me several drafts and plans designed for the ease and benefit of the world of fashion. The first produce of his lucubra-

tions is a system of economy, by which the great will be enabled at once to abridge their expense of time, of pocket, and of study. His conceptions are given to me almost in the following words : —

“To persons whose lives are full of business, and of great concern to themselves and their fellow-creatures, as is undoubtedly the case with people of fashion, no gift is so worthy of being cherished as time, to economize and preserve which, I propose the following rules : —

- “ 1st. No time to be expended on thought, as nothing comes of it among men of fashion.
- “ 2dly. The wear and tear of time, by constant use, to be avoided, as so precious an article ought to be employed sparingly.
- “ 3dly. Time often to be protracted by long and wearisome lounges, by way of making the most of it.
- “ 4thly. When time is heavy with lassitude, and dull with inoccupation, be tender of using it in this torpid and vapourish condition, and endeavour to refresh it by the slumbers of inanity.
- “ 5thly. Make up your mind at once and irrevocably on every question. By these means you save the time that would otherwise be lost in choosing, and need never after waste a moment in hearing what another man has to say.
- “ 6thly. Avoid the acquisition of too many new ideas, which will demand considerable time to arrange in your minds. The fewer your ideas, the more speedily will your measures be taken, and your resolutions formed ; it being a much shorter process to determine with two ideas than with half a score.
- “ 7thly. Dispossess yourself as much as possible of

all feeling for other men ; sorrow for others is a double consumer, and lights at both ends the torch of existence. We lose to ourselves the present moment, and quicken the approach of gray hairs and the grave.

“ 8thly. Rob other men of as much of their time as possible, by way of saving your own. This is a golden rule, and a most ingenious economy.

“ 9thly. Study your own gratification in every concern of life, and waste no time in thinking of the sacrifices you make to them, or of their consequences to other men.

“ 10thly. Let all your time be spent upon yourself, on the farmer’s principle of spending his manure on his own grounds ; and let your constant admiration of your own perfections absorb all the praise that is due from you to others.

“ 11thly. Fill up your time as much as possible with pleasures that exclude participation.

“ 12thly. The last and greatest rule is this : Allow no time for praying, or for works of charity ; for this is giving up a portion of our time to eternity, which is a greater absurdity than sending presents to Cræsus, or pouring water into the ocean.”

So much for my friend’s rules for the economy of time, designed for the benefit of the fashionable world. He next considers the various articles in which money may be saved, so that a sufficiency may be preserved for the uses of gaming and the business of dissipation.

“ 1st. All expensive feelings and sensations to be subdued ; such as compassion, generosity, patriotism, and public spirit.

- “ 2dly. The money bestowed on horses to be saved out of the education of our children ; they are therefore to be sent to school where the cheapest bargain can be made for them.
- “ 3dly. To banish hospitality from our bosoms, and to ask the company of our friends for the sake of pillaging them at play, and in a view to the *douceurs* which they in course leave behind them, and which we divide with our servants.
- “ 4thly. To sacrifice comfort to ostentation in every article of life ; to go without substantial conveniences, for the sake of shining superfluities ; to be misers at home, that we may look like prodigals in public ; and to live like beggars in secret, to glitter like princes abroad.
- “ 5thly. To abandon all poor relations, and to be charitable only to those who are much richer than ourselves—this is pious usury.
- “ 6thly. To be loud against the ingratitude of the poor, which we have never experienced ; and to reserve our charity for deserving objects, which we are determined never to acknowledge.
- “ 7thly. To be active and forward in speculative schemes of charity, which we are well assured can never take place, while we are silently raising our rents, to the ruin of distressed families.
- “ 8thly. To pass by the door of Famine, with our money glued to our pockets ; while, to see a new dancer at the Opera in the evening, we draw our purse-strings as generously as princes.
- “ 9thly. To repair to the house of Distress, not to dissipate our money in commonplace acts of compassion and generosity, but to extort good

bargains from hunger and necessity, and to purchase at cheap rates the last valuable relics of perishing fortunes.

- “10thly. To be lavish of kind speeches, which cost nothing; and to lament, when death has come in relief to misery, that the circumstances of so melancholy a case were not known to us in time to afford us the luxury of exercising our humanity.”

I shall now retail my friend's hints for the economy of learning and morality.

- “1st. To become a member of two or three learned societies; for thus we maintain the title of philosopher, at the cheap rate of a few guineas a year.
- “2dly. Instead of collecting a library, to belong to a reading-club, where one book may serve many persons, and where the waiter takes the responsibility of choice off our hands, and contracts to supply books, as he usually does cards.
- “3dly. A cheap system of morality may be collected from the introductory parts of advertisements, which may do for ourselves and children. For instance, some fine sentiments on the passions may be found in the advertisement of the Cyprian Preventive. The Dumb Dolly, or a machine for washing, is recommended by some lively remarks on the saving of time. An elegant preface on parental duties ushers in the famous pills for conception. The great fecundity of nature is a natural theme of admiration in the advertisement of the Persian powder for lice. The contagion of bad communications is

very forcibly descanted upon by the inventor of the antivariolique bags against the infection of the smallpox, &c. A sincere believer in future rewards and punishments conscientiously recommends his elastic *desiderata*. The advantages of exercise are set forth very pointedly in recommendation of a plaster for corns. The inventor of the *aqua mirifica* for the eye, has not forgotten to expatiate on the tendency which the contemplation of Nature's works has to open and expand the mind."

These valuable passages contain all the morality necessary to a man of fashion. The rumbling of his carriage will soon shake them together, so as to form them into a compacted system; and, so furnished, he will soon acquire the title of a great philosopher in his own circles.

Together with his system of fashionable economy, my friend, the Projector, has sent me some hints for a visiting-map, which he desires me to lay before the elegant part of my readers. To this map there are to be an equator, ecliptic, poles, circles, degrees, &c. The houses where visits are due, are to be distributed after the following manner: Persons of high quality are situated nearest the line, as claiming the greatest warmth of attachment; and all above the degree of baronet to be placed within the tropics. In the degrees without the tropics, our acquaintance to be ranged according to their figure and fortune. A poor relation to be carried to a very cold latitude; and an old friend with broken fortunes to be transported to the regions of eternal frost. Persons of celebrity for genius or beauty to be placed on our own meridian. Whatever part of the map has most of the sun, which is the emblem of prosperity, there

your visits are chiefly to be directed, till this luminary again forsake them. The places of worship are to be situated on the tops of high mountains, which will afford an apology for leaving your card at the door only once a month or so. As visits of charity make no part of the fashionable scheme of visiting, the poor must either be kept at a great longitudinal distance, insulated in the midst of the ocean, or ice-bound in the polar extremities. The signs of the Zodiac are to be noted, and the sun's passage through them is to influence the spirit and plan of your visits. While he passes through Aries and Taurus, and the realms of Love, let love be the principal object of your visiting; but when he enters Cancer, you may fairly let yourself loose in scandal. While the sun is in Libra, you are to sit in judgment on your neighbours; and during his stay in Scorpio, you are at liberty to deal around damnation to all you have ever known or heard of. Persons to whom you may happen to be under great obligations, are to be placed as far as possible out of reach, on the point of some cape or promontory, at the back of impassable mountains, on the further side of vast lakes, or in the midst of forests and defiles, or lastly at the bottom of the sea. Your creditors are to be set down in the map as Nogayan or Katschintz Tartars; and in your progress you are to do all you can to avoid the trade-winds, which may hurry you against your will into very inhospitable climes.

My friend has sent me one or two more contrivances for the accommodation of the fashionable part of the community, which I shall lay by till a fit opportunity calls for them.

As, by some accident or other, it has transpired, that I was about preparing some hints for the improvement of visiting, a gentleman, whom I do not

know, has requested me, by letter, to publish the following advertisement for him, in the *Looker-on*, in so pressing a manner, that, considering too the importance of the communication, I don't know how to refuse it insertion.

“A gentleman at the court end of the town, having a great many cards to leave in Bloomsbury, Bedford, Hanover, Cavendish, Manchester, and Grosvenor squares, wishes for an agreeable companion who has been used to travelling. The gentleman is of a cheerful disposition, and will readily enter into any scheme that may be calculated to render the journey pleasant. He wishes particularly to take advantage of the present fine weather, and the moon which now rises before the genteel part of the morning sets.”

As my aim, throughout this paper, has been to conciliate the favour of my fashionable readers, and to make up for past severities, I think two letters, which I have received from a gentleman who seems as hearty as myself in the cause of the great world, will not badly conclude the entertainment of the day.

“TO MR. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

“SIR,

“Among the many curious and elegant accommodations for the rich and luxurious, which the fertile genius of my countrymen is daily producing, no art seems to me to have been carried to greater perfection, than the construction of those machines by which the labour of locomotion is transferred from our own limbs to those of our horses, and by the help of which we preserve the serenity of our minds and composure of spirits, during the most violent



agitation of all about us, and the greatest rapidity of motion from place to place.

“I hope to raise myself in the opinion of your readers, as a person of elegant taste, when I assure them that I often admire a gay equipage, at the risk of being run over by it. My mind, thank God! is not so mean as to think that the existence of a poor pedestrian deserves the least consideration, when opposed to the sublime satisfaction a youth of distinction must enjoy, in finding that dinner at the Thatched House has not waited for him above two hours. Indeed, as the poor are an useless and expensive part of the creation, and are likely to overrun the rich, if the rich do not run over them, I am vastly pleased when I see persons of exalted rank, or great fortunes, whirl over the pavement and especially through a crowd, making us fly on all sides. There is something truly magnificent, and indeed classical, in this; for, if I recollect right, we read of armed chariots, in the ages of antiquity, driving through the thickest ranks, and mowing down all resistance; and as the poor-rates are an enormous burden upon us, I think it a question not unworthy of consideration, whether the addition of a few scythes to our phaeton wheels, would not more effectually thin our streets, and diminish the number of the poor, especially the helpless through age or infancy, than any of the methods which the numerous writers on that subject have proposed.

“Since I have suffered my thoughts to run upon wheels, I have turned over Fitz-Stephens, Stow, and several others of our civic historians, intending to have traced the rise and progress of these machines; but, upon reflection, I considered it as losing time to look back into the practices of our barbarous ancestors. I shall only observe that, in old times,

coaches were unknown in our island. The first chariot, or whirlicot, that I read of, is one that was erected by Richard the Second for his mother, 'because she was sick and weak.' Richard was not one of the wisest of our princes; and the absurdity of his troubling his head about his mother, an old woman, will forcibly strike the youth of the present day. The chariot, notwithstanding it was introduced by the king, was far from becoming a general fashion; and some time after, Ann of Bohemia, Richard's queen, invented side-saddles; and the ladies following the queen's example, went a shopping, visiting, and to the public places, on horseback. The mules had the honour of carrying the churchmen for several centuries; and Cardinal Wolsey appears mounted on one, in his picture at Windsor. In the reign of Mary, an open carriage, called a Landau, was introduced, so named from the place in Alsace where it was invented; and Stow informs us that, in his day, the world was running upon wheels. If we should hit horses together this time, perhaps I may whip up something more for you on this subject on a future occasion. In the mean time I shall continue

"Your constant reader,

"PETER PRY."

"TO MR. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

"SIR,

"I understand that the funds of a charity-school, in Cripplegate parish, were in such a declining state, that the governors found it a hard task to support the establishment, even upon a very contracted scale. Sermon after sermon was preached, and little advantage derived from them. At length a genius, who happened to be in the direction, sug-

gested the happy idea of instituting a ball for the benefit of the charity. The proposal was instantly adopted. A room was hired, and a number of tickets were printed, on which the device represented a figure of Charity in the fourth position. For these there was a very speedy demand; and the worthy inhabitants of the parish convinced the world that, although when ye mourned unto them they would not weep, when ye piped unto them they would dance. The profits arising from the assembly, restored the affairs of the school; and there is every reason to hope, that a ball or two annually will carry the intention of the pious founder into effect. I further understand that, in gratitude to the science from which the establishment has derived such advantages, the children are all to be taught to dance. A saving will be made, sufficient to counterbalance the expense, in not suffering them to learn to sing; for charity, which used to be at our fingers' ends, has, of late, got as low as our toes; and thus they have gained more by a single appeal to this part of us, than by all the anthems and hymns they have chanted these seven years. I suppose, as the experiment has been attended with success, charity sermons will give way to charity balls, and the poor children must foot it in future into the favour of the public.

“Yours, &c.

PETER PRY.”

## No. 42. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23.

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It is as long coming as Cotswold barley.

RAY *on Proverbs.*

IN returning to the long-forsaken subject of religion, I feel like a traveller, who, after feasting upon the various produce of various countries, after roving from delicacy to delicacy, and sharing in the luxury of princes, turns homewards his wearied steps with increased delight, longs to slake his thirst at the fountain before his door, and brings a keener relish to the simple fare his home affords, than he carried to the remotest rarities of the richest climates. Not, however, in quality of a clergyman, but in quality of a thinking man; not on account of my profession, but on account of my nature; not from a peculiar, but a common interest, do I love to turn my thoughts towards religion, from time to time, as their final home. In all its distresses, my heart fastens upon it as the great anchorage of its hopes, and refuge of its sorrows. It refreshes me from a fountain that sends new life into my veins, and braces me anew for the warfare of the passions. After all its crosses and all its perplexities, in the unsatisfactory round of common occupations, to this at length my mind reverts, as the solace of its cares, as the sabbath of its labours.

In pursuance of the plan of my argument, after considering the grounds for our belief in a future life, our next concern is with the conditions of that life. If from analogy, or from any other considera-

tion, there be any foundation afforded for thinking that our happiness or misery in that future life depends upon our actions here, then there is abundant reason for our most active thought and solicitude to provide for it. Such an apprehension would deserve our most serious consideration, though it rested upon no stronger proofs than what the argument from analogy supplies.

As far as the events of this world can determine our notions of God's government, we have every reason to expect a future state of rewards and punishments, and that too depending upon circumstances within our own power. Pleasure and pain, in this world, are the consequences of our actions; and we are endued by the Author of our nature with a capacity of foreseeing these consequences. All the good of this world depends upon our own exertions; and we arrive at no kind or degree of enjoyment, but through the medium of our own actions. By a prudent management and discreet forbearance, we may pass our days in tolerable ease; but the fruits of indolence and excess are, disgrace, poverty, sickness, and untimely death. It is not at least the question in this place, if it can be soberly agitated elsewhere, why the Supreme Being adopts these measures of governing the world, and ordains that man should not be happy but by the instrumentality of his own actions? The whole end and design of Providence in the government of the world, it may be as impossible for us to conceive, as for a person born blind to have a right conception of colours.

It is natural for us to suppose, that we are under the government of God in the same sense as we are under the government of civil magistrates. Our proper formal notion of government implies a dis-

tribution of pains and pleasures according to the quality of our actions, supposing that those who are concerned have been previously warned of the judgment that awaits them. Thus far the reasoning from analogy assists us in the present question, which is but little invalidated by considering that the measure of our rewards and punishments is not in exact proportion to our behaviour, according to the present appearances. Enough is experienced here, to show what the laws of the universe may admit; enough is experienced, to manifest the folly of that disbelief of a future state which is founded on a vain idea that the force of temptations and the fragility of our nature can be pleaded against the guilt and the punishment of human vices. And since, in the system of this world, our obliquities of conduct are stamped with a degree of disgrace and suffering, it is plain that the objections from necessity have no grounds of analogy to stand upon, or such objections as proceed upon a supposition that, as an infinite being cannot be contradicted, he must therefore be a stranger to offence and provocation. "*Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.*"

The question of future rewards and punishments draws naturally after it the consideration of God's moral government of the world. It is in the direction of these rewards and punishments that we are to look for the character of this moral government. Were the world so constituted that the footsteps of vice were marked with constant misery, and that happiness invariably attended upon virtue, this most essential doctrine would rest upon plain and indisputable grounds; but it appears that the virtuous man not always receives his recompense in this world, nor the vicious his overthrow. The moral scheme is therefore far from being perfect in the present

existence. This is not a state in which things can be expected to be perfect; were it the abode of perfection, it would cease to be a state of preparation. A righteous government, however, appears to be carried on in this life to a certain degree; enough to ground an apprehension that it shall ultimately be completed, or raised to that degree of perfection which religion assures us it shall accomplish, but which cannot appear until much more of the divine administration shall be seen than can be contemplated in the present life.

Let us inquire how far this is the case; how far the principles and beginnings of a moral government may be discerned amidst the confusion and disorder of human affairs. It is agreed that virtue must often be disappointed of its natural effects, and vice rescued from its consequent evils, by accidental obstructions and perversions arising from the perplexed and jarring course of human actions and human policy. Notwithstanding these interruptions, however, it is plain that they maintain a uniform character and established tendency. The general tranquillity, the mental satisfaction, and the external advantages of virtue, as well as the frequent calamities of which vice is productive, manifest a right constitution in nature, as the correction of children, under circumstances of misconduct, is a part of right education. Moreover, as we are endued with a capacity of reflecting upon this constitution of things, and of foreseeing the consequences of our behaviour, some sort of moral government is plainly implied.

But not only in the natural course of things, but by the intervention of human means, the same moral scheme appears to be carried on; and mankind find themselves placed by Providence in such circumstances, as to be unavoidably accountable to each

other for their behaviour. Thus is our conduct rewarded or punished, in a view of its being mischievous or beneficial to society. Besides which, in the social commerce of the world, virtue and vice are distinguished by various degrees of favour or discountenance. The man of upright conduct claims and receives from the generality a disinterested respect and regard ; and the vicious man, for the most part, has a great majority even of his own character against him. Injuries are retaliated not only in a view to the harm they produce, but to the wrong they imply ; and we have our resentments in behalf of others, as well as of ourselves. On the same principle we are disposed to requite good offices, not merely as a party benefited, but from a love of the actions themselves.

Upon the whole, then, besides the good and bad effects of virtue and vice on their authors, the course of the world does in a great measure turn upon the approbation or disapprobation of them as such in others. Thence, we may reasonably infer the existence of a moral nature erected in our minds ; and since our condition here is such as to give this nature scope for operation, and in effect to oblige it to operate, it holds out a further additional proof of a moral government of the world. The first observation leads us to conclude that God will finally give effectual support to virtue ; the second furnishes an example of a certain degree of actual support afforded it in the present existence. This constitution of our minds, that inclines us to discountenance vice, and to treat virtue with favour and distinction, is an intuitive proof that so Nature intends it, or a palpable solecism would follow. It is doubtless her pervading voice that proclaims this preëminence of virtue, and promulges its unalterable decrees, amidst



all the errors and incongruities of human actions. "*Sunt enim ingeniis nostris semina innata virtutum, quæ si adolescere liceret ipsa nos ad beatam vitam natura perduceret.*"

I am well aware that the existence of a moral sense or instinctive preference of virtue, is a point in much dispute. Those who take the negative side of the question, insist that our distinctions in favour of virtue originally result from a perception of its advantages; and that nothing but repeated experience of the good which is reflected from it on ourselves, erects in the mind that settled habit of approbation, which at length comes to pronounce an instantaneous judgment in its favour. The constancy of these good effects establishes a general consent in behalf of virtue; and as the feelings of mankind are improved by the exercise of social benevolence, new maxims and duties branch out, as the interests of humanity become better understood. This, according to them, is the course in which we proceed without supernatural aids and instructions. Were you to relate the story of Catiline's conspiracy, or Tarquin's usurpation, to a solitary savage, he would discover no marks of abhorrence, or even of disapprobation. Moreover, were this preference of virtue instinctive, it must necessarily act with uniform and universal ascendancy. On the contrary, however, what has been considered as vicious in one age and in one country, has been regarded as praiseworthy in other times and other situations. Suicide, theft, fornication, and even crimes which we tremble to name, have been sanctioned and approved in particular nations, and among certain individuals.

To all this it may be replied, that it little imports whether or not it be allowed that these seeds of virtue are given us with our existence, if it be admitted

that as soon as reason begins to operate, it pronounces in its favour, and that there is plainly a constitution of things adapted to foster and confirm this preëminence. The existence of a moral government is no less indicated by such a disposition of things, than by supposing an instinctive preference of virtue, or what is termed the moral sense. The relation of any particular act of criminality might fail of its due impression upon the mind of a savage, from the absolute impossibility of conveying to him an adequate idea of its mischief, and a perfect sense of its consequences. For the real nature and injury of vice is only to be contemplated through its operation on society; and the mind must be placed in its proper relative position, ere it can come to any right conclusions respecting the tendencies and qualities of human actions. Still, however, this savage has clear impressions of right and wrong, although his right and wrong be not shaped to the condition of man as a member of civil society.

Again, the objections to the doctrine of a moral sense, founded on the want of uniformity and universality in our notions of virtue, and the encouragement afforded to particular vices in different ages and nations, will lose their force if we consider that where these inverted maxims have prevailed through whole countries, that they have arisen either under some violent and unnatural system of religion or civil policy, or during a state of barbarous depression; and that, where they have obtained among particular sects or individuals, they may always be traced to some peculiarity of circumstances, or to some superadded motives which have overruled the tendencies of this secret guide. The encouragement of theft, said to have been a principle of Spartan policy, was the result of a forced and distorted sys-

tem, which had for its sole object the promotion of military talents, among which, in those days, deception and stratagem held a conspicuous place.

I have never read of any country, however barbarous, where the sense of modesty was entirely asleep; and the promiscuous commerce of the sexes lies every where under an implied reproach, where marriage is among the customs of the country—and marriage has every where place, where the smallest approaches have been made to social intercourse. Murder has never been purely and positively sanctioned in any condition of humanity. The Indians, it is true, put their captured enemies to cruel deaths; but to this bloody practice they are prompted by an excessive love to their fallen associates, and mistaken principles of patriotism and friendship. Suicide was wont to carry with it such an imposing image of virtue, before the promulgation of Christian morality, that the frequency of it argued no want of instinctive love of virtue, but was an instance in which a fond interpretation was put upon her decrees, to favour the impatience and imbecility of passion.

So much for the argument as it rests upon that internal evidence which a view of our nature affords. The tendencies of virtue and vice, as seen in the external order of things, deserves a little further consideration.

In respect to individuals, these tendencies are obvious; but the settled tendency of virtue to accumulate power in society, and to prevail over every sort of power which is not under its direction, is perhaps less readily conceived. It is an important part of the subject, as it may elevate in our conceptions the dignity and might of that instrument by which Providence governs the world.

In the same manner as reason has a natural tendency to triumph over brutal force, and to give to man an ascendancy over the rest of the animal creation, so has virtue a tendency to produce superiority, and a perpetual increase of power. It exerts this tendency by rendering public good an object and end to the members of a society, by inspiring diligence, recollection, and self-government, and by uniting men together in harmony and affection, on a basis of mutual confidence. Yet do these tendencies of virtue, as well as those of reason, require many concurring circumstances to promote their operation. There must be a certain proportion between the natural power which is, and that which is not, under the direction of virtue; there must be sufficient length of time; for, in the nature of the thing, its success must be gradual; there must be a fair field of trial, a stage ample enough, with proper occasions and opportunities, for the virtuous to join together.

Now, as to the first requisite, it is to be hoped there is in the world a proportion of virtuous men, sufficient to render virtue prevalent to a very considerable degree, if other circumstances would permit; for much less force, under the direction of virtue, would prevail over much greater, not under its direction. There are many causes, however, which obstruct the union of virtuous men, spread over the face of the earth; and, above all, the very short and busy scene we are passing through, denies to virtue its proper latitude of operation. This tendency, therefore, is disappointed of its natural effect in the present state. But haply these hindrances may be removed in a future world; and surely it is more natural to conclude that the obstructions will be removed than that the tendency will be destroyed.

Virtue is militant here, and many untoward accidents contribute to its being overborne; but we may fairly hope that hereafter it may combat with greater success, or rather may enjoy its rewards in triumph and in peace.

It appears, therefore, that God has qualified us to perceive a peculiar connection in the several parts of his great scheme, and a tendency towards the completion of it arising out of the very nature of virtue, which tendency is to be considered as something moral in the essential constitution of things. On the whole, then, there is a kind of moral government implied in God's natural government—virtue and vice are naturally rewarded and punished, as beneficial or mischievous to society, and rewarded and punished directly as virtue and vice. The notion, therefore, of a moral scheme of government, is not fictitious, but natural; for it is suggested to our thoughts by the constitution and course of nature; and the execution of this scheme is actually begun in the present world. And the notion of a moral scheme of government, much more perfect than what is seen here, is not a fictitious but a natural notion, suggested to our thoughts by the essential tendencies of virtue and vice.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending my readers to turn to the 36th and 37th Psalms, where they will find this natural tendency of virtue, and its final rewards, in the completion of this moral scheme of government, sublimely treated.

## No. 43. SATURDAY, MARCH 2.

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*Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis Olivæ  
Sacra ferens?*

VIRG. ÆN. VI. 808.

But who is he that yonder comes, that wears  
The OLIVE-BRANCH, and sacred incense bears ?

If the reader is at all interested by the character of poor Eugenio, or sympathizes with the unfortunate Amelia, he will pardon that affection for their memories which induces me to consecrate the two or three succeeding papers to my long-lost and regretted friends. Poor Eugenio ! I little thought, when I held thee in these arms in thy last struggles for breath, and received this little deposit of thy letters, that I should have lived to moisten it with my tears at this distance of time. The great ones are hourly passing before me ; events of magnitude are happening daily about me ; sorrows and catastrophes surround me ; but still the traces of thy virtues are freshest in my thoughts ; and hardly do I live to present times, when I think on those quiet hours we passed together, and those evening walks, and those various conversations on men and things, ever ending in the subject of thy heart,—thy dear Amelia.

Methinks I have him now before me, with his tall and graceful figure, his oval face, his dimpled mouth and large benevolent eyes. I seem again to see his features gathering fresh and fresh animation as involuntarily he winds the conversation into that channel

in which his bosom so loved to discharge itself. And now his countenance assumes a softened expression of melancholy, as the subject gradually takes the colours of his mind—a mind, almost from the cradle, of too high a pitch for the tones of ordinary life, and destined to a course of continual disappointment. But nothing had the effect of souring the temper of Eugenio; and I know not if I am right in calling that melancholy which produced neither complaint nor despondency, and which felt it no indulgence to criminate the motives and actions of mankind, but showed itself alone in a certain bias towards topics of sorrow and an inclination to visit the house of mourning rather than the house of joy. It comforts me to think that the soul of this excellent youth has been long at rest after a short career of sorrow in this world; and that that bosom which found so little congeniality here, is probably in those abodes where its sorrows are turned into joy, and where what was the source of disappointment is become the fountain of delight.

Eugenio was in his four-and-twentieth year when I first became acquainted with him. It was not long after this that an increase of fortune enabled him to live up to his own feelings of duty, and to follow those amusements which his heart pronounced innocent. After a youth of much variety and uniform disappointment, he retired to his father's house in Shropshire, which their circumstances now enabled them to render more comfortable, and the grounds about which Eugenio took great delight in disposing in such a manner as was calculated to favour the contemplative turn of his mind. Five years he spent in a truly elegant and philosophic retirement, not savagely shutting himself up from the world, but asserting that title to the use of his time which he

deemed necessary to the cultivation of his soul, and the great ends of his creation. Before this period he had passed through various scenes and situations of life.—But why should I thus piece out the history of my friend? I feel that in the end it must all be told, such is my fondness for talking about him. I will therefore lay it before my readers, with the advantages of a regular narration.

It was on a cold night in December, that the father of Amelia and myself, being overtaken by a shower of rain, entered the kitchen of an inn on the western road to warm ourselves by the fire. There sat in one corner of the room a tall thin young man, in a mean travelling dress, but of an elegant form and dignified aspect. He leaned upon the table with his elbow, and had very much the air of fatigue in his looks, though there was evidently too much agitation within him to admit of the necessary repose. I observed, as we stood by the fire, that the eyes of my friend were fixed upon the youth, who himself never once regarded us, or paid us the least attention from our first entrance into the room.

As my friend's house, where I then was upon a visit, was only a mile distant, and as it now held up, we took leave of the company, all of whom rose, except the traveller, who took no more notice of our departure than he had done of our entrance. My friend (whom in future I shall call Barville, having some reasons for concealing his true name,) during our walk home, was silent and thoughtful, and would enter into no conversation the whole evening. The next morning we met early in the garden, where he thus addressed me: "My good Mr. Olive-Branch, I must beg your forgiveness for my behaviour yesterday evening; but the truth is, the physiognomy of the young stranger we saw last night has so touched



me, that I have been able to think of nothing else ever since. My mind," continued he, "will never be at ease till I have had some conversation with him. What think you of sending to desire his company to breakfast?" I approved of his intention; the message was sent, and a very polite refusal was returned. This, however, only the more inflamed the curiosity of Mr. Barville. He set off himself to the inn, and returned in half an hour, together with the stranger. He was a little better dressed than on the preceding day, and bore every characteristic of the gentleman about him. His deportment was the most manly I ever beheld; and a slight suffusion, which tinged his cheeks upon entering the room, being unaccompanied with any embarrassment, prognosticated that amiable union of qualities which adorn a mind at once modest and assured.

He expressed his sense of the honour done him in a very warm manner. Mr. Barville, whose knowledge was very considerable, started various subjects of conversation, and seemed very desirous of engaging the stranger's confidence, and of bringing their acquaintance to that state of maturity which would admit of some interesting questions, in which he longed to give a loose to his curiosity.

As Mr. Barville was a character a little out of the common road, it may be worth while to digress a moment for the sake of describing him. This gentleman was the eldest of several children. His father was a merchant of some eminence, and a man of very solid parts, and great worldly knowledge. He used to say, that he looked on his seven children with the sentiments of a Spartan; that he considered them as a stock, in which the public and himself had equal shares. To the commonwealth he resigned

the qualities of their heads ; and reserved to himself the paramount property in the province of the heart.

His children were all permitted to choose their professions ; for he deemed it a monstrous attack upon reason and common sense, to settle the destination of a child without waiting for his capacities to develop themselves. Unhappily, the old man's precautions were vain. He died in circumstances by no means affluent ; and Mr. Barville, the eldest son, who had already entered on the study of the civil law, was obliged to relinquish the profession of his choice, in order to support his brothers and sisters, who were yet children, with the profits of his father's business. Many years, however, after this event, when he had attained the age of thirty, he came to the unexpected possession of a very ample fortune by the will of a distant relation.

As this change in circumstances raised him into more elevated company, he began to feel his own disparity in the point of education so severely, that he resolved to repair these deficiencies by a few years of assiduous application. He immediately purchased a judicious little collection of books ; and, being too old and too nice to become a pupil, he sat down with solitary ardour to the elements of mathematics, and the treasures of ancient literature. Aided by a quick comprehension and a sound memory, he made such despatch, that, in the course of three years, his head was furnished with a rich variety of materials for reasoning and contemplation. The solitude in which he prosecuted these researches, did not fail to give an original turn to his thoughts and arguments, and fastened some singularities and prejudices on his mind, which time and opposition served only to provoke and confirm. In the scholar's craft,

as well as in others, there prevails a common cast of conversation, a sort of complexional tincture, which some would call cant, that pervades the whole profession. Mr. Barville's learning was not of this technical sort; his preferences and aversions were the progeny of his own mind, and his taste was unborrowed, as well as the principles on which he supported it.

His phraseology had something in it that was strange at first, but which proved it to be his own, and at once told you he was no common man; and those who conversed with him were frequently surprised by new combinations of words, and new effects of language. He abounded in principles, in maxims, and in systems, which he cherished the more fondly, as being his undisputed offspring, and could therefore never endure interruption until the whole scheme of his argument was perfectly detailed. He was fond of framing improvements, of which humanity was the object; and the poor and unfortunate were the constant theme of his inventions, and the unceasing objects of his care. On the whole, he was tender on the subject of religion, serious in all questions of morality, and ardent and disinterested in his search after truth; and if the quickness of his apprehension, and the constancy of his tenets, made him sometimes impatient and imperious, it was almost worth while to be exposed a little to this defective part of his character, to witness that benevolent concern and unaffected candour with which he studied to expiate the offence.

Mr. Barville was just proceeding to address some important questions to the stranger, whom I shall in future call Eugenio, when Amelia entered the room. I shall attempt no description of this young lady's person. It will be enough to say, that the most

melting sensibility, and the most exalted virtue, heightened and corrected each other's expression in a complexion, and a set of features formed for love and delight. Mr. Barville introduced her to his guest, whose frame underwent a new kind of agitation, and who now felt doubly ashamed of the meanness of his apparel. "Amelia," said the father, "you are to look upon this gentleman as no common acquaintance; certain rules of judging, which have never yet betrayed me, make me very ambitious of his friendship." This speech, in spite of herself, strained her looks towards Eugenio, and an involuntary expression of sweet approbation kindled the first spark of that unhappy flame in which they were both destined to be consumed. Mr. Barville stopped a moment for their mutual compliments to be paid; but nature had fixed on their mouths a seal of silence, on which each other's image was engraved, and which a little time sufficed to carry to the heart, there to abide forever.

The vivacity of Mr. Barville's disposition, and the fermentation of his mind, never suffered a pause to last till it was painful; and in any embarrassment of that kind it was usual for the company to turn towards him for relief. Some agreeable comment, or some useful inference, was always revolving in his mind, and ready for the occasion; and a certain equability and delicacy of thought were more remarkable in his conversation, than the poignancy of satire or the splendour of wit. He made us all join in requesting Eugenio to spend that and the following day with us; but it was easy to see whose application had the most influence in obtaining his consent. A thousand agreeable topics were started by the hospitable entertainer; and so much pleasantry and good-humour prevailed through the day, that,

towards the close of it, the stranger had shaken off much of his *réserve*, and more than once gave way to emotions of gayety and mirth, which so developed the expression of his countenance, that many new and excellent qualities were read in it by the philosophical Mr. Barville; and the seeds of much future sorrow were sown in another bosom, where, alas! the same philosophy did not, at least at that moment, exist.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, the worthy gentleman of the house, turning towards his guest, and putting his two fingers upon his hand as it rested upon his knee—(I see them both now before me)—“You must be sure, sir,” said he, “I could have had no inducement to seek so earnestly your acquaintance, but what was perfectly disinterested and honourable. I have long cherished the persuasion that there are certain lines in the countenance which never fail to announce a well-constituted mind. There is a kind of running-title in the face, which opens fresh matter to interest us in every page. Not a certain assemblage of features, but the modification of those features under the various influence of successive emotions, is the rule of my judgment in these cases, with a reserve, however, in favour of the testimonies of subsequent experience. Look upon me as one, therefore, whom no accidental circumstances of obligation or connection have made your friend, but whom the secret ties of nature herself have drawn towards you with a force not to be resisted. I frankly offer you my confidence and friendship; make what use you can of me in your own affairs; and if you have any distresses, alas! they are legible in your countenance, which are not too desperate for relief, or too severe to be softened by communication, I earnestly entreat you

to make me a sharer in them. I too have had my sorrows. In the most virtuous and affectionate of wives, I have lost the tenderest of friends ; and my only son is gone from me, Heaven knows where, with circumstances that render the loss of him ten times more distressful, and which add weight to a misfortune that one would think almost too heavy for aggravation."

These kind of sentiments, uttered with great energy, were too much for Eugenio. He was mute for some moments ; in spite of his efforts, a tear stole from him, and a sigh escaped from the depths of his bosom. At length, after some unintelligible effusions, he went on thus : " This generosity, my dear sir, and this extraordinary goodness, are so greatly above what I have been used to experience, that I dare not attempt to make adequate acknowledgments. The best way, doubtless, to manifest my sense of it, would be to yield instantly to your flattering request ; but, indeed, sir, my history contains but little to interest or amuse you. As for some few distresses I may have suffered, they have not been of that incidental, various, and adventurous kind, which affect in the relation, but were for the most part spun out of my own feelings, which are such as to raise trifling circumstances into serious misfortunes. While, so is my mind constructed, that I can endure those evils, whose sensible magnitude is infinitely greater, and which most disturb the serenity of others, with sufficient calmness and composure. I know, sir, I am making a confession much to my discredit ; but I cannot abuse such a noble good-nature, by keeping you ignorant of the unworthiness of its object."

It is easy to imagine that the excuse was not listened to ; and Eugenio, after a pause of some mo-

ments, was beginning to gratify the curiosity of his new friend, when, perceiving Amelia and myself rising from our chairs, as if to leave the room, he entreated us both to remain, and, with a look of some impatience, assured Amelia that there was nothing in the story he was about to relate, which could give any umbrage to her delicacy, or which he could wish to conceal from her knowledge. I think, if subsequent events do not deceive me, a melancholy forecast at that moment drew from me an involuntary sigh, and I felt inwardly troubled as the situation of things brought to my thoughts the effects wrought on the mind of the gentle Desdemona by the pitiable story of the valiant Moor.

Eugenio proceeded, as well as I can recollect, with the assistance of my memorandums, in the following terms: "I am the only son of virtuous parents, and who, if more need be said, were both of gentle blood. My father bore arms at a very young age, served his country in many campaigns, and was, as those report who have followed his fortunes, a truly gallant soldier. Whether it was from reading, or a natural elevation of mind I know not; but it was his misfortune to have imbibed a certain enthusiasm of honour and grandeur of sentiment, which proved a great interruption to his happiness during the whole course of his life. My father had a soul for great actions. He was the hero in the field, but he was also too much the hero in common life; and, as Socrates is said to have brought down philosophy from the skies, so it seemed an ambition of my father's to force into the most ordinary concerns in which he was engaged, those erect principles of justice, and those sentiments of heroic disinterestedness, which, though in the main they certainly should form the great rule of our actions, yet can never be

rendered universally applicable in the petty commerce of society. I use the past tense in speaking of my father, not because I know that he is dead—to be assured of that would remove from my mind a heavy load of anxiety—but because I fear I have lost him forever; and my busy sorrow is ever presenting him to my thoughts in a state much worse than death; a state unworthy of his birth and his feelings, and ill-accommodated to his age and infirmities. In short, sir, after having lost him for one twelvemonth, without knowing whither he was fled, I heard only a week ago, that during all this interval he has served as a common soldier in the army of prince Ferdinand. But I will not anticipate the events of my story; I fear they will interest you but little, with every advantage of relation.”

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No. 44. SATURDAY, MARCH 9.

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—*Cui pudor, et justitiæ soror*  
*Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,*  
*Quando ullum invenient parem?*      HOR. CAR. i. 24, 6.

Sister of justice, uncorrupted faith,  
And naked truth, and generous shame, ah! when  
His equal shall they find?

“IN the year 1735, my father, then a youth, and burning to distinguish himself in the field, fought under the Imperialists, at that time at war with the French. In a fierce encounter, an Austrian captain was slain by his side, a gentleman of great merit,



and whose friendship and courage had, on a former occasion, saved my poor father from the bayonet's point. His comrade and friend fell upon his bosom, and had just time to entreat him to make a transfer of that affection which had so long been his pride and happiness, to a helpless orphan he was leaving behind him. In his sorrow for his departed friend, my father found comfort in thinking that still the opportunity was left him of evincing his gratitude towards him, and of honouring his memory by better testimonies than unavailing tears. Touched with the destitute situation of the daughter, his pity was soon succeeded by a warmer sentiment, which the gentle sorrow and the amiable qualities of the young lady strengthened and matured. In short, he fulfilled his engagements, by marrying her as soon as the peace was concluded between the belligerent powers. In a few months after they came to England, and took those little premises in Shropshire, where they have lived ever since. I was born in about three years after this marriage, and destined, alas ! to succeed to all my father's pride, and all his mortifications ; to all his exaltation of spirit, and all his depression of circumstances.

“The narrowness of their income, and still more, my father's jealous eagerness to inspire no sentiments into my mind but his own, determined them to take my education upon themselves, every essential part of which they were between them well qualified to conduct, except that in which worldly wisdom was concerned, and the interests of my future fortunes. As myself and a sister were their only charge, the duty they had imposed upon themselves was not more than they could fulfil with ease and delight, and my father has often assured me that the ten years which succeeded his marriage were a

counterbalance to the fatigues and sufferings of his whole life.

“He had married a woman of no personal accomplishments ; but Providence had rewarded his pious regard to the memory of his friend, by giving her a soul great like his own, and full of the most exalted notions of justice, purity, and benevolence. Her German ancestry were noble, and a tincture of national haughtiness had formerly discoloured her sentiments ; but as their union was more a marriage of the mind than of the person, their constant communication and mutual respect softened down the pride of my mother’s bosom, to the same temper with that which informed my father’s, and effected a perfect congeniality in the principles on which they were founded. Strengthened by his reasons, animated by his example, and assisted by the force of her own understanding, she was soon persuaded of the folly and fragility of that pride which has no sources to draw from but human prejudices and self-flattery, and discerned the broad partition that separates dignity from disdain, and grandeur of soul from pride of circumstance.

“In the year 1745, when I was entering on my tenth year, my father followed the Royal Duke into the Netherlands, and left me to the sole care and tuition of my mother, who, though not wanting in female sensibility or maternal softness, was yet so well acquainted with the duties and the ornaments of my sex, that every endeavour was made to build up that masculine structure of thought and habit, of which my father had laid the foundation in my mind ; and as the warmth and sensibility of female bosoms rarely suffer them to be moderate in a cause in which their interests or affections are engaged, she carried this principle as far as it would bear, and

perhaps a little beyond the scope of its meaning and application.

“The histories of great men and great times were the constant objects of my study; and those pages were pointed out for my particular attention, wherein deeds of heroism abroad, or acts of patriotism at home, were recited; and I consider the sequel of my life as a comment on a passage in an ancient writer, which casts a just reproach on the general tendency of education, to hold up rules rather for the extraordinary, than the ordinary occasions of life. All my playthings were martial; guns, trumpets, swords, and helmets, were lavished upon me. And every day I was so busy in plying my batteries, in bombarding and cannonading, that my little heart was exalted almost to madness, and the horn of battle was always blowing in my ears.

“I am ashamed, my good sir, to trouble you with this petty detail; but as the period of life we are now considering, though of little importance in itself, borrows a great deal from the influence it has on the years of maturity; and as it may, perhaps, in some degree apologize for the singular and unaccommodating cast of my mind, I cannot refuse myself the liberty of relating an anecdote of my infancy, which I still remember with feelings in which pleasure and pain are somewhat whimsically blended.

“I had just completed the extravagant though bewitching Memoirs of Charles XII. of Sweden, and the roar of bombs and cannon was still sounding in my ears, when a letter from my father brought us an account of the defeat at Fontenoy, acquainting us, at the same time, that he was then in garrison at Ostend, and in hourly expectation of the enemy. Here my ardent imagination figured to me all the horrors of a siege, and I resolved to sympathize with the sup-

posed sufferings of my father. I chose a spot in a meadow about a mile distant from our house, where I laboured incessantly for a week, in raising ramparts and digging trenches, to represent the fortifications at Ostend. As soon as they were completed, I prevailed upon the son of a gardener in our neighbourhood, a boy about my own age, to carry on the siege, while I shut myself up within my works, resolving to hold out to the last, having previously frightened the besieger into secrecy, by threatening, in case of treachery, to lay waste his father's cauliflowers, and put all I should find to the sword. We kept up this mockery through half the day, when suddenly the operations of the enemy ceased altogether; whether the vigour and impetuosity of my frequent sallies had driven him off, or hunger, a more powerful assailant, had forced him from the field. I gloried, however, in neglecting the calls of hunger; and imagining myself blockaded, I resolved to try how long I could hold out in such a situation. I kept within my fortifications with great obstinacy till late in the evening, when, beginning to find that the contest with nature could no longer be maintained, I determined not to surrender to the besiegers. But snatching the standard which I had fixed on the ramparts, with one hand, and grasping my sword in the other, I rushed out at a breach that was made in one of the ravelins; and fancying myself in the pursuit of the enemy, I ran to our garden wall, where I fell, overcome with weariness and hunger. Here I lay for some time, with my sword and standard still in my hands, and probably should have died on the field of honour, if one of my father's labourers, who happened to pass by, had not picked me up, and conveyed me to my mother.

“As soon as she was made acquainted with the

whole transaction, she was delighted with this testimony to the force of her instruction; made me a present of a new sword, and promised me to persuade my father to make me a colonel as soon as he returned. She kept, however, a more watchful eye over my proceedings in future, and confined my operations within our garden wall. The Pretender's invasion, which took place soon after, so agitated my mind, that I was very near losing my senses; and my mother began to repine at the extraordinary success of her methods of education, and used her best efforts to bring this luxuriancy of mind within the bounds of reason.

"After the victory of Culloden, my father returned, covered with honour, and wounded in the service. But, alas! his circumstances were lower than ever; for his own illnesses, and his compassion for others, had rendered these late campaigns more than ordinarily expensive. The tender and endearing reception, however, which he found at home, banished every subject of regret from his mind; and he sat down, as he then thought, to enjoy for a length of time the solace of domestic tranquillity.

"The Quixotic mania with which I was possessed, could not but be displeasing to a man of his sense. It was very wide of that character, which it had been his object to form. He had but little, however, to combat with, in convincing my mother of her mistake. She had already begun to perceive it, and her mind was too great to scruple confession. Soft and gradual means were used to let me down gently from the heights to which I had been raised; and as I now had the rank of colonel in my own eyes, especial care was taken not to wound the honour which I conceived to be attached to my situation. By their judicious management I was weaned a good deal

from my military enthusiasm ; but, as you will see in the sequel, the impression has never been thoroughly effaced.

“ My father had resolved, on his return home, to sell out of the army, and enjoy the repose which he had earned ; but as soon as he was perfectly cured of his wounds, his ardour of mind returned with his health, and all his sedentary projects disappeared. In the autumn of 1746, he followed Sir John Ligonier to the Dutch Netherlands, and was wounded in three places at the battle of Roucoux. He returned home in a very wretched and emaciated state, to the great affliction of my poor mother, to whose unexampled care he again owed his recovery, which, however, was not completed under full four years, during which time he was confined to his apartment in a state of extreme lameness and debility.

“ I shall now pass over a lapse of seven years, which were chequered by no incidents worth relating, except it may be proper to mention that in this interval my father surrendered to the impressions of sickness, grew gradually sedate and tranquil in his deportment and sentiments, and lost in great part his predilection for the military life. So great, indeed, was the change which time and circumstances had wrought in his mind, that when I reached my eighteenth year, instead of realizing the splendid visions of my childhood, he sent me to college in the year 1755, to accomplish myself for holy orders. But before two months had expired, I was heartily wearied with the forms and institutions, as well as with the manners and usages of the place.

“ My ideas had been accustomed to expatiate over a wide scene of action, in which every thing that was vast and unbounded in human enterprise, or elevated in human character, was ever moving before

my fancy, in which a shade was cast over vulgar wants and vulgar interests, and in which that middle order of men, among whom I was now to take my place, was seen at a confused distance, or lost in the surrounding blaze. The inactive pomp, the inglorious ease, the narrow range, and the petty politics of a college life, were ill calculated to arrest a mind like mine, which had taken flight, at ten years of age, into regions of visionary perfection, and whose aspiring humour had already taught it contempt, not only for the common amusements of infancy, but for the common playthings of maturity.

"Alas! sir, since those days my wings have been clipped: they were severely shorn at my first entrance into those real scenes of which my young fancy had imaged such delusive representations. At first, I fluttered like a young eagle imprisoned in a cage, whose privilege it once was to sit on the summit of a rock, in the broad blaze of the sun, and contemplate the immensity before it, as filled with objects of enterprise—as the scene of prowess and adventure. But though I never could accommodate myself to my cage, I ceased to make those ineffectual struggles which would only serve to cover me with ridicule, and sink me in my own esteem; and, if I was not happy, I was at least apparently composed, and took some care that, at this introductory stage of my life, my singularity should not be insulting, or my silence austere.

"What principally fostered my aversion to college, was doubtless the very circumscribed state of my finances, which soon taught me to measure the distance at which poverty throws us from our social dues—from a just participation in the courtesies and amenities of life. It is, however, its high privilege and consolation to be secure from the seductions of

flattery, to see before it the unvarnished side of human nature, and to view the native forms of Virtue and Vice in their genuine light.

“Though my poor parents almost beggared themselves to support me with respectability, all would not do ; and my circumstances were so low, as hardly to suffice for my bare maintenance. The reverence I feel for the principle of every institution which has the good of mankind for its object, makes me cautious how I reprove ; for there is a spirit of correction, which chases away the good with the evil, and which, in its zeal for completing the beauty of a building, destroys the cement on which its existence depends. But I cannot avoid, in this place, expressing my concern, that means are not more industriously used, to lower the rate of living at college, by a close inquiry into frauds and excessive charges, by the prevention of long credit, and a clearer exposition of college accounts. I had not been above three weeks in my new situation, before I began to be weary of the society into which I had entered, and to draw upon myself no small portion of hatred and persecution. I was nicknamed Major Strutt ; my windows were frequently broken, and my doors were scribbled over with low and contemptible scurrility. The high and dignified notions which my father had taken such pains to rear in my mind, were in a great measure the cause of this odium ; yet it is but fair to confess that whereas these were mixed and qualified in my father’s mind with a thousand soft and humane ingredients, in mine they soon hardened into a firm and indissoluble frame, and bred within me a degree of misanthropy and choler which neither reason nor religion has yet been able to subdue.”

“I cannot help thinking, however,” cried Mr.



Barville with some earnestness and precipitation, "that you do not yourself understand all the ingredients of this boiling spirit. I will take upon myself to affirm that inhumanity is not one of them ; and I am persuaded that your severity was principally directed against yourself. You carry your own eulogy in your countenance, and that is a testimony which I never dispute." Eugenio bowed and shook his head, while a tear trickled down his face, as he thus proceeded—

"A thousand boyish and pitiful insults continued to be levelled at my peace, but they were yet too weak and diminutive to provoke any thing more than contempt. I treated the whole pack with sovereign indifference ; and I really believe that hitherto the mortification was greater on their side than my own. My loftiness of temper, and the scorn expressed in my countenance, challenged their utmost malignancy. Hints were at length thrown out in disparagement of my birth, and derogatory to the virtue of my mother as well as to the courage and honour of my father. This atrocious attack applied a torch to my feelings, and kindled them into a blaze of indignation. What methods I took to vindicate the honour of my family are perhaps as well omitted. They were such as compelled my calumniators to contradict in writing the infamous reports they had spread, and even further, to write severally to their parents in the spirit of abjuration and remorse ; which letters I put myself into the post, and in a few days received answers, filled with expressions of shame and sorrow for the ignominious conduct of their sons. These letters, together with their recantations, I took care to make sufficiently public : my enemies were abashed, and an interval of peace succeeded. This suspension of hostilities was, however, only a breath-

ing time for my persecutors, and the same infamous tales continued to be propagated.

“ My disgust now rose to such a pitch, that I lived a whole year in entire solitude, nourishing the pride of my spirit, and my contempt for those around me.” At this moment a gentleman of the neighbourhood called in ; and Eugenio and myself, in the interim, took a walk into the garden. I seized this opportunity of entreating him to continue one day longer among us, and was secretly delighted at his ready acquiescence, and with his manner of expressing his compliance. “ Mr. Olive-Branch,” said he, pressing my hand, “ I don’t know what it is which gives you this power over me, but I feel that I can refuse you nothing. The complacency I read in your looks, helps to tranquillize my own thoughts—and it seems as if my spirits could find in your friendship a harbour from those storms within and without me, to which I am ever exposed.” A tear, which stood in my eyes at this moment, assured him of those sympathetic feelings which were really too strong to suffer me to answer him directly, and, taking courage from this omen, he addressed me as follows.

## No. 45. SATURDAY, MARCH 23.

*Ut pulcè verba fecit! cogitatè et commodè!*  
*Ut modestè orationem præbuit! Certò hic meus est.*

PLAUT. PŒNUL.

With how much modesty, good sense, and propriety, did he speak! This is the man after my own heart.

WE broke off last Saturday, when Eugenio was beginning to speak as follows: "I am aware, Mr. Olive-Branch, that I have been much my own enemy in relating the particulars of a life so sullied with errors both of sentiment and practice—of the heart and of the head. If, however, without displaying a fresh instance of that pride which it is my resolution to overcome, I may look to an event so much above my deserts, as the acquisition of your friendship, I shall hope yet to redeem myself in your opinion, by summoning all the resources of reason and philosophy to this work of reformation. I am convinced that in nothing the justice of Providence is more conspicuous than in the balance of strength, the action and reaction with which our minds are endued. There is sufficient vigour for the control of our passions wherever there is the will to exert it; but the armour of the mind, like that of the body, must be polished by use, and preserved from the rust of neglect, or, like that, it becomes a testimony to our reproach, and a monument of our cowardice and degeneracy. I have it written in my heart that the time is coming, when I shall resume the empire of my feelings, and drive out this capricious and

cruel usurper, this petty tyrant to which I have been so long enslaved. Assist me, my good sir, in these resolutions : your friendship and counsel will insure them success, if Providence permit me to return to so great a blessing from the doubtful errand in which I am embarking."

Here he left off speaking, and I could perceive that his bosom was discharged of a considerable burthen. "My dear sir," I replied, "you have made this day the most interesting, and perhaps the happiest of my life. You have given me great preferment in my own eyes, by calling me your friend; and trust me, it shall be my future study to deserve so honourable a title. As for the work of reformation, I look upon it as already done : to walk in the train of your triumph without a share in the victory, is all that is left to me : but this will content my ambition ; and I shall sympathize in your glory, as much as if it reflected honour on my own exertions. But do not refuse me the satisfaction of knowing the nature of that doubtful errand on which you are bent. I may be in time to contribute to the safety of your person, though I am too late to assist in the consummation of your virtue."

"If you can bear with me," replied Eugenio, "to the end of my little history, you will know what is the object of the errand to which I have alluded." — At this moment Mr. Barville and Amelia joined company with us. As we were all impatient for the sequel of Eugenio's story, Amelia conducted us to a bower at the end of the walk, where my friend thus proceeded : "All this while, however, I was careful to plant no thorns in the bosoms of my parents ; I read over and over each letter that I sent to them or my poor little Sophy, (for that was my sister's name,) that no inadvertent expression might escape

me, to betray the situation of my mind : and during the few weeks I spent with them, I feigned all the complacency I could possibly assume, though I could perceive, by the anxiety expressed in my mother's countenance, that my dissimulation was not as successful as I had hoped.

"In spite of my abstinence from all the diversions of my age, my expenses were considerably greater than my income. To confess the truth, in money concerns I was already as much a soldier as my father, who would long ere this have swallowed up his little revenue, had not my mother's excellent management suspended the blow, to fall in the end with redoubled violence." — Here Mr. Barville interposed — "And can you not," said he, "call to mind any secret donations to the indigent and distressed, which might help a little to impoverish you ? Did no truant guinea steal away in some holiday of the spirits, when an object of misery has thrown itself in the way of your compassion, and betrayed this misanthropy, which you profess to have felt, into a momentary slumber ?" — "Indeed, sir," replied Eugenio, "there need no such collateral drains, to account for my poverty : the direct expenses of a university life, are a sufficient reason for a man's becoming poor, whose pocket is but moderately supplied. I will not deny that sometimes the imbecility of my mind may have drawn me into such imprudences : for what better title do those feelings deserve, which induced me to dissipate money that was not my own ? In the order of moral duties, justice precedes generosity."

"I know," interrupted Mr. Barville, "that you will pardon a curiosity which results from the deep solicitude I feel in all that concerns you. An absolute seclusion from society for a whole year, appears

to me a situation so dreadful, that I can hardly conceive a mind endued with strength to support it ; but as your quarrel seems only to have been with our sex, you may perhaps have derived consolations from the other which were capable of very much softening this sentence of solitude."

"In my situation at that time," answered Eugenio, "it was not easy to form any of those tender connections to which you allude ; but however," continued the young gentleman, looking on the ground, and reddening as he proceeded, "to keep from you no part of the truth, Nature, when she planted so many strong and ardent propensities in my mind, did not forget the passion of love. Not all the haughtiness of my temper has been able to resist its growth ; in spite of every opposition it has flourished with incredible luxuriancy. I cannot, however, accuse myself of any hard-heartedness, treachery, or design, in my intercourse with the sex : nothing but simple crimes of this nature load my conscience—tear has been shed for tear, wherever they have flowed on my account."

Here the deepest vermilion overspread the cheek of Amelia ; and in spite of her utmost pains to suppress it, a tear trickled down, that in the sequel of their mournful intimacy was to be paid by a thousand from Eugenio. I took notice, that, as he finished this sentence, his looks involuntarily strayed towards Amelia's ; and in the chaste and melting concern which he read in them, he saw himself rebuked, chastised, pitied, and forgiven.

"Well, sir," continued Eugenio, "as soon as I felt that my fortunes were sinking fast, I revolved in my mind various schemes of redemption ; and no resource took my fancy so much as that of writing for the press. With this I immediately retouched some sa-

tirical pieces, into which I had poured all my indignation, and sold them for trifling sums to a bookseller of no eminence, who appeared to esteem them so little that I never afterwards made any inquiries after them, or even looked for their characters in those monthly bills of literary mortality, the Reviews. They answered, however, the purpose of present relief; and kept me from the saddest of all degradations, the necessity of running into debt. By engaging in various booksellers' jobs, I gained a tolerable supply; and as I was subject to no interruptions, I made such dispatch, that I was able, out of my savings, to send two or three little presents home, and, among others, some books on medicine, to my mother, who, finding it impossible to be bountiful in proportion to her feelings, was daily filling up the measure of her humanity by administering such comfort as was within her reach, to the sick and the sorrowful. This experience of what I was able to perform towards my own support, fired me with an ambition to launch forth into the literary world in quality of author, which situation I figured to myself as most correspondent to my feelings of independence.

"Impressed, myself, with an awful respect for genius, I conceived that its claims must be heard wherever they were advanced; and that, as soon as my title was acknowledged, it would insure me place and precedence amidst the press of interest and the pride of fortune. Full of these illusory expectations, I wrote a very florid epistle to my father, in which I scrupled not to acquaint him with the irksomeness of my situation, as well as with the unprofitable expenses to which I was subject, and painted the advantages of my plan of authorship in the best colours I was able. I proposed to take a lodging in town,

and immediately to enlist in the service of the booksellers, some of whom had suggested such tasks to me as they thought were suitable to my particular talents. My father, whose enthusiasm was not entirely vanquished, and who felt his old fires rekindle at the notion of enterprise and adventure, entered readily enough into the proposal. My mother resisted for a time, from a general habit of caution and timidity ; but being furnished with no particular objections from experience, soon left the field to my father, who, now growing heated with the project, as was his custom, urged me to hasten my departure from college, and to enter upon my brilliant career as soon as my arrangements could be made. My precipitancy corresponded with my father's impatience. In two days after the receipt of this letter, I cleared all my accounts in the University, and set off for London, with a few guineas in my pocket, and a lighter heart than I had ever yet felt in the course of my life, except when I sallied out against a flying enemy from my little fortifications behind my father's house.

"As soon as I arrived in town, I repaired to the house of a bookseller, with whom I had corresponded, and who had promised me accommodation and employment. My friend was as good as his word, and I entered immediately on this brilliant career, as my father had termed it, in a little room, four stories high, which was my parlour, my study, and my chamber. From this elevated apartment, I looked out of my window, and proudly surveyed the little world below me, as a victorious general casts his eye over the country before him, which he soon expects to lay under contribution. Such were the extravagant hopes I had suffered my fancy to indulge, which a few months were sufficient to disenchant.



“My employer, if rigid in his exactions, was punctual in his payments; and such was my zeal and assiduity in this undertaking, that in a quarter of a year I found money to follow up those presents to my parents, which had once already so sweetened the rewards of my diligence. I began to wonder, however, that I entered coffee-houses, and travelled the streets, without hearing my name mentioned, or my writings applauded. I never had supposed that genius stood in need of patronage, or talents of introduction; and as I then persuaded myself that I was not without these pretensions, my choler rose at the frigid indifference with which I was regarded, and my mind began again to fluctuate between pride and despondency.

“One day, as I was passing through the shop, I observed a young man turning over some books with an air of contemptuous importance. As he looked round, I recognized a face which I had seen at college. It happened that this gentleman was one of those who had manifested a good disposition towards me, and had made frequent offers of service to me, which it suited not my pride to accept. I was no sooner perceived by him, than he made up to me with great cordiality, and endeavoured to engage me in conversation. Though I felt but little promptitude to push my acquaintance beyond its narrow limit, in my present quarrel with the world; yet, there was something of originality and history in the countenance of this person, that interested my curiosity in spite of myself. He drew from me, somehow or other, the particulars of my situation, and the nature of my present engagements, of all which circumstances I observed that he made notes in a little book of memorandums.

“‘My dear sir,’ said he, putting his book into his

pocket, 'it gives me concern to think that you have so egregiously lost your way in the pursuit of fame. The direct road which used to lead to its temple has long been barred, and there is no access left, but through by-ways and secret passages. As you have always had my esteem and good-wishes, it is a sensible pleasure to me to be able to put you right, and to lay before you a chart of these cross-roads, with all the odd turnings, that will help to shorten the length and fatigues of your journey.' Here, he proposed to me to step into a coffee-house, that he might be at liberty to detail those instructions which were to raise so rapidly my fortune in the world. As soon as we were seated, he thus continued :—

“ ‘I also was intended, sir, for holy orders ; but I was of a humour uncongenial with all professions ; and my mind was too excursive, or my nature too volatile, to endure the confinement and buckram of any formal course of habit, or punctilious line of duty. I resolved to remain at large, and to take up at once the character of a gentleman, without sacrificing the most precious half of life to obtain it. In the life of an author, I saw all that distinction of which I was enanoured, and a range of exertion very suitable to the vivacity of my temper and genius.

“ ‘I must confess too, that having but a small fund of my own to draw from, I saw vast room in this great town for the exercise of innocent chicanery, in profiting by other men's superfluities of talent, and disguising my own deficiency ; in which kind of resource I may say I have proved myself consummate. Thus prepared, I set out upon my career about twelve months ago ; and notwithstanding the great competition which late years have produced among our fraternity, I soon acquired more than my just

share of distinction, and am already considerable enough to be abused by half the town. By computing the ratio of this abuse for the last three months, I find that my credit is making very rapid advances ; and, as I am pretty prodigal of abuse in my turn, I have reason to expect that my head, ere a month passes over it, will either appear in the pil-lory or as a frontispiece to the next magazine.'

"As this was all new ground to me, I expressed no small surprise at what I had heard ; upon which he observed, 'that as I had not yet passed my noviciate, it was no wonder that these mysteries and sublimities of the art were above my comprehension ; but a little experience would convince me that in these crooked times the ways of the learned are not the least oblique. Is fame your object?—Be assured, the commonplace methods of labouring to deserve it, are the last, nowadays, to succeed in obtaining it. If you persist in this obsolete course, you may extort a dedication from a Dutch commentator, or be called an ingenious gentleman in the preface to a new rhyming dictionary ; but your purse will remain empty, and your face unknown.

"And now, Sir, what are your sentiments ? Are you willing to follow the track which I have marked out for you, and which I believe you will find as profitable and easy as any ?' I shook my head, and replied, that I was afraid I had not much talent for abuse ; and moreover, that as this particular branch of literature required a disposition invulnerable to abuse from others, I knew myself to be very ill qualified for a member of his academy. 'Well, Sir,' continued he, 'I will lay some other schemes of advancement before you ; and, that example may not be wanting to my instructions, I will expose to you, in great confidence, the various methods of literary

chicane practised with the most brilliant success by a club of gentlemen of which I have the honour to be a member. Two or three instances will be sufficient for the present ; but I shall be proud to introduce you to the whole society, that you may become the disciple of him of whose fancy you shall most approve. They are none of them those ordinary drudges, that drag their steps along through the common rounds of the Forum and Academy ; but speed onwards, as the crow flies, unanxious about what they leave behind, and fearless about what they encounter. These gentlemen disturb no families by their early rising, or their midnight lucubrations ; but by a little management, and much acquaintance with human nature, and the motives of human applause, they have risen to greater eminence than your great readers, without the same expense of spirits and constitution. There is a kind of economy of learning, with which none but these adepts are acquainted ; and to make a little go far, by a mode of setting it off, is one of those perfections on which we value ourselves the most in this our select society. The imposing manner in which we announce our publications, the pompons stage on which they are reared, by the mechanical helps of printing, paper, and engraving ; our flourished title-pages, comely portraits, and the procession of initials that march before our names ; all help to distinguish our productions from vulgar performances, and to enable one of our eighteen penny pamphlets to wrestle with imperial quartos, and eclipse the labours of half a life.' ”

## No. 46. SATURDAY, MARCH 30.

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*Non est Romano cuiquam locus hic, ubi regnat  
Protogenes aliquis, vel Diphilus, aut Erimanthus.*

JUV. SAT. iii. 109.

Where artifice, pretence, and mockery reign,  
Sound sterling merit seeks for room in vain.

"I FEAR, Sir," continued Eugenio, turning towards Mr. Barville, "that this discourse on authorship will interest you but little. It presses, indeed, rather forcibly upon my mind, as having wrought a change in my condition, and disabused me of a very material error; we are too liable to suppose our own feelings in the breasts of other men, without regard to difference of circumstances." "Your remark is generally good," returned Mr. Barville, "but it does not apply. Little as I know of learning, I know yet less of learned men. How chicanery can find a place in the province of literature, I am at a loss to imagine. The skill of the moderns in mechanical improvements has not yet risen to the invention of false understandings, unless false legs may be so called; and I have never yet heard of the brain's being out of joint, but in a metaphor. I am therefore curious to be informed what means men have devised to impose upon one another in a point in which no artificial aid will avail us, and where the appeal is so easy and direct to clear and unequivocal testimonies."

"My dear Sir," replied Eugenio, "this appeal is only open to the clear-sighted and impartial; it argues no mean capacity to estimate the abilities of

other men. The mass of mankind, though right in their abstract judgment of things, are perpetually wrong in their application of this judgment to persons. Here its purity is destroyed by associations, which mix in its decisions, and debase its value. The common opinion waits upon the efforts of a few superior wits, who march before to cut down the barriers, that the muddy stream may escape, and clarify itself in its course. I agree, then, that in regard even to persons, give the public mind but time enough, and its opinions will be gradually depurated; but unfortunately this process of fining is so slowly performed, that it is odds but in the mean time success has crowned the imposture. But to proceed with the group of characters to which my friend was beginning to introduce me.

“‘There is Dr. ——, of the scholar’s department,’ continued my communicative friend, ‘a venerable linguist, commentator, and scholiast; if your bent be towards languages, I do not know what better model I can lay before you. The doctor was whipped through a public school to a very little purpose; it was not till he had been a twelvemonth at college that those fine obliquities of his genius began to expand, and, taking a thousand slant and cross directions, to graze the confines of many of those remote provinces of scholarship, where few of our hardest academicians have dared to venture. Impelled by a generous love of distinction, and rightly judging that, in the ordinary paths of literature, to acquire fame he must penetrate further and persevere longer than suited the reach of his understanding or his powers of application, he struck out at once into those roads where few were disposed to follow him; and, leaving common minds to grapple with common difficulties, set out upon those great and gigantic pursuits, only

to embark in which is greater glory than to carry a common undertaking to its accomplishment.' These last words suited very much the complexion of my mind; and I had begun to feel a predilection for this gallant course of study, when my friend proceeded thus to undeceive me, by finishing his portrait.

" 'It is with learning,' continued he, 'as it is with travelling. We are tired of accounts of Italy and Greece, and look with much greater admiration on him who tells us he has killed a lion or a lynx in Africa, or feasted with Kamtschadales on the fat of dogs, than on one who brings back from classic regions fresh accessions to the literature of his country, and a taste inspired by the chastest models of Athens and of Rome. The same gaping principle of ignorant wonder leads us to contemplate with awe the merest smattering in Hebrew, Arabic, or the Gothic languages of Northern Europe. While the Greek and Latin will scarcely push our fame beyond the walls of the university, or raise our fortunes above a Welch curacy. The learned gentleman in question knew very well how to avail himself of this propensity of the species towards the uncommon rather than the useful; and at the same time that he suffered no pursuits but what were extraordinary to engage him, he took care to lose no time by proceeding a step further in any one of these pursuits than was necessary to impose upon mankind. Thus he is generally understood to be consummate in the Coptic and Chaldee, and is supposed at this moment to be very busy with the Turkish and Tartarian; though it is well known to us who are in the secret, he would be puzzled to ask his way in any place out of his Majesty's three kingdoms. He has always, however, a kind of *Lingua Franca* ready at command, with which he assists certain authors of our fraternity,

who undertake to elucidate ancient customs and manners by the help of the analogies of language; likewise those who endeavour to account for the first peopling of countries by verbal coincidences; and all those travellers who describe more than they have seen. As all this, however, was playing a very deep game, and as one or two ventures had been a little unlucky for him, he determined to make haste to profit by his reputation. And about two months ago espoused the daughter of a capital grocer, whose heart he had gained by interpreting the Chinese characters on a chest of Souchong, I am informed, however, that the grocer's daughter is a match for him with only one language, and will fairly outtalk him at the end of a long day.' The disgust which this picture excited in my mind was sufficiently explained in my looks; and my instructor waited for no other answer, but thus proceeded—

“ ‘Another of my intimate acquaintance supports a very high degree of credit at a much cheaper rate, and is thought to have made the best bargain with fame of any of our fraternity. His great talent lies in the art of preserving a most politic and pregnant silence. In exchange, however, he is profuse in nods, bows, smiles, contortions of feature, and shakes of the head. He is supposed to be very profound in the mathematics; and as this is not a verbose species of knowledge, and cannot easily be displayed in conversation, the world is content without any other proofs than the testimonies afforded by those who are interested in propagating the belief of his abilities.

“ ‘As the nods and gesticulations of this man have a sort of oracular equivocality, every one supposes the decision in his own favour. He is therefore an acceptable guest at a great many good tables; and as



his particular employment is thought to impart great force to the judgment, every one is proud of his acquiescence, and regards it as an omen of victory in whatever dispute he happens to be engaged. Thus he not only dines every day for nothing, but with less interruption than any of the company. Suspect me not, Sir, of insinuating that your abilities are so low in themselves as to need either pretence or disguise. But, believe me, whatever they are, the fame of them may be prodigiously enhanced by this negative chicanery, if conducted with address.'

"I replied, that silence was not ill accommodated to my talents or turn of mind; but that I was so unpractised in imposition, that I despaired of succeeding, even where my only task was to hold my tongue. This was not enough to discourage my friend from proceeding with his list, after having assured me that these were the prejudices of a green author, whom the logic of hunger had not taught to conclude that the world must, after all, be treated in its own way.

"Voltaire says of Gassendi, *Il avoit moins de réputation que Descartes, parce qu'il étoit plus raisonnable*; and the truth of this remark was well understood by a young gentleman of my acquaintance, who, being determined to raise a reputation on a very slender foundation, saw no way so good, of conciliating the praise of mankind, as by contradicting them as roundly as possible. On whatever subject this gentleman's thoughts are exercised, he is sure to turn up something that nobody has dreamed of before; and where he cannot persuade by the ingenuity of his argument, he never fails to surprise by the hardness of his assertions. He affects in every thing a *goût de travers*; and the zeal of opposition has carried him to an incredible pitch of absurdity in the points of dress and deportment. To avoid the im-

putation of thinking like other men, he stops at no profanation in principle or solecism in taste. He commends Dr. P——y for his religious arguments, as much as he condemns his philosophical researches; and is much offended at the preference bestowed on the theories of Newton above those of Descartes and Buffon. He pretends to great depth in the occult sciences, and praises them chiefly for the certainty they afford, and their superior precision to the deductions of mathematics. He accordingly affects to be greatly enamoured of the sciences of physiognomy, demonology, and astrology, where it is not easy to dispute the ground with him, and where ignorance finds a refuge from the weapons of logic, and escapes like the cuttle-fish by muddying the stream through which it glides. By these means, this gentleman has succeeded in raising a curiosity about his productions, which prepares them an universal reception and has turned them very much to his profit. He is now engaged in writing an apology for polytheism, with a hymn to Jupiter Olympus, who, it is supposed, will reward him by descending again in a shower of gold.

“ ‘ Another knight of this our venerable order has adopted a plan of proceeding remarkable for the ingenuity of its conception, no less than the ease and certainty of its execution. He observed, that the general did not fight like the soldier, and yet engrossed all the honour of the day; and that the master-mason, and the owner of the mill, and not those who actually performed the labour, were the principal gainers in their several crafts. It was his ambition to introduce a like disposition of things into the provinces of literature, and to bring it under those laws of exchange and profit, to which all things should bend in a commercial country. To get his work done cheaply, it was his first care to search

out 'obscure wits, whom the urgency of their affairs rendered happy to find any market for their labours; youthful geniuses, who knew not as yet the value of their productions, or those timid spirits, who, not daring to execute their own conceptions, require a taskmaster to prompt their efforts and accredit their productions. The success which has attended this gentleman's career has been equal to the dexterity of his conduct; while the real founder of his prosperity has often, like the lamp to which Anaxagoras compared himself, been on the eve of perishing for want of oil.

“As he is not unaware of the disproportion that would manifest itself between his discourse and his publications, he maintains an inflexible taciturnity on every question which might hazard the credit of his understanding; and, by a master-piece of address, has imposed this political conduct upon the world for the natural result of a simple and unambitious mind. A negligence of dress and deportment, and a general *nonchalance* of behaviour, contribute not a little to favour the imposture; for when we once are become enthusiasts in behalf of a man's virtues or abilities, his character rather casts lustre upon his foibles, than his foibles reproach upon his character; and we accept the excuse which Milton has suggested in the following passage—*Mens quasi grandior facta in tantis corporis angustiiis difficulter agitans se, minus habilis est ad exquisitiores salutationum gesticulationes.*’

“You are surprised, perhaps,” said Eugenio, “that I remember so well the greatest part of this lecture; but the truth is, that it interested me in more than common degree, and occupied my thoughts night and day for some time after; not to mention some memorandums which I made on my return to

my chamber. I could not help remarking, however, at the time," continued Eugenio, "that it was a little extraordinary for a gentleman who had given proofs, in the course of the conversation, of respectable abilities, to mix in so low a conspiracy, and demean himself by the adoption of such illiberal arts. 'It is true,' he replied, 'I am not so destitute of real claims as some of those to whose characters I have introduced you; but as I was full as destitute of money, I considered that the returns would be too slow for my necessities if I employed my talents in the service of mankind. Men do not read, out of gratitude towards the author, but from interest in his work: they speak well of a man, if they speak of him at all, who writes for their improvement; but they do not read his book the more on that account. We must consult, therefore, the methods by which this interest is to be excited; and as men are more alive to abuse than to kindness, an author will do well to practise upon them in this rough manner, if he hope to draw advantage out of them. I will frankly own to you, I bring rather too much feeling and nicety into the business for the particular department of authorship which I have chosen, and do not entirely possess those rigid nerves, those *cornea fibra*, which are so necessary to form the great man. The gentleman under whom I have studied in this school of scurrility, is happy in a most classical obduracy of mind. He includes in his black list the innocent, the generous, the dignified, and the brave; and, to pay his lodgings for a month, will hang them all up together in a string of doggerel rhymes.

"Our time," continued he, "will not permit me to go more at length into my present subject: indeed, you give me but small encouragement to proceed, as

I see in you little or no disposition to become one among our worthies. Believe me, however, on the credit of no mean experience, that neither learning nor talents will avail where address and management are wanting. Whatever is the subject of much competition, will necessarily accumulate around itself much deception and imposture ; it is the nature of all human things ; and while every one is practising his arts about him, he imposes upon himself egregiously who dreams of gaining his dues from mankind without some degree of imposition on his own part. All the world are so exalted on stilts, that a giant becomes a dwarf without them. A part of your youth, as well as my own, has been spent in the groves of the Academy ; but your habits of seclusion were such, as to let you but little into the history of the different characters around you. Had your observation been greater, you would have seen that not even the Muses' seat was secure from these sort of profanations, and that the hallowed river, even at its source, is not entirely pure from stains and corruptions. You have there, as every where, a great deal of affectation without learning, and but little learning without affectation.

“I used to see with sorrow, for I once had a patriotic love of literature, men of real erudition, by striving to appear more knowing than they were, and to draw more than their share of attention, outrage the dignity of their talents, by contracting a distortion of manner, which, while it has scandalized plain men, has passed with their juvenile admirers for the genuine characteristic of genius, and the eccentric produce of uncommon ability. You have there the loose-stocking hero, who claims to be an extraordinary wit, by neglecting the ordinary duties and decencies of life, and who gains additional ad-

miration by a beggarly indecorum of dress and deportment. There are some who find their account in the affectation of roughness and inurbanity of behaviour ; some enhance their credit by stammering ; some squint themselves into reputation ; and some manage to raise a literary on the ruins of their moral fame. Many impose by silence, many by volubility of tongue ; some by an habitual sneer, and others by an unremitting frown. So true is the remark of Rochefoucault, *Il y a certains défauts qui bien mis en œuvre brillent plus que la vertu même.*

“ ‘There are a body of authors, of whom I have not yet taken notice, because they are viewed by our fraternity with that kind of jealousy and indignation with which the poorer sort regard the inventors of those machines which are calculated to abridge employment—I mean the literary manufacturers. Late years have brought their engines to great perfection ; insomuch that a good workman, if furnished with the raw materials from a rhyming dictionary, may compose two or three hundred lines a day. *Scit tendere versum—non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.* It is curious to enter the apartment of one of these mechanical poets, and view it strewed with heaps of half-lines from Pope, Dryden, &c., which are joined together in a moment, like conjuration, with *cæsuras* between them to keep the peace, that never fail to fall, like smiths’ hammers, exactly in the same place.’

“Here my kind instructor again consulted his watch ; and finding it time to depart, took an obliging leave of me, with a promise of assistance and advice upon all occasions. I turned myself homewards, with a bosom dismantled of all its towering hopes, and abandoned to disappointment and remorse, its usual assailants.”

## No. 47. SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

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*Virginium cogito, Virginium video, Virginium jam vanis imaginibus,  
recentibus tamen, audio, alloquor, teneo.* PLIN. EPIST.

I contemplate Eugenio, I see Eugenio; in my vain but vivid  
imagination, I hear, I hold, I converse with Eugenio.

“MY mind,” continued Eugenio, “which before this conversation had already begun to despond, felt the full force of its disquietude return at these unwelcome instructions. I viewed the scene which my friend had presented to me, as a wide and desolated forest, in which all the straight and towering timber, the venerable pride of the place, had fallen, and none but a kind of literary pollards remained, sending from their penurious tops a paltry growth of little branches, short in their duration, feeble in their texture, and servile in their uses. The repugnance to my employment, which followed from this change in my sentiments, doubled its difficulty, and made it truly laborious; and in the same proportion the necessity of application and confinement was increased till my health began to feel the effects of this perpetual conflict.

“As the progress of my indisposition was very gradual, I attended but little to its first approaches, till at length it attacked me with such violence, that I was one morning unable to rise from my bed, after a night of painful application. My fever, which was of a nervous kind, intrenched so much upon my understanding, that I became totally useless to my employer; and, for the three weeks following, my

life was considered as in imminent danger. My employer, who saw his chance of compensation lessening in proportion to the length and danger of my disorder, grew proportionably less solicitous about my treatment; and I was turned over to an apothecary and an old woman, who, between them, were conducting me very fast to my dissolution. At the end of fourteen days my senses had almost abandoned me, and I became pretty much unconscious of what was passing around me. This dereliction of mind lasted but a short time; and my surprise was not little, when I regained my faculties, to find a very officious attendance at my bedside, and every convenience and solace which my situation required. I was now visited by a physician, whose methods of treatment succeeded beyond expectation; and in a few days I felt myself much advanced in my recovery.

“As soon as my thoughts began to return to the objects of this existence, after having been some time absorbed in the contemplation of another, my pride, my gratitude, and my curiosity, were all interested in discovering the humane quarter whence these silent benefits had flowed. I could collect nothing, however, towards the explanation of this mystery from any body that attended me, though I could observe that my kind host affected an air of consciousness, as if he wished the suspicion to fall upon himself. I was now, however, too well read in mankind to be the dupe of such a finesse; and, as my blind sensibilities had nowhere else to fasten, I felt myself strongly disposed to see in my physician my only friend and benefactor. This persuasion operated so strongly upon my feelings, that I could not forbear seizing an opportunity of confessing my suspicions to him, and entreating him, if they were erroneous, to draw aside the veil that hid from me to whom



those unappropriated feelings belonged, which so agitated my bosom.

“This gentleman, it so happened, had too honourable a mind to give a tacit encouragement to a belief which conferred upon him the credit of an action unowned by the delicacy of its real author. He assured me he had no claim to my acknowledgments, except as the agent of another, whose silent charities stole abroad like dews under the shade of night, and who had laid upon him such injunctions of secrecy, as he could not in honour disregard, however painful it was to be dumb on such an occasion. I was constrained, therefore, to suffer the mystery to remain, after my thoughts were fatigued by a thousand vain efforts to find some clue for its detection. I am truly ashamed to confess, that at that time pride had as large a share in the disappointment as gratitude ; and I felt myself shocked at the consideration that I had owed my preservation to any hands but my own. But how mean and unmanly is that pride which is at variance with the noblest feelings that the bosom can entertain ! that makes of the mind a desolate insulated solitude, where no harbour is open to the commerce of benevolence, or medium afforded to the precious produce of humanity.

“The anxieties and mortifications of life are thorns whereon science rarely builds her nest. The very name of a book raised painful ideas in my mind ; and my intellect not having yet recovered its original tone, I forbore to push it beyond its strength, for fear of occasioning a relapse. In the mean time, the care that was taken of me, and the assiduity with which I was attended, kept me still in an anxious perplexity in respect to the source of these humanities. One day, as I was leaning out of my window for the sake of the air, a lady walked out of the shop

below, and, having proceeded a few steps, was stopped by an elderly gentleman, who engaged her in conversation exactly under me, and whom I soon perceived to be the physician by whom I had been attended. Though the circumstances of this meeting were sufficient to rouse all my curiosity, yet a feeling of common delicacy was forcing me to retreat, when I heard my name pronounced by a voice that seemed to sympathize with my sufferings, and which was surely the sweetest that ever came from the lips of woman. I could no longer resist; and listening attentively, I distinguished the following sentence, pronounced by the same lips from which my name had issued—‘Well, Sir, as you tell me he is a young man of merit, I am doubly happy in having contributed to restore him to his friends and to society.’ What followed was in so low a tone of voice, that I could hear nothing that was said. As she took leave, however, of the doctor, she accidentally cast a look at the window where I was. I thought her concern in my recovery made her regard me with an unusual attention; and her beauty was such as to rivet mine, in spite of my shame and my pride. The eloquence of her large blue eyes, and a complacent sympathy in her expression that almost bordered upon a smile, the graces of her shape, and the dignity of her deportment, all added to the conviction with which I was now impressed that to this sweet person I had owed my recovery, made me forget that I ought to have felt confusion at the act in which I was detected. My debt of gratitude seemed to have grown much larger since I had discovered to whom it was owing; and my eyes were fastened upon her as long as she remained in sight, while the tears streamed down my face, as if I was to lose her for ever. What were my feelings the re-

mainder of that day it is needless to represent to you. They were such as kept the image of this excellent woman constantly present to my mind, and set my thoughts a-roving over a thousand visionary prospects. As I could not rest till I had given some vent to my sensibilities, I succeeded, after many failures, in finishing the following letter, which the man who attended the shop, and who knew her abode, conveyed to her the next morning.—

“MADAM,

“It is in vain that, anxious to distribute your bounties unseen, you desire to imitate the great Dispenser of all things. Such perfection of virtue is denied you in a place where such goodness is too rare to escape observation. I have seen you; and had I seen Virtue herself embodied, she could not have taken a form more becoming her excellence. This is not gallantry; for how should I hope to please a person who so studiously shrinks from applause, by commonplace eulogy? But this, madam, is the tribute of a man that knows not how to flatter, and whose fortunes are too humble, were he so disposed, to give his flattery effect. In one respect, however, to remain unseen may be your greatest charity. For, be assured, that such benevolence, so set off, can be contemplated by none with impunity. I regard myself, indeed, as safe, in an adoration which excludes passion, and an awe that checks presumption; safe in the habit of considering myself as too much the outcast of Fortune to cherish any views towards your delightful sex. Thus fortified by my insignificance, I dare ask to be permitted to pour at your feet the effusions of the most grateful of hearts; to meet again those gentle looks; and kiss, were it not too high a favour, the hand

that has raised me from the bed of sickness and sorrow.'

"Three or four days of anxious expectation succeeded, without any notice being taken of my letter. During this interval, my mind was a prey to the most tormenting doubts. In a word, I felt like a proud man that fears he has been officious. At length, however, I received a note from my benefactress, desiring me to be in the Park at a certain hour on the following day—a day which I could wish to forget forever, as the date of that melancholy with which my mind has ever since been overcast, and, what is infinitely more lamentable, of the remediless decay of the greatest mind that ever inhabited a female form, and of the fairest form that ever doubled the charms of an accomplished mind. Alas, Sir! how shall I describe to you my sensations—I may say sufferings—when I saw her coming towards me at the place appointed! My knees tottered under me, as if they carried an unusual weight, and I was ready to tumble at every step; till at length, my feelings overcame my strength, and I fairly sunk down upon a bench in a most unmanly trepidation. She approached me as I sat, and seemed an angel charged with some gracious message. At length I summoned my fortitude, and advanced, trembling, towards her. She stretched out her fair hand to me, with a frankness that enchanted me, and gave me at the same time that confidence of which I stood so much in need. It is impossible to detail the conversation which passed; it was such as raised my admiration at her understanding as much as it had already been raised by her sweetness and generosity of mind. She left me, with an injunction to call upon her the next morning—an appointment I was

punctual in observing. I found her in her study, with a book before her, in which she seemed to be making memorandums of her bounties, while the angel was registering them in heaven. As I approached her, she took off her large mellow eyes, yet glistening with the dews of charity, and fixed on me such an affectionate regard, that that moment repaid me for all the pains I had hitherto endured.

“ ‘ This, Sir,’ said she, bidding me sit down by her side, ‘ is the way in which I amuse myself during the absence of my husband. I have more money than I can spend upon myself, by reason of the little satisfaction I receive in the pleasures which money can purchase. You perceive, therefore, that I can appropriate to myself but little credit for these bounties, as the sacrifice they demand from me is so small. My compassion, too, you may, perhaps, consider as of a contracted sort ; for I confess to you, that the calls of loud and clamorous misfortune do but little excite it—the shallowest streams murmur most in their course. I am in the habit of searching only for that peculiar wretchedness which courts concealment, and flows in a deep and silent channel through the vale of misery. The fruit of this employment has been a constant serenity and cheerfulness of mind, under circumstances which, in the opinion of the world, must necessarily disturb my tranquillity. My husband lives from me the greatest part of the year, and, the world says, is false to me. But I take no pains to inquire into his conduct, having enough to do to preserve my own from contamination.’

“ How it was, I cannot tell, but I felt it no mortification to be informed that she was married. I had never raised my hopes to an union with her ; and

singular though it may seem, in the whole course of our friendship nothing of the vulgar passion ever mixed with my affection for this best of women. Unriddle me, Sir, if you can, for you probably are more read in these subjects than myself, how is it that, in our connections with the sex, we sometimes feel too much admiration for love, and too much obligation for intimacy, at the same time that our zeal and devotion transcend even common love, prepare the mind for greater sacrifices, and carry it to a higher pitch of enthusiasm?

“Something like this, Sir, was my attachment to this adorable person. But, alas! Sir, in what terms sufficiently chaste and sanctified shall I confess to you, that such was not the temper of her own regards; our affections are always mellowed towards those whom we have greatly obliged; and the pity with which we view the children of misfortune, is very apt, ere we are conscious of the change, to soften into love. Indeed, Sir, if you have escaped the misery of beholding it, believe me, it is the most painful of all human sights, to contemplate the decay of a great and ornamented mind—to behold it the innocent prey of a hopeless passion—to see it defoliated and withered, just as it had accomplished its growth. Such an affecting sight was I destined to behold in my dear benefactress, with the additional sorrow inspired by the reflection, that, in saving me, she lost herself, and that my very existence is implicated in the destruction of the fairest and best of women.

“In such circumstances, Sir, what are my hopes of happiness on this side of the grave? My very life is a reproach to me; and with my breath I draw in an accumulation of that debt which is poorly paid in sighs to her memory. By the decay of her mind,

suppose not that I mean any vitiation of sentiment, or impoverishments of principle, much less any stain upon that virtue which passed immaculate with her to the grave, and was pure enough for an angel to own, after all that was mortal about her had perished. But such were the effects of her fatal passion, that I was doomed to see all her energies of soul—even her alacrity in the service of humanity, droop; her spirits languish; and the sceptre drop from that mind, where reason and compassion had reigned together. Alas! Sir, do tell me, how I shall ever discharge such a debt as this, unless by dying a martyr, like her, which is surely an improbable event, to the merciless effects of a fruitless passion.

“I shall spare both myself and you, by avoiding a detail of this unhappy attachment, which, taking place in a mind too unsuspecting of its growth, and too innocent to regard itself with distrust, attained insensibly to such strength that no force could withstand it or even moderate its violence. It lay a long time concealed in the deep sanctuary of her bosom, till an event happened which drew aside the veil, and displayed the secret ruin that passion had wrought. We were one day on the road at a late hour, when two highwaymen stopped the carriage; one of whom putting his pistol brutally to the cheek of my companion, I was unable to restrain my indignation, and wresting it with violence from his hand, brought him to the ground with the butt end. At the same moment a bullet from the other grazed my temple, whom, however, I managed to treat as I had done his comrade, and in the end secured them both.

“On my return to the carriage, I found the dear lady so ill, that it was necessary to stop at the next inn we came to, for rest and refreshment. Her gentle

spirits had been so agitated during the encounter, that she was sometime in recovering her faculties. In her delirium, she insisted that I was shot through the heart, and held her handkerchief to my breast to stop the blood which her disordered fancy represented as flowing in torrents. As her reason at this moment had deserted its post, her passion had nothing to oppose it. From time to time she flung her arms round my neck, and imprinted kisses on my cheek ; then recovering herself, put her handkerchief again to my supposed wound, and cast her eyes up to heaven, streaming with tears. It is my firm persuasion, however, that not one thought which saints might blush to acknowledge, found its way into that spotless mind ; and I may safely say, that these blandishments had no other effect upon me, than to distract my soul with the cruellest presages. In the state in which she was, it was necessary to rest at the inn ; and, as her servant informed me, she did nothing but talk in her sleep of *Eugenio* all the night long, and call for fresh handkerchiefs to stop his bleeding wound. Alas ! Sir, I am almost tempted to wish that it had really been a bleeding wound, and that that night had been my last ; but I was unhappily preserved to feel a deeper wound than any bullet could have inflicted. Happy had it been for me, had the chances of battles in which I have since been engaged, released me from my melancholy existence !

“The next morning, this best of women had recovered her usual serenity, and fortunately retained but a faint recollection of the transactions of the preceding evening. From this moment I marked the gradual waste of her spirits and understanding ; but the expression of humanity had given her unperishing graces ; and though in a few months nothing was



left but the shadow of that beauty which was made to rob princes of their rest, yet enough of her native loveliness remained to manifest that it was a decay without degeneracy ; and that her virtue, though inactive for a while, was waiting in dormant suspense the summons to a more suitable existence. Meanwhile the breath of scandal, which tainted her reputation, gave her not a minute's sorrow ; and she repined for their own sakes, at the malignities of her sex. Confusion to that outrageous virtue that can feast, like savages, on the very blood of the fallen ! As to myself, it has ever been my opinion that want of charity is the greatest heresy, and that the infirmities of the sex are above their severities."

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No. 48. SATURDAY, APRIL 13.

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—Non ego te meis  
*Chartis inornatum silebo,*  
*Totve tuos patiar labores*  
*Impunè, Lolli, carpere lividas*  
*Obliviones.*

HOR. CAR. iv. 9, 30.

Ah! never shall thy modest fame  
 In silence sink without a name:  
 While I can write, while I can feel,  
 The tomb shall not thy worth conceal;  
 Nor shall the livid hand of death  
 Steal, unreveng'd, thy gentle breath.

"As soon," continued Eugenio, "as my eyes were opened to the full extent of the danger into which we had incautiously plunged ourselves, I was determined

to exert every power that was left me, to avert the malevolence of our stars. As I had just received from home a bad account of my mother's health, I embraced this occasion of making a visit to my parents. I shall not speedily forget the sensations with which my bosom was filled, upon my father's observing the many new lines which marked a new history in my countenance. In truth, he saw enough in my manner and deportment to convince him that the brilliant career, in the prospect of which his imagination had indulged, had not yet been entered upon. In the mean time, sorrows were coming fast upon me from another quarter. The following letter was the last I ever received from that hand which raises misery no more from its bed of sickness, but waits in the grave till it is called up to receive a recompense above, for its unrewarded charities on earth.

“ ‘ Let not my best of friends feel a moment's sadness on my account. All my suffering is over ; there is now no struggle, no conflict in my bosom. My spirits are suddenly become wonderfully tranquil—and I know not how. I do not even lament my situation—and I know not why. It is not certainly because any new prospects within the barrier of the grave are opening themselves to my mind. One thing, however, my dear youth, I feel it necessary to insist upon, for our mutual repose—and that is, that we meet no more in this mortal state. May your passage through life be as smooth as my departure out of it ! and let your sorrow for me be solaced in the reflection, that I am snatched from no enjoyments for which I could wish to remain ; and that as to thy society, which is a pleasure indeed, I am going to the only place where I can have

that with innocence and irreproach. Fare thee well!’

“You must, no doubt, Sir, feel it time to have your attention diverted from this dismal picture—but to what objects more cheerful can I direct it? In my short acquaintance with life, I have met with nothing that has raised in me much enjoyment. If I succeed in rendering myself, by the aid of a religious philosophy, independent of what used to raise pain in my bosom. I shall think that I have pretty well filled up the measure of my allotment here. Birth, nature, and education, as you perceive, all marked me out for a man of melancholy. Our minds are a kind of musical instruments, in which there is something in the quality of their sounds that originally adapts them to grave or merry airs, and which, if you strain them from their native bias, will often turn grief into burlesque, and falsify merriment with involuntary touches of sorrow.

“I had been about a fortnight at home, when a young gentleman took a lodging at a quarter of a mile distance from our cottage, in order to pursue the diversion of shooting, an exercise in which he took great delight, and for which the country about us has been much celebrated. It happened, that in two or three days after his arrival, in his search after game, accident brought him within our little territory. Our family was assembled together in an arbour at the end of the orchard, where my sister was reading to us, when this young gentleman came close up to the place where we were sitting. As soon as he perceived us, he seemed a little surprised; but, recovering himself, approached my father with an air of polite concern, and expressed himself sorry for the interruption his frequent firing must have occasioned

us. He then put the game which he had killed into his servant's hands, and begged to be permitted to send them to our house.

"My father, with whom it was a point of honour never to be outdone in good-natured offices, insisted so much on his walking home with us, and partaking of some refreshment, that he could not help accepting his invitation. I thought, as he walked beside my mother, I never saw a manlier figure than that of the young stranger. His limbs were large, but not ponderous, and adjusted to the nicest proportions. A complacency and sweetness of countenance mingled itself with a boldness of expression, that bespoke him at once brave and compassionate. His forehead and all his features were large, without being coarse. His nose aquiline; his eyes hazel, and full of fire; his mouth wide, but set well in its place, and full of intelligence when he smiled. His manners were perfectly open and assured; his confidence seemed to spring from good intention, and his vivacity from good-nature. While his sense prevented this good intention from being mistaken, and his sensibility his good-nature from becoming tame and uninteresting.

"This accidental introduction naturally led to a further intimacy; and in the course of a month, my father began to be extremely fond of the youth, whose name was Laurens. I wish, indeed, that my father had been the only one of the family on whom this young man's attractions had made any impression. The truth is, they had bewitched the whole house. My mother was enthusiastic in his praise; but the effects of those attractions on the tender bosom of my sister have been fatal to her health and her peace. In truth, my poor Sophy is a girl whom few can behold without interest. To that interest her subse-

quent sorrows have added what they have taken from the splendour of her charms. There never was a bodily machine so nicely formed to express the movements of a delicate mind, as that which Sophia possesses. An exquisite slenderness of shape, a fairy lightness of carriage, a subtle elegance, that steals into every act and gesture, and yet eludes detection. A pervasive beauty, without name, description, or place, but in the heart of the beholder; conspire to give her the air of the heroine of a romance, or of one of those

‘Fairie damsels met in forests wide  
By knights of Logres or of Lyones,  
Lancelot, or Peleas, or Pellenore.’

“My father’s loftiness of sentiment, and the kind of reading that usually took place amongst us, had not failed to give a certain colouring to my sister’s character. With a sensibility beyond example, she could not hear the perpetual eulogy of brave actions, and the constant expression of gallant feelings, without becoming a little of the enthusiast in her fancies, and falling into some aberrations of sentiment. How often, when both of us were children, has she sat whole hours to hear me, with extravagant delight, describe the different sieges in which my father has been concerned; building up my fortifications of mahogany, and converting whatever I could wield into bombs and mortars! Yet, mixed up with this ardour of mind, there was a severe sense of shame, which restrained it within its due limits, and in the end, indeed, turned it inwardly upon itself, when the anxiety of her situation made it operate too strongly to be moderated or subdued.

“A person so elegantly constituted, with an eye of anarchy, that refused the control of her modesty; a

soul on fire, that maintained an endless struggle with her prudence; a body trembling to every movement of the mind; could not fail of touching the heart of a young man whose countenance bespoke him no stranger to the softer passions, any more than they could save a young woman from the attractions of a youth decorated with the choicest gifts of nature, and glittering with all the polish of cultivation. There never surely was a truer model of a lover and a gentleman, than that which was displayed by this young stranger. His attentions were so delicate, his assiduity so tender, and his whole deportment so manly, open, and engaging, that Sophy could not conceal her approbation, and a very little time was sufficient to ripen this sentiment into love. And love, indeed, it was, of the truest and tenderest kind that ever man inspired, and of which princes might envy the object.

“I speak, Sir, in these terms of eulogy of my poor sister, because she is unfortunate; for there is in misfortune something that challenges all the praise which is its due, and that praise which at other times it might be indelicate to bestow. Their intercourse was now arrived at such a state of maturity, that it was thought time to declare themselves to my father and mother—a service with Mr. Laurens performed with every appearance of honour and sincerity. Yet it was a circumstance not a little surprising, that when we requested to be informed on the subject of his family connections, he begged to be excused from complying with this demand, reasonable as it was, as he had powerful motives for concealing them at present, which he was sure our kind opinion of him would not suffer us to imagine to be such as he was ashamed to avow. My sister was so satisfied of his honour, and our prejudices were so strong in his favour, that

we could not suspect him of disingenuous reasons for keeping from us this essential part of his history. My mother, indeed, watched him from this time with greater caution; but the more he was observed, the more amiable he appeared; and nothing could equal the happiness he seemed to enjoy in Sophia's company, but the respect and delicacy of his carriage towards her. Things were in this state at our little cottage in the country, when the post brought me the following letter from London.

“SIR,

“‘No man rivals me in the affections of my wife with impunity; and he who has so done and refuses to give me satisfaction with his sword, is a coward as well as a villain. How far you have gone with Mrs.— I do not trouble myself with inquiring. It is enough for me that you have, somehow or other, robbed her of her peace and her health. That love is a poison, I never was so convinced as now; for no serpent's juice could more effectually have destroyed the lady whom you have chosen for the object of your mischievous passion. If you have any of the feelings of a gentleman, you will not refuse to meet me at — Coffee-house, on Monday, at twelve o'clock, to fix the time, place, and manner, in which we shall settle our difference.’

“As every thing in this life has its consolation, so is despair itself not without it, in its privilege of exemption from fear. I felt at that moment so little interested by any thing that this existence could promise me, that I would have gladly quitted it to follow my benefactress. But another consideration startled me. My despair was bounded to the objects of this world, and I had still ever before my eyes the most

awful fears for eternity. My late sickness, and subsequent sorrows, had deepened every religious impression which education had made on my mind; and my conscience was not now to be satisfied with the sophistry of the passions, and with arguments drawn from the unauthorized principles of a fictitious honour. But the misfortune is, that where conscience is unsatisfied, she cannot always enforce her claims; and so unripe at this period was my philosophy, that all she could obtain of me was a secret resolution not to spill the blood of my adversary. A long course of years, spent in the admiration of military achievements, and in the nourishment of those captivating prejudices which the language of honour inspires, could not at once submit to a new yoke, although that yoke be easy, and that burden light.

“I was at the coffee-house which had been named, at the hour appointed. The husband of my benefactress was there. He was a person of a gentlemanly figure, and mettlesome carriage, though there was something of the plebeian cast in the turn of his features. His eye was full of fire; but it did not burn clear, as from the furnace of a fine understanding; and his manner was precipitate, without the vivacity which results from a quickness of feeling and comprehension. In short, he was not the man whom nature had intended for her whose bed he had filled, whose bed he had dishonoured, and for whom he was going to fight with her friend that had done him no wrong. I found him much too obtuse for any arguments to enter his brain, or interest his sensibility, which humanity or religion could supply, against the crime we were going to commit. He answered them from the commonplaces of honour and character, and persisted in his first resolutions. It was decided that we should meet on the morrow



evening, in a field at the back of this gentleman's house, which was situated at one of the extremities of the town. The whole of the preceding night I spent in a most unphilosophical temper of mind. My spirits fluctuated amidst a thousand hopes and fears respecting that eternity I was probably going to experience. I cared not a great deal for what the sword could do to my body, but I shuddered at the damage it might do to my soul; and I tremble at the criminality of affording to a fellow-creature an opportunity of committing murder.

"It was by moonlight, in one of those evenings in autumn when the chilling damps of the air, and the caducity of nature deepen the gloom of a melancholy mind, and strengthen melancholy resolutions, that we met at the place appointed. I was alone, but my adversary had his surgeon and his second. As I stood on the spot on which we were to engage, I cast my eye sorrowfully towards the house, and beheld the window of the little study in which I first visited the unhappy subject of our quarrel. At that instant the shutters opened, the gleaming light of a taper appeared in the room; and in a moment after, the form of a female glided rapidly across the opening. I had no time to give way to the horrors which rushed into my mind at this mournful sight; my adversary's sword was drawn, and any more delay would have looked like fear. I drew mine also; determined, however, to act only on the defensive, and, if possible, to disarm my enemy. This I was able to effect without much difficulty, as fencing had been one of the favourite exercises of my youth.

"Near the spot where we fought, there was a grove of trees, among which the wind was making a mournful noise, while the leaves were whirling in eddies about us. My adversary's weapon lay on

the ground, and I knew that, under our present circumstances, my superior skill might not avail me if he recovered it. I felt, however, so overpowered by my situation, that I stood still while he stooped to take up his sword. At that moment I thought I heard a thick panting among the trees. My mind misgave me, and my hand lost its vigour. In the mean time, my adversary pressed on, and passed his weapon through my sword-arm. Immediately a violent shriek issued from the spot where the panting was heard; and suddenly the form of her on whose account my blood was flowing, stood before us. The dear unhappy lady staggered into my arms, and could only pronounce my unfortunate name. She was instantly conveyed home, and, as I afterwards learned, breathed her last in a few days after this wretched interview. The physician, by whom I had been attended, had been sent for; and the surgeon, observing my wound to bleed fast, conveyed me to my lodgings. Nothing can be more vain than to attempt a description of such feelings as were mine, long after this melancholy event. The wound in my arm was presently cured. But what can ever cure the wounds of my heart, but the physician that cures all—the grave? This, Sir, is the great misfortune of my life. What I have suffered since, I count for nothing in comparison. It is this which has bent down my pride and my ambition, and laid to sleep all the fervours of my mind. It is this which has made me the man of melancholy which you see before you; which has, as it were, stripped my soul of its regalia, and taken from me the command of my powers and capacities.

“Notwithstanding, however, the debility of my mind, in the midst of these misfortunes, I was called forth into a scene very different from those in which

I had hitherto acted, and which demanded such exertions as I had been well able to bring to it about two years before this event. My friend the physician, who had always acted towards me with a kindness and generosity that could only have been inspired by that best of women, of whose charities he had been the agent, brought me the news, one morning, of his having procured me a commission in one of the regiments that were then going to serve in Germany. I have before observed to you, that the impressions of my childhood have never been eradicated. I felt a faint revival of the old enthusiasm, not enough to have carried me out of my country, had my country been any longer agreeable to me; but enough to influence a man so far gone in despair, as hardly to have a choice between life and death, and yet so far under the dominion of ancient habits, as to feel a kind of mechanical love to the soldier's profession. Before I set out on this new career, I had just time to take leave of my parents in the country, whom I found still enamoured of the young stranger whose acquaintance they had just made when I was last at home."

## No. 49. TUESDAY, APRIL 20.

*Tuque, ô sanctissima Conjux,  
Felix morte tuâ, neque in hunc servata dolore.*

VIRG. ÆN. xi. 158.

And thou, dear partner of his toil, repose,  
Blest in thy death, nor sav'd for weightier woes.

“I MAY safely assert, that no soldier ever began his fortunes armed with greater intrepidity than myself, though I confess that this intrepidity was borrowed rather from the desperation than the ardour of my mind. The remains, however, of former impressions were still alive enough within me, to mount into some degree of enthusiasm, when surrounded by objects of enterprise and courage, and all the spirit-stirring apparatus of a moving army. There is something too, in a common participation of danger, which by closer drawing the knot of amity, and awakening the social and benevolent affections, gives to the spirits a sort of spring and hilarity which the happiest occasions cannot always inspire.

“I shall not fatigue you with a history of the campaigns in which I served, much less with a general account of this destructive war, in which so much of English blood was shed, and so much of English valour displayed. The history of wars is but a dull theme, involving a number of wearisome repetitions, and furnishing but one mournful inference of a general kind. It teaches us only to conclude, that man can cheerfully go on to massacre

and to plunder, without regard to the authority of reason or religion, in the pursuit of a vain and criminal glory, derived from the multiplied destruction of his fellow-creatures. Yet, while we are compelled to acknowledge that war is in itself a proof of the corruption of our general nature, we may still consider it as a theatre in which the most generous qualities of our mind are exercised, and in which virtue meets with more splendid and trying opportunities of exertion, than in the comparatively calm and equable course of common life. This remark, indeed, holds most in regard to the tumultuous warfare of ancient times, in which, though carried on with greater national ferocity and personal rancour than in our days, yet, from the looser principles on which the art was grounded, fortitude was encompassed with more difficulties and perils, honour was provoked by loftier occasions, and compassion was excited by more eminent sorrows and distresses. Thus the history of ancient wars creates an interest greatly above what we feel in modern details of the same nature.

“The business of war is now reduced to a perfect science, and men go gravely and coolly to the bloody employment, contend without emulation, and slaughter without resentment. This mode of destroying our fellow-creatures, the delicacy and refinement of the moderns has discovered to be more humane. But, perhaps, it would be difficult to prove, on any rational grounds, that to destroy from motives of interest, is less culpable than to do it with the plea of vengeance. But however it may be considered in the light of humanity, in a view to history the ancient practice had considerably the advantage. The indecisiveness of battles, the formalities of encounter, the multitude of fortified places that retard

the course of victory, and the intricacy and multiplicity of views and negotiations, render the detail so dull and heavy, that, contradictory as it may appear, the most active parts of modern history are generally the least interesting and eventful. By the rapidity of ancient battles, we are so hurried along, as to lose the idea of their inhumanity and fatal effects. By the coldness and deliberation of modern warfare, we gain time to reflect on its deformity. By the sudden and mighty consequences of ancient victories, the attention is solemnly fixed on the progress and issue of every contest; but the balance of modern successes generally leaves the state of things little altered, after long and destructive campaigns, and an unwearied perplexity of plot and negotiation.

“ But I must beg your excuse for so unnecessary a digression, for which, however, perhaps, you are to blame your own condescension, which, by inspiring me with an unusual confidence, has opened at once all the channels of my bosom. I have generally observed, that pensive and thinking minds, which have treasured up, through a long silence an accumulation of sentiments and inferences, no sooner are unlocked to the gentle calls of friendship, than all their contents are lavishly poured forth, and the whole reservoir is emptied as from so many sluices and floodgates.

“ I need not tell you, that the campaign of 1757 was not very glorious to the British arms. The first considerable action in which I partook, was very inauspicious. I carried a pair of colours under the Duke of Cumberland, when he lost the battle of Hastenbeck, against the Marshal d'Etrées. Little anxious about my life, and disdaining to fly, I kept my ground in the midst of a close body of Hanove-

rians, who made a desperate stand in the defence of my colours. The blood I lost from a wound I received in my thigh, made me tumble upon the bodies of those brave men who had fallen by my side ; and even in this condition, when death seemed inevitable, my mind ran back to that ominous incident of my playful years, when holding fast my mock banner to my little bosom, I fell breathless at the back of my father's garden. A wound which I now received on the back of my head, with the stroke of a sabre, rendered me perfectly insensible to all the horrors which passed around me ; and, when I recovered my faculties, I perceived that night was fast coming on ; that the engagement was over ; and that I had been left for dead on the field, amidst a heap of bodies, which formed a kind of rampart around me. My hat had so far defended me, that the blow on my head had only occasioned a large contusion, and a considerable hemorrhage, which, added to the loss of blood from my other wound, made it difficult for me to raise myself.

“ By exerting the very utmost of my little strength, I crept along to the distance of about a mile from the place where I had lain, when I heard amidst the gloomy silence of the night the sound of a horse's hoofs behind me. I had forgotten the plume in my hat, which was conspicuous enough to discover me at a considerable distance ; and the horseman directed, I suppose, by this mark, came up with me, in a few seconds, on the gallop. He had a drawn sabre in his hand, from which I patiently expected my death, as I leaned against the trunk of a miserable pollard, in the midst of the heath. He accosted me in the German ; but upon my answering in English, he told me, in my own language, that he was a Hanoverian captain, who had been compelled to fly with his

troop, after receiving a wound from a musket-shot in the shoulder. He then invited me to accompany him to a light, which he distinguished at about a mile distance. I assured him, however, that I was unable to proceed any further, and wishing he might repose that night in a safe asylum, desired to be left where I was to finish my existence. This humane person, however, persuaded me, after many entreaties, to suffer myself to be raised on his horse, which carried us to the house where the light had been perceived.

"As soon as I was taken off the horse, I became insensible, through weakness, and was carried fainting to bed. It was morning before I came to the possession of my faculties, when I saw my companion and preserver sitting by my bedside, and expressing in his looks the tenderest concern for my situation. My wounds had been dressed, and I was every way so much recovered as to be able to converse with him, which, as soon as he perceived, he took me by the hand, and addressed me thus: 'Let it support you, my dear Sir, to be assured that you are here under the kindest and most hospitable roof that the sun shines upon; and the people to whom we are indebted for such a seasonable relief, are some of the best, if not the wealthiest on earth. But if you, Sir, have reason to rejoice, how supremely happy ought I to consider myself, not because my life has been preserved, for that is of no high price, but because in this place I have recovered that for which I most should wish to live—the best and most affectionate of wives! My poor Matilda would follow me yesterday to the camp, in spite of all my persuasions. I would fain have lodged her in the garrison at Hamelen; but a something which she had dreamed a week before, had made such a gloomy impression



on her spirits, that she would not part from me till we took the field against the enemy. Having heard that I was among the slain, she betook herself last night to this little cottage, which is always open to misfortune, determined to search the field over as soon as it was light, for the body of her husband, to wash its wounds with her tears, and perhaps to lay down her life by its side. You may imagine, Sir, what a delicious interview we have had, and how we have wept for joy in each other's arms.' As he spoke thus, the door opened, and the lady in question entered the apartment with something which she said was for my breakfast. What blood there was in my body at this moment rushed into my cheeks. 'Ah! Sir,' said she, observing my embarrassment, 'be not confused at seeing me thus employed, I am never happier than when I am administering to a sick soldier. It has been my occupation for years. I have been my poor husband's surgeon and nurse through seven campaigns; and God knows with what heartfelt joy I have many times torn my clothes, to bind up the wounds of a brave gentleman in the field of battle.'

"As she spoke thus, I raised my head, to contemplate this uncommon person. Her form I could not judge of; for she had on a kind of military great-coat, buckled round her waist with a soldier's belt; but her face wore every mark of an extraordinary character. Alas! it still lives, and breathes, and speaks in my imagination, together with another countenance, resembling it only in sympathy of sadness and sorrow. Surely there is no room in my mind for another portrait such as these; and my stars have not in reserve for me, any more conflicts like those I have already sustained." Poor Eugenio! As he spoke this, his head dropped upon his breast,

his heart's blood filled the veins of his temples ; a tear glistened on his cheek ; and his bosom struggled with a sigh, which at length broke from its prison, and gave him apparent relief. After a pause of some moments, he continued thus :—

“ Every feature in the face I was now contemplating was bold, and would have been masculine, were it not for a certain dimpled expression about the mouth, which sent forth innumerable graces over the whole countenance. She was a native of a Danish island in the West Indies ; indeed, nothing could be less German than the cast of her features. Her hair was nearly black, but hung upon one of the whitest necks in the world, in glossy ringlets ; and her long sweeping lashes shaded a pair of large lustrous eyes, the whites of which, though sparkling like crystal, were streaked with two or three blood-shot viens, in which there was such a dance of the spirits as brought her whole soul into her countenance. Her nose was very large and aquiline ; her complexion a clear brown ; the form of her face oval ; and her forehead divided into compartments, by a large blue vein, which seemed to swell with the workings of the brain, and which gave such an intenseness to her looks, as doubled the force of her meaning and claimed homage from every beholder. Her husband was a young man every way worthy of her, and the truest soldier I ever beheld. His looks were full of spirit, tempered with an extraordinary gravity ; his deportment solemn and taciturn ; his make uncommonly robust ; his face not handsome, but dignified and benevolent ; he had little hair on his head, but a profusion of it in his whiskers, under which, however, his mouth was well shaped and expressive, and his teeth delicately white. When on horseback and equipped for the field, he was the most martial

figure in the whole army. His element was the camp; and he always seemed most possessed and collected, in the moment of greatest peril. A thousand times have I seen him weep at the commonest tales of distress, and at such scenes as the chances of battle were continually presenting before his eyes; and then, in a minute after, rush like a lion into the thick of the fight, whence he would sometimes return with the enemy's colours in his hands.

"We remained about a month under this kind roof, and in the mean time I was perfectly cured of my wounds. One day, as we walked round the territory of our poor host, my companion and preserver thus addressed me: 'I am happy beyond measure, Eugenio, that our care has been so completely rewarded by the restoration of your health. You have doubtless seen enough of the military life to be heartily weary of such a course of danger and hardship. You have too, most certainly, dear friends, who wish for your return; and you have abilities to shine in a more peaceful profession. I am a soldier, and nothing else. My home is the camp; and my wife, who is my only friend, attends me wherever I go. It is my determination to follow the army of the magnanimous King of Prussia, whose virtue I venerate, and who will reward my exertions in his service. My wife and myself always carry our fortune about with us. We have enough to enable you to travel homewards with comfort, and to reward this poor cottager for his kind reception of us besides.' This was the first sensation resembling joy, which I had felt for a length of time. My colour, however, rose in my face, to think that so noble a friend should imagine me capable of deserting him. I strained him to my bosom with sincere delight, and assured

him that nothing should induce me to leave him, while I thought my company would give him pleasure, or render him service. It was determined, therefore, between us, to set out in a fortnight for the Prussian army. In the mean time Matilda's health declined, and a cold which she had caught in the offices of humanity had fixed itself upon her lungs. It was with the greatest difficulty we persuaded her to remain where she was, till the conclusion of the next campaign. My friend left the greatest part of the little money he possessed between Matilda, and the poor cottager and his wife; and on the 15th of October, we bent our course, disguised in the habits of peasants, towards the place where the Prussian troops, under the command of their illustrious monarch, lay encamped.

“The valour of my friend was sufficiently known to procure him a welcome reception; and we were both in time to participate in the victory of Rosbach, which happened on the 5th of November following. It is unnecessary to relate the particulars of this battle. It is enough to say that my companion and myself, the one pushed on by his mettle and courage, the other urged by desperation, drew the attention of the sovereign and his whole army upon us, in the conduct of that memorable day. We followed the fortunes of this gallant prince, through a course of splendid victories, till, at the siege of Olmutz, a fatal stop was put to our career, and a fresh subject of sorrow was added to those mournful recollections with which my mind was oppressed.

“We were taking too close a view of the enemy's works, when my friend received a mortal wound, and fell by my side. What my feelings were at such a crisis I shall leave you to imagine. He had applied his handkerchief to the wound; and as I

knelt down to receive his last breath, he laid upon me, with a voice scarcely audible, this melancholy command: 'Take from my bosom my handkerchief steeped in my blood; carry it to my wife—it is the token agreed upon between us; and when she sees that, she will know I am dead, and what is more, that I died an honourable death. It will moreover save you, my dear friend, a painful recital. You will find my pocket-book about me; carry it likewise to her—and take care of that excellent woman.' With that he clasped my hand, and died without agony or distortion.

"I will hurry over the succeeding events as briefly as possible; it will be to spare both you and myself. The body of my friend was bathed with unsuborned tears. Not a brother officer that approached it, but bestowed upon it this testimony of his sorrow; and the monarch himself was melted at the fatal intelligence. I stayed only to see him put into his grave with as much military pomp as became a brave soldier, and such honourable grief as belongs to a virtuous man; and having obtained the permission of my general, set out on my melancholy errand with the fatal gift in my bosom. It may be as well to mention, that, before I quitted the army of his Prussian Majesty, I was complimented with the Order of Merit, and a present of 300 ducats. No event that is worth relating happened to me during my journey.

"I passed over the scene of my first campaign near Hastenbeck, till I came to my miserable pollard on the heath, where I first met my poor companion and preserver. Here a crowd of wretched ideas rushed into my mind. The wind seemed to sigh as it passed me, the night was dreary and starless, and every thing was just in the same order as

when I leaned against this selfsame tree, fainting with my wounds, and disposing myself for death. Again I seemed to hear the sound of horses' hoofs ; again to see the lifted sabre. Again I thought I heard, in the hollow breezes as they passed me, the comforting voice of my departed friend ; till at length my fancy was so worked upon by my feelings, that I thought several times I saw his spirit move before me. I raised my eyes, and beheld the same light gleaming from the cottage where the poor Matilda was left. My legs scarce supported me till I reached the door.

“ How shall I describe the scene which succeeded ! The fewest words will do it best. Matilda lay on her poor mattress, the prey of that disorder which had seized her the week before our departure. She could hardly raise her languid head ; but when she did, it was to recognize me, with a look so piercingly tender, that I thought I must have died ere I could expose the fatal token. As I fell upon my knees, to bathe her hand with my tears, the bloody handkerchief dropped out of my bosom upon the bed. When I saw what was done, my eyes fastened tremblingly upon hers, where, however, I could perceive but little emotion. It was too late—her pulse was fluttering—her hand was convulsed. Surely death was never so kind as now. She drew, however, the handkerchief to her, and could just articulate—Bury it with me ! Poor Matilda ! It was, indeed, buried with thee, but not till it was as wet with my tears as it had been with thy husband's blood. Alas ! how often has it been my fate to follow the virtuous to the grave ! But Heaven's will be done !—it will be reward enough, if one virtuous man shall weep over Eugenio's tomb.”

## No. 50. SATURDAY, APRIL 27.

*Ad majora quædam et magnificentiora, mihi crede, Torquate, nati sumus.*  
CICERO.

We were born, believe me, for greater and nobler things than these, Torquatus.

“It was on Matilda’s tomb, while my tears were flowing to the memory of this excellent pair, that I perceived the first dawn of those new resolutions which, since that day, have been continually letting fresh sunshine into my thoughts, and opening my mind to nobler and wider prospects. About a stone’s throw from the little cottage, where two stunted yew-trees, which seemed to have borne the pelting of many a storm, formed a rude kind of arch in the middle of the heath, we buried the remains of poor Matilda. The old cottager, his wife, and myself, were her only attendants to this humble grave. Yet if the honour done to the dead is to be estimated by the tears of those that mourn their departure, never were funerals more pompously executed than those of this virtuous couple. On the night of that melancholy day in which this last office of kindness was performed, as I lay unable to compose myself, on the wretched mattress on which Matilda had died, in one of those slumbering deliriums when the fancy is most at work, I thought I heard myself invited to the grave of my gentle friend.

“Those sensible minds who can imagine themselves in my situation, will not wonder that, sub-

duced and softened as I was at that moment to any impressions, I imagined this to be a real summons, and instantly resolved upon my little pilgrimage. The stars shone very bright; and every terrestrial object being veiled in darkness, the heavens seemed to stand forth as the great subject of contemplation to man. I have always loved these midnight rambles. In a mind properly constituted, they never fail to engender wholesome resolutions, which, though they generally vanish with the darkness, yet, I am persuaded they often leave a kind of glow in the mind, like the flushing that sometimes remains on the cheek after a happy dream, and gives a graceful colouring to the features which lasts through the day. But here the comparison ends. The dye upon the cheek survives but a little time the cause which occasioned it; but the mind is so influenced by habit, that it gathers strength with every struggle, and retains forever the vestiges of virtuous exertions.

“I do love, indeed, to feel my spirit mounting above the low-thoughted anxieties and petty troubles of this existence, till it reaches ‘the fiery-wheeled throne of the cherub Contemplation.’ I knew nothing, I confess, of the resources and satisfactions provided for us in this self-converse, this silent soliloquy, till the many meeting circumstances of that night conspired to produce in me a new train of reasoning and reflections. Much of what I held most dear on earth had just been withdrawn from me; the earth itself was obscured; my thoughts, therefore, were involuntarily thrown upon the subject of another existence, and turned upwards to those views of futurity which make every thing in this world look trifling and diminutive, except in the relation they bear to those views. How can we regard that



dread magnificence above us, that world upon world, that system upon system, without feeling every petty ambition perish within us, as village honours lose their relish when the splendid preferments of the city are opened to us, or as lesser cares retire, when ermines, sceptres, and diadems are placed within our reach!

“These thoughts occupied me till I reached the grave of Matilda. Here, after some moments of involuntary sadness, a lucid calmness took possession of my spirits, to which I had hitherto been a perfect stranger. In this favourable position, my judgment and all the powers of my intellect seemed to gather unusual strength; and I felt on a sudden such a sovereignty of mind as I would not have exchanged for any throne in Christendom. I threw my thoughts back upon my past history, in which every thing now appeared absurd and unaccountable. I saw clearly how much I had mistaken my better interests, and how much I had misemployed the force of my understanding. I saw too, that the only means of preserving the balance of the mind when nature has bestowed upon us too large a share of feeling for the occasions of this existence, is to dedicate a just portion of it to the higher objects and interests of an awful futurity.

“A distempered sensibility, and an irritable frame of mind, are the sure consequences of a high state of feelings, with a low state of religion. If they have no other passage but what this life supplies, they will necessarily act unkindly, and produce continual conflict and disorder; operating, as it were, according to a law of physies, by which the impetus is increased in proportion to the narrowness of the vent. I reflected on the short journey through this state which that excellent young person had made, on

whose turf I was reclining; I recollected her sublime countenance, and those rays of an immortal mind that were shot from her eyes; I recollected that luminous intelligence that was spread over her face; and, above all, that indescribable spiritual something that played about the dimples of her mouth. I then cast my eyes downwards upon the barren spot which covered her remains; and asked myself if so much excellence was made only to come to this at last? or, if all that feeling and all that intellectual beauty, with which these mortal remains were once animated and illumined, were made only for the occasions of her poor perishable body, and the objects of an existence that was thus to terminate its course? The many delightful conclusions which branched out from this thought, held me in a delicious state of mind till every star retired that studded the canopy above me. In the mean time, every proud thought retired together with them; and I felt it an unpardonable shame for a mind endued with immortality, and destined to another range of objects dispersed through an infinity of space, and which, in the circumscribed and feeble views of them afforded us at present, fill our souls with rapture and delight—for a mind that has such promises held up to it, to found its pride on the circumstances of a paltry existence like that we at present enjoy, or to consider them as entitled to engross all its sensibilities, and to exercise the full measure of its powers and capacities.

“From this moment I date the entrance of a philosophy into my mind, which has brought with it a thousand satisfactions and delights. Of a philosophy, not of that dry and factitious sort which consists of the cold propositions of ethics, and involves itself in a labyrinth of logical subtleties; but of that authen-

tic, plain, and practical kind, that regulates the feelings, while it interests the heart; that corrects our wanderings, while it stimulates our inquiries; that teaches us how to live, and how to die, by teaching us who we are, and for what we are designed. The book of Nature, and the book of Revelation, are the only sources from which this my humble philosophy is derived. When I simply regard the works of my Creator, I am confounded with their immensity; when, on a more particular view of them, I discern the magnificence of design, and the parsimony of means which they everywhere discover, I am astonished at their wisdom; when I attempt to count the benefits which flow from them, I am overcome with their goodness. When from this glorious contemplation I turn my observations upon myself, I awfully acquiesce in my own unworthiness; but again, under this sense of unworthiness, I am supported when I reflect on the great sacrifice which has been made for me, low as I am, and on that dignity conferred upon my nature by the reconciliation wrought through the merits of my Redeemer.

“With this new treasure opened in my mind, I determined to return to my country and my friends, and to seek that situation in which I might be able to turn it to the best account. The military life was every hour sinking lower in my esteem; and, indeed, every life but that in which my conscience might have repose, my thoughts freedom, and my actions some determinate objects of utility. Nothing worth relating happened to me till I reached my native country, where I hoped that, as my spirit of adventure was gone, my career of fortune would be closed. But some trials were yet in reserve to put my philosophy to the test. I found what remained of my family in the deepest affliction. About two

months before my arrival, my father had been arrested for a debt for which he stood liable on a brother officer's account, who was now abroad. Almost as soon, however, as they received the intelligence of this distressful circumstance, another letter brought them information, that the money was paid by some unknown hand, and the matter still remains a perfect mystery to us all.

“ My father did not recover his peace of mind together with the liberty of his person. His spirit was wounded by the degradation which he conceived himself to have undergone ; and being conscious that his situation was such as to subject him to more vexations of the same nature, he took the sudden resolution of leaving the country, and of trying once more his fortune in the field, under the victorious banners of prince Ferdinand. This project, so desperate for a man of his years, but so natural to a man of his complexion, and which was too speedily executed to allow us any time for interference, did not surprise us so much as the conduct of Mr. Laurens, which gave us hardly less vexation and sorrow. He happened to be at our house at the time of this unfortunate event, where he scarcely waited to hear the particulars related ; but taking an abrupt leave, set off for London, and was not heard of till about a week ago, when a letter from my father informed us that they were both together in the army of the prince. Such an account could not but fill us with extreme surprise ; but nothing perplexed us so much as the affectionate zeal of this same young gentleman, who seemed to have followed my father out of pure regard, and to whose unexampled friendship, as the letter expressed, he was indebted for every comfort he enjoyed. When we compared this extraordinary generosity with the seeming insensibility of other

parts of his conduct, we were at a loss what to think of so contradictory a behaviour.

“In the mean time, Sophia’s distress, which had begun to occasion us the greatest alarm for her health, fixed me in my resolution of making a fresh journey abroad, to unravel, if possible, these mysteries, and to persuade my father to return to his disconsolate home. This, Sir, is the errand on which I am embarking, and Heaven knows with what heavy presages on my heart. If, however, it shall please God to crown my embassy with success, I think the frame of mind in which I am every day growing more confirmed, will, at least, enable me to live without repining; to meet events with patience, if not with complacency; and to make a more sober and solid use of my talents, than I have hitherto done.”

Eugenio ended; and we were all much comforted by his last assurance, which left us reason to hope that as his feelings grew more sedate, and less exacting, his mind would daily become more accommodated to the ordinary course and complexion of life. He remained three days under this hospitable roof, and we had the satisfaction of thinking that our conversation had somewhat conduced to improve the favourable turn that was manifestly taking place in his thoughts and sentiments. We did not at length part without a thousand promises, on each side, to cement this triple alliance so auspiciously begun, and a particular assurance from Eugenio, that he would ever consider as the most essential article of the treaty, the duty of exerting all the strength of his reason, to complete the victory he was so near obtaining over the violence of his feelings. Soon after his departure, we could observe that Amelia grew more pensive than was natural to her, and more fond of the little

bower at the end of the walk, where Eugenio had told his tale. She was frugal, however, of her remarks on his history, and seemed somewhat afraid of trusting herself with his name, lest it should escape in a sigh, or force from her an involuntary comment in the blush upon her cheek.

Mr. Barville, in the mean time, felt some consolation for the loss of his son, in the discovery of a young man so fashioned to his own opinions, and so worthy of his friendship ; and, from some intimations, I could perceive that he was often on the point of regretting that this excellent young lady, his daughter, was engaged to become the wife of a person at that time in the east, upon his return to England.

As the cottage where the family of Eugenio resided was not a great way from Mr. Barville's house, this gentleman took frequent occasions of paying them consolatory visits in his absence ; and was greatly instrumental in keeping up the spirits of Sophia, and inclining her to put the most favourable constructions on the conduct of her lover. In the mean time, it pleased Providence not to disappoint these gentle hopes, and to prepare a course of events that was to recompense them amply for what sorrows they had hitherto endured. In a month after Eugenio's departure, they received from him a letter, replete with the most joyful intelligence. He had succeeded in finding both the father and the lover, whose merits made it easy to trace them where virtue had met with opportunities of displaying itself. They had passed under the appellation of Nisus and Euryalus—such was the affection they bore each other, and their reciprocal services in the time of action and danger. A slight wound, which Laurens had received, was at present the only obstacle to their return.

Soon after the receipt of this letter, an event happened, that scarcely yielded to it in the delight it occasioned to both of these ladies, but particularly to the tender Sophia. One morning they were surprised with a visit from the person into whose hands the money had been paid for that debt which at present occasioned the absence of three men so dear to them. He brought a letter from Eugenio's father; and while the mother was perusing it with a countenance full of delight, Sophia was regarding, with a look of anxious curiosity, a diamond ring on the finger of the stranger. "That ring, Sir, I have surely seen before; permit me to ask you if you have long been the owner."—"No, Madam; the ring was given in part of your father's debt, by the person to whom it belonged." Sophia knew it to be the ring which she had often admired on young Laurens's finger. The mystery was immediately explained. Sophia flung her arms round her mother's neck, with frantic expressions of delight; and so excessive was her joy at the discovery she had made, that it was adjudged prudent to conceal the contents of the letter till the following day.

A legacy, however, of 10,000*l.* was nothing to Sophia in comparison of the proofs she had discovered of her lover's affection, truth, and greatness of mind. She heard her mother with little emotion, and immediately again fell upon the subject nearest her heart. This legacy was bequeathed by the same brother officer of her father's for whose debt he had stood security, in recompense of this, and a multitude of other obligations conferred upon him during the campaigns in which they had served together, when they both were young. In the midst of these happy occurrences, the time was drawing on when the three wanderers were expected home; the impatience for

whose return had been greatly enhanced by the joyful news which was in store for them. A few days before it took place, Mr. Barville, Amelia, and myself, were cordially invited to visit this happy pair, that we might be present at so interesting a meeting.

At length the long-expected day arrived. Sophia and her mother were in their gayest attire ; garlands were hung out at the door ; and the rooms were decorated with a thousand devices expressive of this happy occasion, about which the young lady had employed herself, instead of sleeping, the preceding night. Every wind was converted into a voice ; a thousand times they were sure they heard the rumbling of carriage wheels ; and I was continually stopped in the midst of a grave observation, to hear the latchet of the outward gate. No morning was ever so tediously long. At length the moment arrived—a moment which I shall never forget. The three travellers entered, and a scene ensued, of which it would be folly to attempt a description.

I was surprised beyond measure to see young Laurens, instead of rushing into Sophia's arms, fling himself upon his knees before Mr. Barville, who raised him, and fell upon his neck with such a melting affection, as presently drew the attention of the company towards them, and painted a momentary chagrin on the face of Sophia. This, however, was presently explained in a manner that doubled the delight of all present. Mr. Barville had found in Laurens his own lamented child, of whom he had made such bitter mention to Eugenio. As he had pretended a shooting expedition only to cover his visits to Sophia, he had disguised his name, lest the well-known delicacy of her father might have interrupted his addresses, when he knew the extent of



Mr. Barville's estate; besides which, he had some fears that his own father might disapprove a connection in point of fortune so much below his expectations.

Mr. Barville now freely forgave his son the generous robbery he had committed in behalf of Sophia's father, whose engagement he had satisfied with a thousand pounds, which his own father had commissioned him to place with his banker. Never was joy so complete as that which succeeded these affecting explanations. Eugenio's countenance expressed unusual complacency. He joined the hands of young Barville with those of the happy, trembling Sophia, and then solemnly asked the consent of their parents, which was granted amidst a thousand tears and embraces.

How painful is the thought, that any part of so good and happy a group should be destined to fresh afflictions! But the mournful catastrophe of Eugenio's history has already been related; and no event of sorrow shall tarnish the lustre of this joyous day, with which I shall dismiss my present account of him to my readers—not without a hope, however, that they may gather some useful inferences from the contemplation I have afforded them. They may observe how much a happy frame of mind depends upon the corroboration of religious regards, and how much its good dispositions are improved by sober reflection, and a timely examination of ourselves. They may conclude, from the history of this poor youth, that it is not the excess of our feelings which destroys our comfort, but the want of a proper application and distribution of them; the want of that harmony which religion inspires into them, and the wider range it affords them of proportionate objects on which they may be exercised.

## No. 51. SATURDAY, MAY 4.

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*Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,  
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.*

TIBULL.

Whate'er she does, where'er her steps she bends,  
Her every act a subtle grace attends;  
We can't tell how—but when she speaks, it talks;  
We can't tell where—but when she moves, it walks.

It was last night considered as an especial favour, that I was permitted to have a seat at the female board, where my mother sits as presidentess. It had been determined on this evening to take into consideration the state of the female nation—a discussion to which they dedicate one sitting in every six months. Miranda, who is my mother's principal secretary, had the chief direction and management in the business of the day; and almost all the motions, petitions, remonstrances, advices, &c., either originated with her, or passed through her hands. I think I never saw her appear with such advantage as upon this occasion. It is a most difficult task for a woman to come forth in the character of a director and manager, and to mix in the more active duties of life, without losing something on the side of delicacy and softness; and it is on this ground, principally, that the men are found to object to any masculine undertakings in the women—not because we regard such undertakings with jealousy, as an invasion of our provinces, but because we consider them as leading to the destruction of that amiable and capti-

vating gentleness which constitutes the great ornament of the female mind.

Somehow or other, Miranda manages to steer with the nicest precaution in these difficulties. A certain magical grace of manner, a lubricous, insinuating softness slides into every action and gesture, and often disappoints their natural effects; so that, attempt what she will, it is all becoming; and say what she please, we cannot find fault. Thus she can do a thousand things which other women dare not, and allow herself a thousand freedoms which would be indecorous and even dangerous in others. Miranda is a little too short, but you hardly know it; and somewhat marked with the smallpox, which you presently forget. She is little under forty, but you would leave twenty-five to follow her; her very blemishes she converts into graces, and infirmities bear a premium in Miranda, and go further than perfections in another face. She possesses an uncommon power of giving a price to trifles, and of decorating mere nothings with the playfulness of her wit, the sprightliness of her allusions, or the importance of her inferences. She will raise a Venus out of the froth of the sea, or from an elephant's tooth produce an ivory statue.

Last night she was busily employed in laying before the assembly the different reports, proposals, and requisitions which had been sent to her, as the secretary, from all quarters. The first paper which was read to us was of a singular nature, considering the chaste assembly to which it was submitted. It was a petition from an association of such of the sex as profess loose love, the keepers of bagnios, &c., praying to be heard against those usurpers of their craft, who, in this great city, had of late years drawn all the trade to themselves;—against those duchesses

and countesses who had engrossed, as the petition set forth, all the fashionable custom of the town, by underselling those whose bread depended upon the profits of their business—that the fair traders were reduced to the saddest shifts imaginable, by these smugglers of debauchery—and that one of the most numerous classes of female manufacturers was likely soon to be reduced to throw up their calling, and beg their bread, or to emigrate to other countries, and carry the mysteries of the trade with them. That these interlopers had taken the most ungenerous and illiberal means, and acted in a manner that was calculated to bring scandal upon the profession, in order to attract custom; that they parted with their favours for nothing, only to pilfer in other ways with greater success. That they had sunk the price of intrigue, only to make it subservient to their gaming plans, that thus the dupes of their caresses might hug themselves in the excellence of their bargains, and cheapness of their pleasures, while a collateral drain was insensibly emptying their pockets. That these petitioners and innocent sufferers entreated the high court of females, assembled under the direction of Madam Olive-Branch, that they would back with all their credit another petition which they had in contemplation to present to parliament, by the help of such connections there as they still retained; praying to succeed to those honours and dignities which ought in all reason to be laid down by the said duchesses, countesses, &c., who had taken up a traffic so entirely inconsistent with their quality.

In the mean time, if this injured part of the community should, after every resource had failed, be reduced to try that of honesty, they hoped that government would think of some equitable compensation. They would stipulate freely on their parts to

give up their rights to the Magdalen and Lock Hospitals, for the use of the disabled duchesses and contrite countesses; but that in lieu of these advantages, they expected to succeed to their pews in the churches, and precedence at court. That they would surrender up all their convenient resorts in the vicinity of the playhouses, in the Strand, and in Oxford road, on condition of being put into possession of the genteel squares in the west end of the town. That as the said duchesses and countesses were visibly moulting very fast, and baring their necks and shoulders, the petitioners thought it but just that they should come in for those rejected parts of their dress, especially as their own skins had long been battered by the inclemency of the weather. That if the outline of this proposal met with the approbation of Madam Olive-Branch and her ladies, the petitioners would have the honour of stating their plan more in detail, and submitting it a second time to the judgments of that honourable society. Signed by the different associations of the Sisterhood, met together under the Rose.

I am forbid to divulge what was determined by the board as to the merits of this extraordinary petition, as the matter was referred to a secret committee that goes with them under the name of the Court of the Bona Dea.

The next question which came before them was on the subject of a proclamation issued by my mother last week against a certain seditious volume, published by a female incendiary, called the Rights of Woman, tending most notoriously to inflame the minds of the sex with opinions dangerous to the permanence of the female empire, calculated to destroy all that power and ascendancy which they have hitherto owed to their gentleness of character, and

to embroil them in a contest with a superior force, that must inevitably terminate in a most disgraceful defeat. A unanimous vote of thanks to my mother was immediately concluded upon.

The paper that now was produced, was of a very extraordinary kind ; and as it was the first they had received from any of our sex, there was a debate of some continuance, whether or not it ought to be admitted. At length, however, they decided in the affirmative, after having entered a clause in their journals against its becoming a precedent. It was a petition from a gentleman who stated himself to have turned the corner of thirty, without ever having had the felicity to be really in love, though this had been the leading object of his ambition since he had entered into his fifteenth year. He represented himself to be precisely in the predicament described in a sensible maxim of La Bruyere : “ *Les hommes souvent veulent aimer, & ne sauroient y réussir ; ils cherchent leur défaite, sans pouvoir la rencontrer ; & si j'ose ainsi parler, ils sont contraints de demeurer libres.*” He begged to be indulged with an opportunity of explaining himself more at large to the society, that they might judge whether the fault was in himself or in the sex, and furnish him accordingly with their advice and assistance. He furthermore stated that, for this last fortnight, he had felt some unusual pains about the diaphragm and præcordia ; but that he was somewhat in the case of the King in Tom Thumb, who was unable to tell whether it was love or the wind cholic that tormented him. That he has had also many other little equivocal symptoms, which he is unable to pronounce upon until he has taken the sense of this female synod. Some sensations, too, which he has sometimes felt in a morning before breakfast, and in the afternoon after a

pint of wine, have looked so like what he conceives of this passion, as to raise in him some hopes that he may yet arrive at the accomplishment of his wishes. The petitioner concluded with requesting to be informed if the society had any apothecary belonging to them, whom they could instruct to compose a philtre that might remedy this radical deficiency in his mind ; for in his mind alone he felt this deficiency to exist.

The senate decreed that the case of this poor gentleman was without remedy, as there was no possibility of imparting a tenderness of soul where nature had denied it ; but that he was right in suspecting that these paroxysms were no true symptoms of love, however they might explain a part of our nature that was common through all animated existence.

Some proposals were now brought forward, which the press of weightier business made it necessary to adjourn to a future day, and some notices were given of intended motions. A vote of censure was passed on a staymaker's widow, who advertised to carry on her husband's business with the same workmen ; it being judged inconsistent with female delicacy to admit any but females to a privacy so close. A motion was made for a declaratory act respecting the proclamation of Harry the VIIIth, against female gossiping.

A paper was next heard, exhibiting some severe strictures on the practice among fashionable mothers, of committing their children to the care of French mesdemoiselles. The letter contained advices of several instances wherein the principles of a young family had been poisoned under such tuition ; and stated, in terms of great indignation, that they were nothing but a kind of higglers, that brought over the

veriest trumpery, the merest shreds and rags of a wretched Epicurean philosophy, which had long ago found its way among all orders and degrees in their native country. It ended with a passage out of the play called *The Provoked Wife*, which paints admirably well the lax opinions of this sect of female philosophers.

*Lady Fan.* Rendezvous? what, rendezvous with a man, mademoiselle?

*Madem.* Eh, pourquoi non?

*Lady F.* What! and a man I never saw before in my life?

*Madem.* Tant mieux; c'est donc quelque chose de nouveau.

*Lady F.* Oh, but my reputation, mademoiselle, my dear reputation!

*Madem.* Madame, quand on l'a une fois perdue, on n'en est plus embarrassé.

*Lady F.* Fie, mademoiselle! reputation is a jewel.

*Madem.* Qui coûte bien chère, madame.

*Lady F.* Why, sure you would not sacrifice your honour to your pleasure?

*Madem.* Je suis philosophe.

*Lady F.* Bless me, how you talk! what, if honour be a burden, must it not be borne?

*Madem.* Chacun a son façon. Quand quelque chose m'incommode moi, je m'en défais vite.

*Lady F.* Get you gone, you naughty woman. I vow and swear I must turn you out of doors if you talk thus.

*Madem.* Turn me out of doors!—turn yourself out of doors, and go see what de gentleman have to say to you. Tenez: voilà votre escarpe, voilà votre quoise, voilà tout. Allons, madame, dépêchez-vous donc. Mon Dieu! quelles scrupules!



*Lady F.* Well, for once, mademoiselle, I'll follow your advice, out of the intemperate desire I have to see who this ill-bred fellow is ; but I have too much délicatesse to make a practice of it.

*Madem.* Belle chose vraiment que la délicatesse, lorsqu'il s'agit de se divertir !—ah, ça—vous voilà équipée—partons—Eh bien ! qu'avez-vous donc ?

*Lady F.* J'ai peur.

*Madem.* Je n'en ai point, moi.

*Lady F.* I dare not go.

*Madem.* Demeurez donc.

*Lady F.* Je suis poltrone.

*Madem.* Tant pis pour vous.

*Lady F.* Curiosity is a wicked devil.

*Madem.* C'est une charmante sainte.

*Lady F.* It ruined our first parents.

*Madem.* Il a bien diverti leurs enfans.

*Lady F.* L'honneur est contre.

*Madem.* Le plaisir est pour.

*Lady F.* Must I then go ?

*Madem.* Must you go ? must you eat ? must you sleep ? must you live ? De nature bid you do one, de nature bid you do toder ; vous me ferez enrager.

*Lady F.* But when reason corrects nature, mademoiselle ?

*Madem.* Elle est donc bien insolente.

*Lady F.* Ah ! la méchante Française !

*Madem.* Ah ! la belle Anglaise !

A letter from a learned lady was read, praying for the sentence of the synod, against a passage in the sixth Satire of Juvenal, which bore shamefully hard upon that class of female doctors to which she belonged. The lines complained of run as follows :—

Illa tamen gravior, quæ, cùm discumbere cœpit,  
 Laudat Virgilium, perituræ ignoscit Elisæ:  
 Committit vates, et comparat inde Maronem,  
 Atque aliâ parte in trutinâ suspendit Homerum.  
 Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis  
 Turba tacet, nec causidicus, nec præco loquatur,  
 Altera nec mulier: verborum tanta cadit vis.  
 Tot pariter pelves, et tintinnabula dicas  
 Pulsari. Jam nemo tubas atque æra fatiget:  
 Una laboranti poterit succurrere lunæ.  
 Imponit finem sapiens et rebus honestis:  
 Nam quæ docta nimis cupit, et facienda videri,  
 Crure tenus medio tunicas succingere debet,  
 Cædere Sylvano porcum, quadrante lavari.  
 Non habeat matrona, tibi quæ juncta recumbit,  
 Dicendi genus, aut curtum sermone rotato  
 Torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes;  
 Sed quædam ex libris et non intelligat; odi  
 Hanc ego, quæ repetit volvitque Palæmonis artem,  
 Servatâ semper lege, et ratione loquendi,  
 Ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria versus,  
 Nec curanda viris opicæ castigat amicæ  
 Verba. Solœcismum liceat fecisse marito.

SAT. VI. 340.

I was desired to read the translation of this passage which Dryden has given us; a request I did not comply with without some compunction.

But of all plagues, the greatest is untold;  
 The book-learn'd wife, in Greek and Latin bold;  
 The critic dame, who at her table sits,  
 Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits;  
 And pities Dido's agonizing fits.  
 She has so far th' ascendant of the board,  
 The prating pedant puts not in a word.  
 The man of law is non-pluss'd in his suit;  
 Nay, every other *female* tongue is mute.  
 Hammers and beating anvils, you would swear,  
 And Vulcan with his whole militia there.  
 Tabors and trumpets cease; for she alone  
 Is able to redeem the lub'ring moon.  
 Even wit's a burden, when it talks too long;  
 But she who has no continence of tongue  
 Should walk in breeches, and should wear a beard,  
 And mix among the philosophic herd.  
 Oh! what a midnight curse has he, whose side  
 Is pester'd with a mood and figure bride!

Let mine, ye gods! (if such must be my fate,)  
No logic learn, or history translate;  
But rather be a quiet humble fool;  
I hate a wife to whom I go to school;  
Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows  
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows;  
Corrects her country neighbour; and, abed,  
For breaking Priscian's, breaks her husband's head.

The assembly decreed that the satire was not unjust as it was directed, and that therefore there was no reasonable ground of complaint; but that, if it be the tendency of learning in the main to derogate from female softness, so much the larger share of glory awaits those paragons of the sex, who haply have found out the way of combining these vigorous attainments with their more appropriate excellences, and of brightening, by severer attrition, the polish of the mind, without wearing its enamel or corroding its substance.

The last subject which came before them was occasioned by a letter which the secretary had received from one of those outrageously virtuous ladies who repine at the necessity of breathing the same atmosphere with their sinful sisters, that have drawn such a quantity of commonplace satire, and proverbial ridicule, upon the sex in general. There was so much in her style of expression, of disappointment and disgust, that I could not help suspecting her to be one of those hidden treasures which are only safe because nobody looks after them; and begged to be permitted to express my sense of the subject before the society, through the medium of a pleasant story I had somewhere met with.

Pluto, perceiving that his Furies were beginning to grow old and worn in the service, called Mercury to him, and desired him to go to the upper world, and search the globe over, to find him three maids,

such as were every way proper for the duty in which they were to be engaged. Mercury set off on his errand. It happened, at the same time, that Juno was in want of three handmaids, being obliged to turn away those she had, for their intrigues with Jupiter. Iris was accordingly dispatched to look in every corner of the earth, till she could meet with three virgins of such severe chastity that they were never known to smile upon a man. After a considerable time spent in the search, Iris returned out of breath and alone. "What!" cried her mistress, "have you not succeeded, then? Is it possible? O chastity! O virtue!" — "Goddess," returned Iris, "I have indeed found three rigid maidens, that neither Jove nor Mars himself could ever have subdued; but, alas! I arrived too late." — "Too late!" — "Yes, too late; Mercury had already engaged them for Pluto." — "For Pluto! for what purpose?" — "To make three Furies of them." — My story had such an effect, that no attention was paid to the representation contained in the paper before them.

## No. 52. SATURDAY, MAY 11.

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Good with bad

Expect to hear; supernal grace contending  
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn  
True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
And pious sorrow; equally inur'd  
By moderation either state to bear,  
Prosperous or adverse; so shalt thou lead  
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure  
Thy mortal passage when it comes.

ONLY five papers have yet been consecrated to the subject which ought to be the nearest to every man's heart. This is the greatest satire I have yet pronounced upon my countrymen; for my age, my profession, and my predilection, would naturally have bent my thoughts continually to this object, had I judged that the religious frame of the public mind was sufficiently solid to endure so much grave deduction and inquiry. The more rational and thinking part of my readers will forgive me this ill compliment to the many. Sensible of the regard that must be had, in these delicate times, to the slight constitution of our minds, they will wish me to imitate our fashionable physicians in mixing up together in such unequal proportions the nauseous and the nice, as to make of the whole what they term an elegant preparation.

The object of my last speculation on this subject was to prove the moral government of God; a state of probation is included almost under the same idea. The notion of a general righteous judgment here-

after, implies some sort of temptation to do what is wrong; but as the word probation is more particularly and distinctly expressive of allurements to wrong, and the danger of miscarriages, than the words moral government, in this view it may deserve a separate consideration.

If we turn our attention from the moral government of God, to his natural government over us, we shall perceive that the whole course and procedure of it plainly indicates a state of trial, in a similar sense, in regard to the present world.

The natural government of God consists in his placing us in a balance between right and wrong, with a power of choice, and an anticipation of the consequences of that choice. Present fruition and subsequent sorrow, present forbearance and succeeding enjoyment, mark out to us plainly a sort of conditional covenant which God has made with us in respect to our career through this present world. So far as men are under temptations to any course of action which will probably occasion them greater temporal uneasiness than satisfaction, so far their temporal interest is in danger from themselves, or they are in a state of trial with respect to it. That which constitutes our trial in our temporal capacity, does also constitute it in our religious capacity; and the description of the one will be a description of the other, if only what we call temporal interest in one place, we call future in another, and substitute virtue for prudence in speaking of the trial for a future life. If we contemplate the behaviour of man under his trial in these different capacities, we may observe him proceeding in the same neglect or defiance of the consequences of his action in both cases. Men will persevere in a course of dissolute extravagance with no remorse, and with little dread, with the certain

foreknowledge in their minds, that it will end in their temporal ruin, and some of us under the apprehension of the consequences in another state. Thus, our trials of difficulties and dangers in our temporal and our religious capacities, as they proceed from the same causes, and have the same effect upon our behaviour, are evidently analogous and correspondent.

Without this experience, afforded us in the natural constitution of things, we might, perhaps, with some speciousness urge, that it is inconsistent with the character of Infinite Mercy to involve us in any hazards which he foresees must end in confusion and misery. Indeed, why any sort of danger or hazard should be imposed on such mortals as we are, may well be thought a difficulty in speculation, and ever will be so till we are furnished with a higher degree of intelligence, and are admitted to more comprehensive views of things than it is the lot of our natures to enjoy. But whatever the vanity of our reason may suggest with respect to the moral government of God, the course of the natural world affords a complete, decisive, and awful answer to all our presumptuous inquiries.

That the same thing exists in the constitution of nature, experience proves. Let our inquiries, therefore, begin here; and if they can obtain no solution here, here let them end. All reasoning, therefore, against a state of trial from its speculative difficulties, and our inability to accommodate it to any righteous scheme according to our notions of justice, is defeated in the point of fact by our own daily experience, and by the testimony of our senses.

Considering the difficulties and hazards of our probationary state, it might be natural enough to inquire how we came to be placed in it. This curiosity, however, can never be satisfied, as it is directed

to a subject which we are not competent to understand, without much higher degrees of knowledge and capacity. "Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth! Shall the clay say unto him that fashioneth him, What makest thou? or thy work, He hath no hands?" If we make the question, "What is your business here?" which must be acknowledged to be a frame of inquiry more important, as it is more humble; not only religion affords us an answer, but a view of the course of the world in which we live will convince us that our present condition is no way inconsistent with the perfect moral government of God. If our religion teach us that we are placed here in a state of so much hazard and affliction for our improvement in virtue and piety, as the requisite qualification for a future state of happiness and security, we shall also find, upon inquiry, that the same plan and the same gradation is observed in the conduct of nature, and the rest of God's government and dispensations.

We must again consider man under a religious and temporal capacity; and in this double view of him, the beginning of life, considered as an education for mature age, appears plainly at first sight analogous to our general trial for a future life. This analogy may be pushed to a great extent, and is certainly well worth the pains of investigation.

To be capable of enjoying any state of existence, we must have a frame of mind within us correspondent to the order of things around us. Without determining what will be the employment and the happiness of good men hereafter, we may be sure that some determinate qualities and capacities will be necessary to render them susceptible of their external condition, and the objects that surround them. Now



it is the property of man to be able to mould and accommodate himself to states of life for which he was once wholly unqualified. This gradual rise in the human character, this insensible and subtle transformation is affected through the medium of habits. Habit has a wonderful rule in human affairs ; it consecrates and preserves all our acquisitions, whether moral or intellectual ; and memory itself is little else than habitual knowledge. There are passive as well as active habits ; and the mind, long accustomed to expand to the treasures of wisdom, affords them an easy entrance, and a safe repository. Passive habits and active habits, in respect to each other, proceed in an inverse ratio. Active habits gradually receive confirmation and permanency through a course of acting upon certain motives and incitements, or passive impressions ; while these motives and incitements themselves, by proportionate degrees, become less and less sensible to ourselves ; that is, become continually less sensibly felt, as the active habits acquire strength and consistency. The inference to be drawn from these considerations is, plainly, that these passive impressions, which may be made on our minds by experience, admonition, and example, though they have a strong remote efficacy, and conduce to the formation of active habits, yet, unless they do really succeed in forming these active habits, they will have no efficacy at all, but will expire in repetition.

Without this process and agency of habit, nature alone is insufficient to qualify us ultimately, much less at once, for a mature state of life. Maturity of understanding and perfection of bodily strength, are not only attained to by degrees, but depend also on the continued exercise of the powers, both of the mind and body, from the age of infancy. If we sup-

pose a person brought into the world with his powers of mind and body complete, he must plainly be distracted with astonishment, curiosity, and suspense, and be totally unfit for the sphere in which he is called to exert himself. Nor is it probable that his senses of seeing and hearing, would be of any practical benefit to him, before experience had taught their use and advantages. It is evident he would be destitute of that moderation, forbearance, and self-government, which the habits of education and discipline inculcate.

Thus, then, the beginning of our days is intended to be, and really is, a state of education to the theory and practice of mature life; and this is a providential disposition of things, in regard to the objects of this present existence, to which that supposed discipline which we undergo in this world, as a preparation for the next, is perfectly analogous. Nor, are those objections at all solid which are grounded on our inability to discern in what way the present life can be a preparation for another; for children are perfectly ignorant how they contribute to their health and growth by the sports and exercises to which they are instinctively addicted. But our state in this world is not merely such as to afford frequent opportunities of exercising our virtuous principles, but holds out to us the constant necessity of an unwearied circumspection and perseverance, that thus our virtue may be rendered in a manner more intense, and a more confirmed habit may be the consequence. And this wakeful and continued exertion of the moral sense, is calculated to give it a certain supremacy in our minds, however the momentary sallies of passion may sometimes disturb its reign.

It may possibly be objected that the present state is so far from proving in reality a discipline of virtue

to the generality of men, that on the contrary they appear to make it a discipline of vice. It is true the generality of us do not gather much improvement in our passage through life; but this can never be urged as a proof that it was not intended as a state of moral discipline, if we at all consider the analogy of nature. Of that infinite number of seeds of vegetables, and bodies of animals, which are furnished with an organization and disposition to arrive at maturity and perfection, perhaps not one in a million does actually reach that period of its destination.

If again it be objected that nothing but afflictions and crosses can exercise or demand the virtues of resignation and content; that therefore they will not be necessary to a condition of perfect repose, and consequently cannot be exerted in this life with any view to a future one; we must again resort to experience and analogy for the answer. In the course of this world we do not find that our trial ceases when we are arrived at the consummation of our fortunes. Prosperity itself begets unbounded desires, and out of our own imagination there springs as much discontent as from any thing in our external condition. We must carry, therefore, to this state of worldly advancement, a mind exercised to forbearance by frequent disappointment, in order to profit by our elevation; and this very elevation is a source of new trials by which our principles are kept alert and our habits maintained in activity. It is true, indeed, there can be no scope for patience when sorrow and trouble shall be no more, but there may be need of a temper which shall have been formed by patience; there may be need of a bland conformation of mind, an uniform spirit of meek contentment, such as acquaintance with sorrow and affliction has a tendency to produce.

But some men may suppose that all which has been here advanced, must fall before the doctrine of necessity. It is not to the present purpose to demonstrate the absurdity of that doctrine; it will be enough to prove that it furnishes no conclusions inimical to what has been argued on the question of God's moral government, and a state of probation. If this word necessity, in the minds of those who maintain it, have any definable meaning, it must mean something that does not exclude deliberation, counsel, choice, and preference; for this is a matter of undoubted experience, and of which we are conscious at every moment of our lives. It is equally clear that necessity does not pretend to account for the origin and continuance of things, and maintains nothing further than that they could not have been otherwise than they are.

If a fatalist, and one who believed himself a free agent, were disputing about the origin of a house, they would both agree that it was built by an architect; their only difference would be on this question, whether the architect built it freely, or by necessity. Suppose, then, that they should proceed to inquire into the constitution of nature, and that, in a lax way of speaking, one of them were to say that it was by necessity, and the other by freedom. Now if they have any meaning in those words, as the latter must mean a free agent, so the former must mean an agent acting by necessity; for abstract notions are idle to the purpose.

It is true, we ascribe to God a necessary existence, not caused by any agent; but this is our imperfect manner of expressing a thing of which we can have no adequate idea. Two things are therefore undeniable; first, that when a fatalist asserts that every thing is by necessity, he must mean by an agent act-

ing necessarily; and secondly, that the necessity, by which such an agent is supposed to act, does not exclude intelligence and design; so that, were the system of fatality admitted, it would just as much account for the formation of the world, as for the construction of a house, and no more. After all, the fatalist must be reduced to allow that his necessary agent deliberates necessarily, chooses necessarily, designs necessarily, changes necessarily, combines, discriminates, compares necessarily; all which is very difficult for a plain man to conceive.

On the whole, then, it is clear, that the opinion of necessity does not destroy the proof that there is an intelligent Author of nature, and a natural Governor of the world. Let us see of what force it is against the supposition that we are in a state of religion. It is plain, that if a child were educated in this idea of universal necessity, in such a manner as to efface every thought of praise or blame, of punishment or reward for his actions, and were to form his behaviour upon that system, he would find upon the application of the principle to the affairs of life, that it would mislead him into dreadful situations. He would find it, on trial, totally impracticable in the course and constitution of this world. Why may not then the application of the same principle to the affairs of religion mislead us in the same analogous manner, with respect to a future more general and more important interest?

Religion is a practical subject; and as this system is clearly inapplicable to practical subjects, it is surely not to be depended upon, since it teaches that we are free from the obligations of religion. If, therefore, the evidence of religion be conclusive on a supposition of freedom, it remains so on a supposition of necessity; because the notion of necessity

is not applicable to practical subjects ; that is, with respect to them it is as if it were not true. And here a difficulty presents itself, which shakes the very foundations of the doctrine. For, if the notion of universal necessity be true, why should it be dangerous to believe it and to act upon it? Can it be against the interests of mankind to make truth the basis of their actions? Moreover, we feel that we have a will, and are conscious of a character; now if this will and this character be reconcilable in respect to man with the notions of fate, they are reconcilable with them in the Author of nature. The Author of nature, then, is of some character or other, in spite of necessity. And this necessity is as reconcilable with the particular character of benevolence, veracity, and justice in Him, which attributes are the foundation of religion, as with any other character.

Now mark the inconsistency of these fatalists. They say all punishment is unjust, because it is inflicted on men for doing what it was not in their power to avoid; as if the necessity which is supposed to destroy the criminality of an action, did not also destroy the injustice of punishment! Thus the notions of justice and injustice remain as fixed as ever, notwithstanding our endeavours to suppose them removed. They are indelibly imprinted on our nature, and will continue to force themselves into our thoughts and reasonings, while we are framing suppositions which we think will destroy them.

The opinion of necessity cannot destroy that internal proof which we have of the moral government of God, in the moral sense impressed on our nature; for this is a matter of fact, a thing of experience. Nor can it destroy the conclusion, for this is

immediately deduced from the fact. Neither can it operate to the prejudice of those proofs which are drawn from the external condition of things. From all this reasoning, it appears that necessity, supposed possible and reconcilable to the plain constitution of things, does in no sort prove that the Author of nature will not, or invalidate the proof that he will, finally, in his eternal government, render his creatures happy or miserable according to their behaviour; and if it do not destroy the proof of natural religion, it evidently makes no alteration in the proof of revealed.

I shall dismiss my readers, with a word or two in explanation. There are two general kinds of necessity maintained by the Fatalists. The one is superior to the Deity, and placed in the nature of things; the other is existent in the decrees and ordinances of the Deity, and flows in an inevitable series of causes resulting from him. There are other distinctions which do not deserve consideration. The Epicureans appear to have held the first opinion, the Stoics the second. The reader will see that the arguments in this paper are equally conclusive against both, though both are not distinctly examined. The common Pagan notion was on the side of an universal necessity overruling the power of the gods: "*Τὴν πεπωμένην μοίραν ἀδύνατά ἐστι ἀποφυγέειν καὶ τῷ Θεῷ.*" Herodot. Clio, I. 91. "It is impossible for the Deity himself to avoid the established decrees of fate." There were some who held a material necessity without any Deity in the universe; and such is said to have been nearly the doctrine of Democritus. From this sprung the Atomic philosophy, in which Epicurus was a considerable sharer, and with which Pythagoras is said to have been pretty much tinctured. The Monads of that philosopher are concluded by

many to be the Atoms of Epicurus. Anaxagoras and Empedocles were also favourers of this philosophy, and most of the ancient Physiologists had some taint from this poisoned source.

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No. 53. SATURDAY, MAY 18.

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*Ad quem ita subridens: Felicia tempora! quæ te  
Moribus opponunt; habeat jam Roma pudorem:  
Tertius e cælo cecidit Cato.*                      JUV. SAT. ii. 37.

With a disdainful smile he cried, Blest times,  
That made thee Censor of the age's crimes!  
Rome now must needs reform, and vice be stopt,  
For a third Cato from the clouds is dropt.

DRYDEN.

TO THE REVEREND BUT OFFICIOUS MR. SIMON  
OLIVE-BRANCH.

SIR,

I HAVE been a long time floating between contempt and surprise, at the presumptuous impertinence with which you take upon you to interfere in every thing that is going on in this great city. You have no respect to rank or office, but have usurped a title of so catholic a kind, that even princes themselves are expected to bow before it. Believe me, Sir, it is not the temper of the times to acknowledge such a supremacy. Nay, to deal plainly with you, you are already denounced at a club of Patriots, where I heard it declared that, in their list of intended decapitations, your head comes next to the Pope's.



Let me advise you, Sir, not to be so busy with the times in general; but particularly beware of coming up to London, the rumour of which intention has already reached every corner of the metropolis. How this hardy design of yours has got wing, I cannot imagine, unless your own indiscretion, or that of your correspondents, has betrayed you. Certain, however, it is, that the Pretender's invasion did not spread a more general consternation through this city, than has been occasioned by the bare apprehension of this visit from your worship. Being resolved myself, upon knowing how far the report deserved credit, I made it my business to trace out one of your correspondents in town. Here, however, I should never have succeeded in gaining the intelligence I wished for, if I had not feigned myself to be also one of the emissaries employed by Simon Olive-Branch; which stratagem so threw him off his guard, that he not only confessed to me that he expected you in a few days, but took me into his study, and exposed to me all his lists, memorandums, documents, and communications of all sorts, and particularly a kind of moral stocks, arranged according to the prices they seemed to have fetched in the market at different times since the publication of your paper. By the scale preserved by this partial financier, it appeared that many of the vices, which were wont to bear a premium, had sunk considerably in value, while the virtues had maintained a progressive advancement. He observed to me, that a very rapid fall had taken place in the price of Immorality since the belief of your intended visit to the capital had become general. Notwithstanding all this, however, as far as I can remember of the scale, it ran nearly thus:—

Hypocrisy, 10 per cent. prem.	Bonds, 73, 4, 1-16
Plain dealing ———	Tradesmen's Bills, 53½, 54
Honour chimér. red.	Gaming Bills, 87, 85½
Honour ration. 72½	Patriotism, 45
Chastity, shut	Charity and Ostent. Cons. 88½

Upon the whole, with the omnium-gatherums, scripts, discounts, &c., it appeared that the funds and credit of Virtue were gradually rising, but that still the advantage rested with its opposite. Now, Sir, I am firmly persuaded that this is a very uncandid statement, and calculated to answer some jobbing interests of his own. Be assured, that both these accounts are fallacious. For this century, past virtue has maintained an uniform ascendancy, nor has its credit been at all enhanced by the news of your approaching visit. To disabuse you of so material an error, and to fortify you against any future attempts to deceive you, I will here give you a brief account of the condition of the capital at this moment.

Religion was never in so flourishing a state; in-somuch that the most enlightened begin to find that they can do very well without going to church; and the few that persist in frequenting it, perceive that they already know as much, and act as virtuously, as their teachers. Religion is at the same time rendered more portable and attainable than formerly, by being rid of the incumbrance of morality, which is now discovered to be a branch entirely disconnected with it, and to belong wholly to the sentiment of honour. As in other attainments, we have systems of instruction calculated to make every man his own broker, every man his own gardener, &c., so, in religion, we are soon to see the effects of our present principles of philosophy, in making every man his own parson; and, indeed, grand prepara-

tions have been making for it in the late practice of cropping the hair, in imitation of the ministers of the gospel. This cropping system, too, you will observe, has been extended to Christianity itself, and has cut away a quantity of those rules and obligations with which it used to be embarrassed, whereby it has gained an easier introduction into the *beau monde*.

The arts and sciences have been cultivated with a similar success, and have unaccountably extended their empire to the minutest concerns of life. Our very fans and cards bear testimony to the truth of this observation; and botany, history, and geography, are now acquired through such familiar mediums, that a lady may be culling simples behind her fan, and have her whole *hortus siccus* about her, in the midst of a room full of company; or regale her fancy with the odours of Arabia, while, in less perfumed sighs, her lover is whispering his nothings in her ear. In the mean time, some new sciences have been incorporated, such as that of boxing, animal magnetism, archery, and such like productive and useful attainments; while architecture has met with extraordinary encouragement, in the present plan of burning down opera-houses, theatres, and houses of parliament.

It is very pleasing to observe how some of the arts go hand in hand, and how the artists are of reciprocal benefit to one another, like the physician and apothecary, or the counsellor and attorney. Thus if I publish a book, I must call in the painter as well as the printer; for it is nothing without my own portrait, with a globe by my side, a couple of Muses to supply me with pens and paper, and a third flying off with my proof-sheets to Parnassus. Thus we are daily expecting a most splendid publication on the science of boxing, with a kit-kat of Johnson, and a

beautiful miniature of Big-Ben, with a festoon of laurel between them to keep the peace.

As for the reigning fashions, I maintain that nothing can be more rational or respectable. All the young ladies are inspired with an ambition to become mothers of families, or to appear to merit that honourable character; and thus we are to account for the swellings which lately it has been the mode to carry about with them. It corresponds admirably with the nakedness of their necks, and seems to be a natural consequence of this tempting discovery. I have no doubt but that this last custom had its origin in the magnanimity of the sex, which, while the men were exposing their necks abroad, made it seem but fair that they should be doing the same at home during the war.

If, however, notwithstanding my representations, you are determined upon coming up to town, let me exhort you to shake off the remaining rust of a college, and all the pedantry of your profession, before you put your design into execution. It will be as much as your head is worth to claim any authority among us. On the contrary, you will find it advisable to mix with us in all our amusements, to adopt all our tastes, and to clothe yourself in all our fashions. Let us see no austerity of carriage, but strive all you can to derive your mirth and entertainment from the same sources as supply it for the most part to the inhabitants of this august city. In the mean time, read and digest this little poem, which will point out the true objects of amusement here, and prepare you for the proper relish of them.

## L'ALLEGRO.

Off, blubbering Melancholy!  
Of the blue devils and book-learning born,  
In dusty schools forlorn;  
Amongst black gowns, square caps, and books unjolly,  
Hunt out some college cell,  
Where muzzing quizzes mutter monkish schemes,  
And the old proctor dreams;  
There, in thy smutty walls, o'errun with dock,  
As ragged as thy smock,  
With rusty, fusty Fellows ever dwell.

But come, thou baggage, fat and free,  
By gentles call'd Fe-tivity,  
And by us rolling kiddies, Fun,  
Whom Mother Shipton, one by one,  
With two Wapping wenches more,  
To skipping Harlequino bore;  
Or whether, as some deeper say,  
Jack Pudding, on a holiday,  
Along with Jenny Diver romping,  
As he met her once a pumping,  
There, on heaps of dirt and mortar,  
And cinders wash'd in cabbage water,  
Fill'd her with thee, a strapping lassie,  
So spunky, brazen, bold, and saucy.

Hip here, jade, and bring with thee  
Jokes, and sniggering jollity,  
Christmas gambols, waggish tricks,  
Winks, wry faces, licks, and kicks,  
Such as fall from Moggy's knuckles,  
And love to live about her buckles;  
Spunk, that hobbling watchmen boxes,  
And Horse-langh, hugging both his doxies;  
Come, and kick it as you go,  
On the stumping hornpipe toe;  
And in thy right hand haul with thee  
The *Mountain* brim, French Liberty.  
And if I give thee puffing due,  
Fun, admit me of thy crew,  
To pig with her, and pig with thee,  
In everlasting frolics free;

To hear the sweep begin his beat,  
And, squalling, startle the dull street,  
From his watch-box in the alley,  
Till the watch at six doth sally;  
Then to go, in spite of sleep,  
And at the window cry, "Sweep! sweep!"  
Through the street-door, or the airy,  
Or, in the country, through the dairy;  
While the dustman, with his din  
Bawls and rings to be let in,  
And at the fore or the back door,  
Slowly plods his jades before.  
Oft hearing the sow-gelder's horn  
Harshly rouse the snoring moro,  
From the side of some large square,  
Through the long street grunting far.  
Sometimes walking I'll be seen  
By Tower-hill, or Moorfields' green,  
Right against old Bedlam gate,  
Where the mock king begins his state,  
Crown'd with straw, and rob'd with rags,  
Cover'd o'er with jags and tags;  
While the keeper, near at hand,  
Bullies those that leave their stand;  
And milk-maids' screams go through your ears,  
And grinders sharpen rusty shears,  
And every crier squalls his cry  
Under each window he goes by.

Strait mine eye hath caught new gambols,  
While round and round this town it rambles;  
Sloppy streets, and foggy day,  
Where the blundering folks do stray;  
Pavements, on whose slippery flags  
Swearing coachmen flog their nags;  
Barbers jostled 'gainst your side,  
Narrow streets, and gutters wide.

Grub-street garrets now it sees,  
To the Muse open, and the breeze,  
Where, perhaps, some scribbler hungers,  
The hack of neighbouring news-mongers.  
Hard by, a tinker's furnace smokes,  
From betwixt two pastry-cooks,  
Where dingy Dick and Peggy, met,  
Are at their scurvy dinner set,  
Of cow-heel, and such cellar-messes,  
Which the splay-footed Rachel dresses:

And then in haste the shop she leaves,  
And, with the boy, the bellows heaves;  
Or, if 'tis late, and shop is shut,  
Scrubs, at the pump, her face from smut.

Sometimes, all for fights agog,  
To t'other end o' the town I jog,  
When St. James's bells ring round,  
And the royal fiddles sound,  
When every lord and lady's bum  
Jigs it in the drawing-room;  
And young and old dance down the tune,  
In honour of the fourth of June;  
Till candles fail, and eyes are sore,  
Then home we hie, to talk it o'er,  
With stories told of many a treat,  
How lady Swab the sweetmeats eat;  
She was pinch'd, and something worse,  
And she was fobb'd, and lost her purse;  
Tells how the drudging Weltjie sweat,  
To bake his custards duly set,  
When, in one night, ere clock went seven,  
His 'prentice-lad had robb'd the oven  
Of more than twenty hands had put on,  
Then lies him down, the little glutton,  
Stretch'd lumbering 'fore the fire, they tell ye,  
And bakes the custards in his belly;  
Then, crop-sick, down the stairs he flings,  
Before his master's bell yet rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By hoofs and wheels soon lull'd asleep.

But the City takes me then,  
And the *hums* of busy men,  
Where throngs of train-band captains bold,  
In time of peace, fierce meetings hold,  
With stores of stock-jobbers, whose lies  
Work change of stocks and bankruptcies;  
While bulls and bears alike contend  
To get that cash they dare not spend.  
Then let aldermen appear,  
In scarlet robe, with chandelier,  
And city-feasts and gluttony,  
With balls upon the lord-mayor's day;  
Sights that young 'prentices remember,  
Sleeping and waking, all November.

Then to the playhouses anon,  
If Quick or Bannister be on,

Or drollest Parsons, child of Drury,  
Bawls out his damns with comic fury.

And ever, against hum-drum cares,  
Sing me some of Dibdin's airs;  
Married to his own queer wit,  
Such as my shaking sides may split,  
In notes, with many a jolly bout,  
Near Beaufort's Buildings oft roared out,  
With wagging curls, and smirk so cunning,  
His rig on many a looby running,  
Exposing all the ways and phizzes,  
Of "Wags, and Oddities, and Quizzes;"  
That Shuter's self might heave his head  
From drunken snoozes on a bed  
Of pot-house benches sprawl'd, and hear  
Such laughing songs as won the ear  
Of all the town, his slip to cover,  
Whene'er he met 'em half seas over.

Freaks like these if thou canst give,  
Fun, with thee I wish to live.

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No. 54. SATURDAY, MAY 25.

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— *Civitatem quis decent status*  
*Curo, et urbi sollicitus timeo.*

HOR. CAR. iii. 29, 25.

The care of this great city is upon my mind, and occasions me  
much anxiety and alarm.

THERE lived an Athenian, of the name of Thrasilus, who was mad in the pleasantest manner imaginable. He cherished a conceit that the gods had bestowed upon him the empire of the ocean, and maintained stoutly that every ship which put to shore in the



Pyræus, was his own property. He was thus the richest man in Greece, or in the world, without encountering any hazards, or exciting any envy. He was the greatest, with the fewest enemies, and with the least danger from conspiracies and rebellions. Of those which were wrecked, he took no pains to make any inquiries, but was beyond measure delighted when a vessel came safe into port, with a valuable lading. He lived a long time in this flattering delusion, till one of his brothers, who had a tender regard for him, arrived from Sicily. By his directions he was attended by a skilful physician, who succeeded in restoring him to the sound possession of his faculties. This was no sooner effected, than his cheerfulness in a great measure abandoned him; and he was wont ever after to declare, that he had never been so happy as when he drove a trade with all parts of the world from his own port, the Pyræus.

The case of this happy madman in some degree resembles my own; for the truth is, I have so long exercised the privilege of dictating to my countrymen, that I sometimes feel as if every thing I saw around me was my own property; and whatever my neighbours enjoyed, was held under me on condition of their good behaviour. Let no good-natured friend, therefore, endeavour to disenchant my mind from so pleasing an error, as long as they think it may conduce to give me spirit in an undertaking that may not be wholly useless to the public and to posterity. But perhaps another little story which I have in my memory, may serve to represent my situation better.

There was a certain carpenter in a little town of Silesia, who was famous for dispatch and skill in his craft. He was besides, a man of a most facetious fancy, and would often amuse himself with contriv-

ing curious and whimsical machines. It happened that a king of Bohemia was wounded in battle near the place where he lived. The carpenter was immediately employed to construct a kind of cradle, in which his majesty might be transported to his palace with ease and safety. The poor man was so elated with the honour done to his professional abilities, that he fairly lost his reason. In his disturbed imagination, he conceived that Jupiter had given him a job, which was to construct another globe that should be free from the inconveniences to which that which had already been formed by himself was so liable, as he had it in contemplation to substitute a more virtuous race of mortals, that would deserve a better accommodation. This poor fellow became, in the end, so crazy, that when he was sent for to put up a neighbour's door, or mend his elbow-chair, he would return for answer, that until he had chiselled out his new city in the place of Grand Cairo, he could not possibly attend to any other business. Now the conceit with which I am possessed, is not unlike that of the crazy carpenter, with this difference, that whereas he supposed himself employed by Jupiter to construct a new globe on a superior principle, it is my humour to imagine myself deputed to hammer out a new and worthier race of mortals to inhabit it when it shall be ready for their reception.

With these notions in my head, I set off a few days ago for this metropolis, where I am lodged in the house of a turner, in which the Olive-Branches have occasionally resided for this century back, and where my great-grandfather bought his favourite tobacco-stopper, but which has at present no other recommendations. They lay claim here also to the honour of having built my mother's great chair; but as this important fact has no place in our family

records, I am very much inclined to doubt its authenticity, although it is very certain, that, among my landlord's curiosities, the most valuable article is a real undoubted splinter of a walking-stick, that was many years in the possession of Mr. Isaac Olive-Branch, the father of my great-grandfather, and the author of those original observations which appeared in my 17th Number.

The morning after my arrival in this city, having substituted a pair of buckles in the place of my old ones, that savoured less of the middle ages, and having at once covered the family cut of my frock, and given a decent consistency to my little mummy frame, by the help of a common blue surtout coat, and all this to prevent my being pointed out as Old Simon, the Northamptonshire parson. I sallied forth with a fine sun over my head, determined to lounge away the morning in the streets of this capital. A long time had now elapsed since my visit to London ; but as my mind has always been pretty much peopled, and my thoughts accustomed to the contemplation of crowded scenes and active life, and turned, by a natural bias, towards the human kind, I did not experience those bewildering emotions, that confusion of ideas, that mental trouble, and that sinking sense of comparative insignificance, which some of the most retired of my country neighbours have represented themselves to have felt in walking through the streets of London, after a long rustication. It is pretty certain that most men feel their personal consequence die away in crowded resorts, unless they themselves bear a principal part in them, or by some means or other have extended their connections over a very considerable range. When we have once raised ourselves, however, to this elevation, the very reverse of these effects will be the

consequence. And the greater the crowd, the business, and the stir there is about us, the more we feel our consequence advanced, and in such a case we are never more at home than when we are abroad. Now, however little disposed my readers may be to acknowledge it, I cannot help feeling myself in this latter predicament ; and as I walk along in this great market of human souls, in the midst of this fermentation of business and pleasure, among shops, and theatres, and taverns, and churches, and houses, and shows, and funerals, and forums, and halls, and palaces, I consider them all as administering to my undertaking, and under a kind of contribution to my plan, as well as under my special control and cognizance.

I was a good deal amused and surprised by the numerous changes which had taken place since my last visit, and which appeared in every circumstance of life ; and though upon the whole the balance was much on the side of improvement, I had not got to the end of my street before I encountered a vast deal that was ridiculous and discommendable. The first observation I was led to make on the state of the capital, was the very promising symptoms of an increasing population, in the shapes of the young ladies ; and I own I was much delighted to behold so much elegance and fashion enlisted in the cause of matrimony. I drew a plain inference from this spectacle that was very honourable to my fellow-creatures ; and I considered it as the effect and the proof of that sanctity of morals, under which the marriage state is sure to be accredited and promoted ; and in the exultation of my spirits, was on the point of appropriating to myself a share in this happy revolution, when, happening to call at a fashionable ladies' school, to inquire after the health of two

of Mr. Allworth's nieces, I was again disconcerted by beholding my two young friends, who were neither of them fourteen years old, in a very mature state of pregnancy. Though I am spared the confusion of a blush by the olive cast of my complexion, I felt a strong sensation of inward shame, at an appearance so suspicious, and had just made up my mind to call the young ladies aside, that I might put such questions to them as my age allowed me, before I carried this unwelcome news to my worthy unsuspecting friend, when a couple of French teachers entered the room, that seemed each to be within a month of bringing twins into the world, followed by the governess, who, though apparently turned of fifty, brought with her a more rampant protuberance than them all put together. I shuddered at my own pinched-up figure amidst this surrounding plumpness, and seemed to myself almost shrunk up to nothing—till, no longer able to bear it out, I stole my hat off the peg on which it was hung, and having recommended all the company to the protection of Heaven, repaired straight to my landlady, to entreat a solution of this strange phenomenon. My landlady was unfortunately from home; and in the mean time I took up a letter that was upon my scrutoire, to amuse myself till her return. This letter was from my mother, and could not have been sent at a time in which it was likely to make a stronger impression.

“MY DEAR CHILD,

“Being aware of the bad habits, and the manifold snares of the great town into which you are launched, I cannot help again beseeching you to exercise all the discretion which God has given you to defend you against the craftiness of evil-minded men, and the poisonous wiles of cunning untoward

women, remembering that the pure blood of the Olive-Branches flows in your veins. In the mean time, I offer up my humble petitions, night and morning to Him who has so long protected your ancient and peaceable ancestry in a most notable and gracious manner, that He would administer to your youth a portion of that strength of mind which, at the giddy and tender age of fifty, distinguished your great-grandfather. You are now fast approaching that crisis, which has usually been looked upon as the prime of life in our family; and I have every hope, my dear child, that your blossoms will terminate in a fruit as wholesome and mature as any Olive-Branch of our tree has hitherto produced. Therefore, Sim, I charge thee, child of my bosom, take prudent care of thyself in that gay city; and for the few days that thou remainest there, harden thy little heart against the seductions of cunning folk and naughty women, that will be aimed at thy innocence and inexperience.

“Look me out, my dear, at some fair-dealing shop, and where folks are kind and want custom, a new shagreen spectacle-case, as my present ones are come to that age in which it is customary in our family to excuse them from service, and lay them up among our archives in the great chest; and buy me, Sim, furthermore, sundry pairs of those linsey-wolsey hose, of which neighbour Allworth and Madam Miranda have bought such a mighty quantity for the poor children and labourers of our parish. Keep yourself in-a-doors a-nights, Sim, and trust yourself as little as may be convenient to the fogs of that great town; for your constitution is not yet sufficiently confirmed to bear much foul weather. Wrap yourself up when you go a visiting, and take especial care of the tiles that fall from the roofs of the

houses, and mad oxen. Your coloured *roquelaure* I have had cleaned and scoured, so that you will hardly know it, child, when you see it again. God preserve my child, and keep him under his blessed protection! This is the constant prayer of

“Your loving mother,

“M. O.”

This letter from my poor mother coöperated so strongly with the apprehensions excited in my mind by the mysterious corpulency of most of the ladies whom I had hitherto met, that something like despair of succeeding in my plan of reform was beginning to shake my resolution, when my landlady most opportunely arrived to solve this problem, which had so much embarrassed and chagrined me. From her I learned, that this problematical protuberance was only one of those burdens which the tyranny of fashion is daily imposing upon the sex, and which at present seems to have been amplified with the pillage of their bosoms, which, in consequence, are left cruelly exposed, to supply coarse jokes to the fund of commonplace ridicule; and by heating the imaginations of our British youth, to furnish them with weapons against themselves. I propose, therefore, that these pads be changed into padlocks, or virgin zones, or something of a less scandalous and suspicious appearance. In the mean time, I shall send a true account of this puerperal mania to the female sisterhood assembled under my mother's direction, for their opinion, proposing at the same time a question for their consideration, namely, whether there be not an allegory couched under these pads; for, I am told, they are nothing more than the migration of those safeguards which are wont to be worn in their bosoms during the cold weather. I think the

whole contrivance does very emblematically express the danger resulting to females, from the adoption of a bosom friend, and the progress he makes from one favour to another.

I care but little about the dress of the gentlemen; though, if I cared more, I should see a good deal to discompose my serenity. That men should be inspired with such an idiotic love of change, as to sacrifice to it all grace, proportion, and comeliness, is a truth discreditable to the times; and surely the cumbersome dress of our ancestors should be spared from the ridicule bestowed upon it, when we regard the equipment of our modern beaux. The hat at present worn would suffer in the comparison by the side of that shown at all the museums as the identical one worn by the judge who condemned king Charles I.; and I have somewhere seen an old surtout of Sir Walter Raleigh's, the cut of which I should prefer to that of our modern coats.

I shall say nothing in derogation of the gentlemen's neck stuffings, as the fashion has been so ably recommended in the following advertisement, which I have met with in some of the public prints.

#### "NECK OR NOTHING.

##### "TO TRAVELLERS.

"This being the season of the year for excursions, the curious in cravats are informed that Nicholas Vanneck has prepared a new and unparalleled assortment of stuffing, capable of containing twelve shirts and two suits of clothes, with other appurtenances. They are besides so admirably contrived, as, in case of long sea voyages to Botany Bay, the Coast of Africa, or even a temporary situation in the



Hulks, to include a complete mattress, bolster, pillow, &c. He flatters himself that an object big with so many conveniences, will necessarily meet with its due encouragement. To duellists and such as venture their necks in battle, they will be an effectual armour as far as they go—not to mention the terror they may happen to strike into an enemy unaccustomed to these phenomena. As fools are had in great honour in certain countries, and as, in the country of Monstrous Crows, idiotism for the most part goes together with this attribute, our young English travellers may profit mightily by this fashion in their progress over the Continent, provided they do nothing more to forfeit this idiotic preëminence than they have hitherto done in their customary tours.”

It is impossible I should comment upon half the absurdities which have either scandalized or diverted me during my stay in the metropolis. I have made minutes, however, of every thing that has attracted my observation, to furnish out the matter of a future paper. What has given me as much trouble as any thing, has been the multitude of little improvements in the most diminutive articles of ordinary use, with which life of late has become ponderous. A pair of snuffers is as complicated as a cotton mill; and a man must have a knowledge of mechanics to put on his buckles. Among them all, I cannot find one that, as Pythagoras said of Euclid's 47th proposition, deserves a hecatomb. For my own part, I would willingly consign to oblivion the greatest part of these holiday inventions, to recover some of those useful discoveries which have been swallowed up by the avidity of time; and would willingly see exchanged Mr. Merlin's chairs for Archimedes's ma-

chines ; and our newly-invented liquid shining blacking for shoes, for the Egyptian secret of staining marble. Every thing you touch nowadays, is endowed with a kind of mechanical life ; and if I venture to handle a piece of furniture at a friend's house, 'tis ten to one but that, in a moment or two, there flies out a spring, by which I receive a violent rap on the forehead—and this passes for a great convenience. It is in vain that I endeavour to re-instate the thing in the posture in which I found it ; it mocks all my ingenuity, and I am forced to call in the master of the house to my assistance. The other day, in visiting an acquaintance, I was obliged to ring the bell to inquire how to knock at his door ; and after my admittance, the whole evening was passed in a succession of trick and surprise, insomuch that I could not have been in greater alarm if I had been trespassing among steel traps and spring guns. The chairs and tables, the knives and forks, the screens and the fire things, seemed all bewitched, and I scarcely touched an article without sincere repentance.

The diversions were of the same cast. Curious packs of cards, puzzling fans, and magic lanterns, made out the whole amusement of the evening ; and I found my old friends converted into conjurers, much against the design of nature. I reckon it indeed a peculiar piece of good fortune, that I have been able to find a simple unsophisticated shagreen spectacle-case for my mother, who might puzzle herself for an hour to find a use for those conveniences which I have generally found annexed to it. There was a time when our contrivances used to be made for our wants ; but now we begin at the other end, and must make wants for our contrivances.

Thursday night, 10 o'clock. The following proclamation has just this moment been brought to me by express from my mother's synod.

“Whereas, it has been made known to our high court of females, in council assembled, that the rage of public amusements is grown to such a height among our loving subjects, that the London ladies run away to them before they are entirely dressed; we do hereby order, that such females be subjected to the penalties of the vagrant act. As it is the nature of fashion to familiarize us gradually to the most frightful innovations, and to carry us step by step into the most indecorous habitudes, we shall shortly publish, with the stamp and seal of our authority, a scale of dress, adjusted to the thermometer, from the freezing point up to blood heat. We shall hereby provide, that in the sultriest weather, the British ladies never uncover below a certain point, or let the Zephyr on any account imprint a kiss upon their bosoms; for we judge it not only perilous to our own sex, but unjust towards the other, to overheat the gentlemen in cooling ourselves. We have, moreover, taken into our most serious consideration the disorder and disorganization that has taken place in the different parts of our dress, which has of late years occasioned strange deficiencies and redundancies, in contradiction to, or in exaggeration of, Nature's benign institutions. To restore the necessary equilibrium, we shall take very summary measures to call up all the constituent parts of dress into their proper places, so that every lady may appear with the form that Nature has bestowed upon her, and not outrage her work by coarse attempts to correct it. We cannot but consider the sex, at present, to be in the condition of other bodies, whose

equilibrium of electrical fire being destroyed, are ready for explosion as soon as they come into contact with a proper conductor. Thus their bosoms are charged with negative, and their waists with positive electricity—a state as dangerous as can well be imagined to the tranquillity of their minds and safety of their persons. We do, therefore, enact, by virtue of our sovereign authority, that all females in England, in our dominion of Wales, and town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, do implicitly and reverently comport themselves in strict observance in this our scale of dress, after the 6th day of May next. Given at our Court, the 21st day of April, 1793.”

I cannot help thinking that my mother's apprehensions on my account, now that I am exposed to these surrounding temptations, have accelerated the publication of this wise proclamation.

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No. 55. SATURDAY, JUNE 1.

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*Τὰ ἡγεμονικὰ αὐτῶν διαζέπε, καὶ τοὺς φρονίμους, οἷα μὲν  
φεύγουσιν, οἷα δὲ διώκουσιν.*

ANTONIN. PIUS.

Examine the constitution of their minds, and the nature of their pursuits, the grounds and objects of their disgusts and affections.

I HAVE been now three days in the capital; and every hour's experience confirms me in the con-

viction, that I was not born to make any considerable figure within the bills of mortality. It is not that my coat is so out of the fashion, though I confess that even there I am not in all the severity of the mode ; but there is a certain incorrigible indolence in the turn of my mind, which makes it slow in adopting what has nothing to recommend it but change, and dull in comprehending the value of inconvenience, and the wisdom of encumbrance. I carry about with me a formal cast of thinking, which fastens upon a set of principles, that refuse to be disciplined by the world, or modified by its customs. My pleasures, too, are still of a more unaccommodating nature, and will not be tutored into that line of enjoyment which fashion has prescribed to its votaries. Being thus, in a manner, abandoned to my own counsels, I am determined upon making the best of my bargain ; and as I observe that it is among the secret maxims of every man's bosom, when he finds himself in an error, to invent a system to countenance and support it, rather than confess his fallibility ; and that, when a philosopher is wrong, his way is not to seek to correct himself, but to prove himself right ; so it shall be my business to fortify myself in my singularities of opinion, by building up a system around them.

Preparatory to a business of such magnitude, it will be necessary to remove all interruptions and impediments that may rise in my way from former systems, and to make, as other great philosophers do, a general clearance, to all of whom the old proverb may be very properly applied, "That new brooms sweep clean." I give notice, therefore, that I have it in contemplation to astonish the world with a new list of vulgar errors, or *pseudodoxia epidemica* ; a short specimen of which I shall here subjoin :—

A fine coat makes, proves, or discovers the gentleman ;	
A red coat,	the soldier ;
A tight pair of breeches,	a fellow of ease ;
A snuff box,	a connoisseur ;
An eye-glass,	a short-sighted man ;
A cabinet of rarities,	a naturalist ;
A gallery of portraits,	a man of family ;
A large library,	a good scholar ;
A good table,	a man of hospitality ;
A phaëton and four,	a man of fortune ;
A pudding sleeve,	a minister of God's word ;
A doctor's degree,	a dignified clergyman ;
A seat in parliament,	a statesman ;
A stare in public,	a man of great acquaintance ;
A bluntness of manner,	an openness of mind ;
A short memory,	deep erudition ;
The want of judgment,	a man of genius ;
A gold-headed cane,	a critic of the drama ;
A knack at versifying,	a good poet ;
A good preacher,	a good sermon-maker ;
An open purse,	a man of charity ;
Volubility,	a man of eloquence ;
Taciturnity,	a contemplative man ;
Infidelity,	a philosopher ;
Discontentedness,	a patriot ;
Facility,	a good-natured man ;
A couple of duels,	a man of honour ;
A couple of bottles,	a man of a strong head ;
A couple of mistresses,	a man of gallantry ;
A declaimer against man-kind,	a better man than his neighbours ;
A humble speaker,	a modest man ;
A good joker,	a good companion ;
A great soaker,	a jolly fellow ;
A horse-laugh,	a pleasant fellow ;
A man of sentiment,	a man of virtue.

All these opinions, and a thousand more, equally established, I shall endeavour to remove, before I come forward with my new system, to which I am resolved, in imitation of other great philosophers, to make every thing a victim that opposes it, if, to clear the way for it, I am forced to pull down the very pillars of fashionable orthodoxy, and blaspheme the sanctity of dulness at its very shrine. I cannot answer for the extraordinary lengths to which my systematizing fury may transport me ; possibly, it may lead me on to maintain that, to be a thorough gentleman, one must be a Christian, at least in practice, and that our appearance in the next world is of more consequence than our figure in this. For such heresies as these, I can expect no toleration in the hierarchy of fashion ; yet I am resolved to buckle to my tenets till the last extremity, though the inquisition of the *beau monde*, in the plenitude of its cruelty, should condemn me to be “ married, and settled in the country.”

One of the most cheerful hopes with which my mind amused itself, in forming the plan of this visit to the metropolis, was that of finding, in this great field of human character, a truly polite man, and such a one as my fancy had often pictured to itself, in my moonlight walks through the chestnut groves of my neighbour Blunt. I despair, however, in the course of the short time I have yet to dedicate to the search, of finding my man ; I shall therefore describe this creature of my fancy, as accurately as I remember it, that if, perchance, he should be met anywhere by any of my readers, or if haply he should be among my readers, he may know that, in an obscure town in Northamptonshire, there lives an odd little old man, whose pulse would beat like a drum, and whose bosom would glow with delight, to behold, ere he sinks into

the tomb of his ancestors, the original of that copy with which his dreams have presented him.

He is a person of a settled and composed carriage, and his walk is easy, natural, and graceful ; he does not move as if he thought he was admired, or were solicitous about it ; as if he were conscious of shame, or were afraid of ridicule ; he approaches you with an unstudied, unconstrained, and simple demeanour ; he has no jerk or toss with his head, nor any set smile on his face, nor any gesture that savours of the dancing school, or the mirror ; he stands steady while he is speaking to you, looks you in the face, and talks not as if he wished others to listen rather than yourself, stealing perpetual glances at the company or the bystanders. What he means for you, he directs to you, and has nothing tortuous or oblique in the turn of his observations ; he is still less inclined to be problematical and mysterious ; he never tells you half a secret, to make you more curious about the rest, and to raise his consequence in your eyes. When he converses, it is not as if he were pumping from a reservoir, but drawing from a fountain ; he lets a good thing perish in his mind, rather than protrude it unseasonably. His humour is the relaxation, and not the stretch of his understanding ; and of a character more to amuse than to dazzle—thus he never torments himself, to produce mirth, and can bear his own silence rather than talk without ideas. He is frugal in compliment, and flatters more in actions than in words ; in which case he may lose the credit of a fine speech with the company ; but the specific value of his compliment rises proportionably in the eyes of the object for whom it was meant. He has erudition, but he can afford to let it sleep at times ; it is not his only resource ; and if his other resources occasionally fail him, he can redeem himself at a



future opportunity. There is between his gestures and his observations a correspondence and consent, that communicate to his manners a certain harmony and equilibrium, and gives a secret charm to all he says and does. He never employs more force than is necessary to its object, or makes a parade of grace and agility when a simple thing is to be done. His principles, like his manners, are modest, but firm; and he carries his pliancy to no fundamental articles of religion and morality, but speaks of the virtuous and the vicious as they are, if he speaks of them at all. He hears with patience what you have to say, and his answers prove he has been attending to you. He never speaks of his education before an ordinary man; of his riches, when in company with the distressed; or vaunts his happiness, in the presence of such as are ill at ease; still less does he disparage himself unreasonably, for the sake of extorting his eulogy from you. His assiduities are delicate and interesting, his tones natural, and his smiles and his tears unbought, uncopied, and unsuborned. He has spirit and mettle enough, but it is not forthcoming on light occasions; and, rather than disturb a company, he leaves a paltry victory in the hands of his antagonist. In a word, he is

— as gentle

As zephyrs blowing beneath the violet,  
Not wagging its sweet head; and yet as rough,  
His generous blood inflam'd, as the rud'st wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And makes him stoop to th' vale.

I was just proceeding to brighten this character yet more, by drawing its contrast, when there came into my mind two sketches by M. La Bruyere, which are so much to my purpose, that I shall present to my readers that part of each of them, which has fixed

itself in my memory. “N’espérez plus de candeur, de franchise, d’équité, de bons offices, de bienveillance, de générosité, de fermeté, dans un homme qui s’est depuis long-temps délivré à la cour, et qui secrètement veut sa fortune. Le reconnoissez-vous à son visage, à ses entretiens ? Il ne nomme plus chaque chose par son nom : il n’y a pour lui de fripons, de fourbes, de sots, et d’impertinences. Pensant mal de tout le monde, il n’en dit de personne ; ne voulant de bien qu’à lui seul, il veut persuader qu’il en veut à tous, afin que tous lui en fassent, ou que nul du moins lui soit contraire. Non content de n’être pas sincère, il ne souffre pas que personne le soit ; la vérité blesse son oreille. Tyran de la société, et martyr de son ambition, il a une triste circonspection dans sa conduite et dans ses discours, une raillerie innocente, mais froide et contrainte, un ris forcé, des caresses contrefaites, une conversation interrompue, et des distractions fréquentes. Il a une profusion, le dirai-je ? des torrens des louanges pour ce qu’a fait ou ce qu’a dit un homme placé, et qui est en faveur ; et pour toute autre, une sécheresse de pulmonique. Il a des formules de complimens différens pour l’entrée et pour la sortie à l’égard de ceux qu’il visite, ou dont il est visité ; et il n’y a personne de ceux qui se paient de mines et de façons de parler, qui ne sort d’avec lui fort satisfait. Il vise également à se faire des patrons et des créatures. Il est médiateur, confident, entremetteur ; il veut gouverner ; il a une faveur de novice pour toutes les petites pratiques de cour ; il sait où il faut se placer pour être vu ; il sait vous embrasser, prendre part à votre joie ; vous faire coup sur coup des questions compressées sur votre santé, sur vos affaires ; et, pendant que vous lui répondez, il perd le fil de sa curiosité, vous interromp, entame un autre sujet ; ou s’il survient quel-

qu'un à qu'il doive un discours tout différent, il fait, en achevant de vous congratuler, lui faire un compliment de condoléance ; il pleure d'un oeil, et il rit de l'autre. Se formant quelquefois sur les ministres, ou sur le favori, il parle en public des choses frivoles, du vent, de la gelée ; il se tait au contraire, et fait le mystérieux, sur ce qu'il sait de plus important, et plus volontiers encore sur ce qu'il ne sait point.—

“ J'entends Théodocte de l'anti-chambre : il grossit sa voix à mesure qu'il s'approche ; le voilà entré ; il rit, il crie, il éclate : on bouche ses oreilles, et c'est un tonnerre : il n'est pas moins redoutable par les choses qu'il dit que par le ton dont il parle : il ne s'appaise, et il ne revient de ce grand fracas, que pour bredouiller des vanités et des sottises ; il a si peu d'égard au tems, aux personnes, aux bienséances, que chacun a son fait sans qu'il ait eu intention de lui donner ; il n'est pas encore assis qu'il a à son insu désobligé toute l'assemblée. A-t-on servi, il se met le premier à table, et dans la première place. Il mange, il boit, il conte, il plaisante, il interrompt tout à la fois. Il n'a nul discernement des personnes, ni du maître, ni des conviés ; il abuse de la folle déférence qu'on a pour lui. Est-ce lui, est-ce Eutedeme, qui donne le repas ? Il rappelle à soi toute l'autorité de la table ; et il y a un moindre inconvénient à la lui laisser entière, qu'à la lui disputer. Le vin et les viandes n'ajoutent rien à son caractère : si l'on joue, il gagne au jeu ; il vent railler celui qui perd, et il l'offense ; les rieurs sont pour lui. Il n'y a sorte de fatuités qu'on ne lui passe. Je cède enfin, et je disparois, incapable de souffrir plus long-tems Théodocte et ceux qui le souffrent.”

These last two characters I have happily found during my short residence here, and within a stone's throw of my lodgings. To my discerning readers I

leave the task of matching the first. In the mean time I will endeavour to amuse them with the relation of an odd kind of dream, which I fell into last night, after having consumed most part of the day in rambling over the different squares in the neighbourhood of Oxford-street. My thoughts had been diverted, amidst the whirl of opulence and splendour which surrounded me, with reflections on the topsyturvy dispositions of civilized life, where the law of inheritance and succession places us frequently in situations so wide of those for which nature has formed us. I could not get these thoughts out of my head, when I laid it upon my pillow; they pursued me in a dream, and brought the following scene before my eyes. Methought I stood by the road side, on the margin of a pellucid stream, of which some one at my elbow told me the following tradition.—Persecution had once borrowed the Furies of Proserpine, to lash Truth out of the world. The poor maid, whose custom it was to go about half-naked, was cruelly driven by these implacable Billingsgates. She was pursued from city to city, and from town to town, till, at the moment when she was beginning to faint with fatigue and the loss of blood, she came to the brink of this little rivulet, into which she forthwith plunged, and was preserved, by the presiding deity, from the further vengeance of her tormentors. In recompense for this happy rescue, the stream was endued with the property of reflecting each person that passed by, in the true character and office for which Nature had designed him, had Nature been suffered to take her course.

I was now desired to contemplate in the stream the images of those who passed, and observe well the metamorphoses it represented. At that moment there appeared, in a chair, an elderly lady, in her way to

St. James's. There was as much of her, clothes and all, as the chair could well contain. As soon as she was opposite the faithful pool, the transformation was surprising. Her vehicle was converted into an ordinary wheelbarrow; and the same person that I had, but a moment before, beheld enveloped in flounce and brocade, fell to crying potatoes with the lustiest scream, and the most hearty good-will imaginable. I had scarcely taken leave of my old dowager potatoe woman, before I beheld, at a distance, a couple of noble peers approach in a phaëton and four. As soon, however, as they arrived at the spot, the water reflected back the image of a cart carrying two criminals to the place of execution, and the blue ribbon round one of their necks took the likeness of a halter. A very spruce gentleman in black now came forward, with a cane and tassel in his hand, and a glittering something on his finger. This gentleman, I was told, was an evening lecturer, and a very popular preacher. It was singular enough to see so venerable a personage, as soon as he came to this oracular water, equipped with a bag and brush, and crying forth, "Sweep! Sweep!" with the most natural tones conceivable. A nobleman's carriage now came rolling by, when what was my astonishment, to see his lordship get out of his vehicle, and, after handing the coachman into it, mount the box himself! I could not observe his lordship's skill in driving, for the noise made in my ears by a passing nabob, who was stunning me with the cry of "Black your shoes, your honour!" My attention was now diverted by a long funeral procession; the hearse underwent but small alteration, as no dead man is out of character, but the plumes all fell upon the ground, and were trampled under foot; in the succeeding carriages there was one roar of laughter; the chief mourners

were changed into merry-andrews, while the mutes fell to singing with a very hearty good-will.

I turned my eyes from this disgusting spectacle, and beheld, at some distance, two gentlemen arm in arm, who, I was informed, had long passed for models of disinterested friendship. They had hardly, however, come up with me, before, as it appeared in the stream, one of them drew out a pistol from his bosom, and would certainly have shot the other through the head, if he had not taken to his heels the moment his arm was disengaged. A couple that had been united some years, as a bystander informed me, succeeded these bosom friends. I thought I blushed, after my fashion, that is, as much as my adust complexion would allow me, to see them change their lower garments in the watery mirror, and the lady walk off, *en cavalier*, with her husband's breeches. A surgeon happening most opportunely to meet a carcase-butcher just at the critical spot, appeared to give him up his box of instruments, and march away with his tray on his shoulder. A very fine man, in a red coat, was now coming up, with a truly martial stare; in a moment, however, his regimentals were covered with a smock frock, and his cane changed into a carter's whip, and in this equipment he plodded away like another Cincinnatus retiring to the plough.

At this instant, as I looked into the stream, a person seemed to be picking my pocket as he passed. I turned hastily round, and was told that the gentleman that was walking by, was a methodist preacher. A stately person that now advanced, was, as I was informed, a famous poet at watering-places, and celebrated for his elegies on ladies' larks, and linnets, and lap-dogs, and ladies themselves. As he approached, the whole inside of a book, which he held under his

arm, seemed to be dispersed a thousand ways, like the leaves of the Sibyllæ, and nothing but the covers were left him, while the man himself was reflected by the stream in the character of an undertaker.

Methought, after this, a most solemn scene rose before my eyes. A succession of the Olive-Branches, for ten generations back, passed beside the stream ; and, what was truly surprising, it reflected them all just as they were, in their native simplicity, not a lineament of their faces altered, not a shred of their garments transposed. I thought my great-grandfather, whom I knew by the tobacco-stopper in his hand, cast a discontented look at the modish appearance of my buckles, which I had purchased since my arrival in town ; which circumstance so terribly disconcerted me, that I was on the point of throwing myself into the stream, if I had not waked at that instant, and changed my mind in consequence.

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No. 56. SATURDAY, JUNE 8.

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Like a maiden shy and fearful,  
Hidden now by turns, and seen,  
Frownest now, and now art cheeful,  
Spring, Creation's fickle queen.

Winter's wither'd clutches hold thee,  
Doting on thy youthful charms ;  
Summer, longing to infold thee,  
Pulls thee to his ardent arms.

My paper owes, methinks, a kind of annual tribute to the Spring ; under its auspices it began, and

started into life with the primrose and the violet. I question much if I should have had courage for this project at any other time of the year ; but when all nature is teeming with a new produce, when every vegetable is acting up to its destination, and answering its calling, I should feel it as a tacit reproach to myself, if at the same moment I were conscious of an indisposition towards those duties and exertions for which, as a moral agent, I was designed. The aids, too, of a fine day, and a glowing horizon, are not inconsiderable towards forming a temper of mind adapted to spirited undertakings ; and it is on this account, that if there be one day in the week finer than another, it is sure to become the era of a cheerful Number ; and on this occasion the fields of my neighbour Blunt are the scene of my operations. I know of no spot in which Spring appears with such advantage as in the premises of this gentleman ; who, since the surprising revolution wrought in his character, by the institutes and habits of our society, has developed a great many hidden qualities of a very agreeable kind, and among the rest, a peculiar talent in the distribution of rural scenery. There is, indeed, so strong a relationship between morals and taste, that the one is seldom improved without a manifest advantage to the other ; and as they both have their birth in the same right constitution of mind, a secret tie of affinity always approximates them, however their natural tendency to unite may be crossed by superinduced habits, and perverse modes of education. Thus, for every step my neighbour Blunt has advanced in his plans of self-correction, I think I have remarked some corresponding improvement in the disposition of his grounds ; and his present expansion of mind has been attended with a proportionate enlargement of his scenes and prospects. A



little hillock in the midst of one of his fields, on which there is a circular bench round the trunk of an ancient oak, whence you look down upon his garden, which is only a more studied kind of park, has always been the scene of my lighter speculations; as his chestnut groves have been my resort, when it has been my purpose to submit to my readers a soberer train of thoughts. Shut up as I am at present, in the midst of the capital, I must necessarily forego these aids; but yet perhaps this denial gives me an intenser feeling of the beauties which I lose, and paints them yet stronger in idea, for the regret which accompanies the thought of them. The time which I had dedicated to this visit, is on the point of expiring; a circumstance that gives me the greater pleasure, as I observe that no one in this part of the world seems to feel any interest in the progress of the year, but as it facilitates the destruction of the species. Thus, while Nature is busied in refreshing her works, and breathing new life and youth into the creation, we are in this metropolis only occupied about the progress of slaughter, and have no ears but for topics of calamity. Nobody talks now of the rose, or the lily, or the blossom, or the verdure; a new interest has succeeded, by which they are totally supplanted; and the odours of Spring are exchanged for smoke and powder. Her ethereal mildness, her balmy fragrance, and her rosy chaplets, will no longer be her favourite attributes; and it will be unclassical to represent her under any less formidable figure than that of a frowning goddess, reposing on a cannon. She must adopt a crown of laurel, instead of her garlands of flowers; and instead of opening her buds, she must be occupied in opening her campaigns. Poetry, too, must give up many of the fine things which she has borrowed from the Spring, as well as

many of the handsome things which she has said of her in return ; and considering the threatening form under which she is viewed at present, the “*ἐγέλασε δὲ γαῖα πελώρη*” of Hesiod will no longer apply to this season of the year.

In another view also this novel character in which the Spring appears, threatens very much to circumscribe the range of compliment, and to impoverish the fund of allusion and comparison, which supply us with eulogies on the female sex. Thus, when we ascribe to a lady the breath of Spring, unless her perfections be such as not to leave it in doubt, it may not be immediately understood whether we mean that breath of Spring which comes from her carnations or from her cannons, from her howitzers or from her hyacinths. As to myself, however, who have received such true delight from contemplating the Spring under her ancient form, I am determined not to acknowledge her in her new character. I shall not follow her when she is transporting her artillery and baggage over dusty plains, where “fields, all iron, cast a gleaming brown ;” but shall seek her through fields of cowslip and clover, and study to surprise her in those moments when she is sporting it with Zephyr and Flora “on a soft downy bank damask’d with flowers.” I shall still persist in borrowing my allusions from her in my eulogies on the fair sex, and shall still come to her for patterns of sweetness and grace. I shall hope that the ladies will consider me with more than usual favour, on account of these my disinterested exertions in their cause ; for their cause it certainly is, who have hitherto held all the seasons of the year under contribution to their praise ; and who, when one province of compliment is invaded, may reasonably be apprehensive for them all.

*Galla, tibi totus sua munera dedicat annus;  
Ver roseas malas et labra rubedine pingit;  
Mille oculis ignes radiantibus imprimit æstas;  
Autumnus matura sinu dua poma recondit;  
Quod reliquum est aspergit hyems candore nivali.*

Galla, to thee the lavish year has given  
All that its genial lap receives from Heaven:  
The Spring thy rosy cheek with damask dyes,  
And Summer suns shoot kindling from thy eyes;  
Two apples Autumn hides within thy breast,  
And Winter's purest snow has bleach'd the rest.

I consider too, that if the Spring should lose its ancient honours and attractions, I may possibly lose a part of the credit attached to one of my principal receipts for the moral cures I undertake to perform; I mean the cultivation of rural pleasures. Now this is a circumstance of great national weight, and only next in importance to that defalcation of compliment sustained in the female empire. A course of quiet contemplation, at this season of the year, is my chief dependence in those chronic cases of the mind, where the mass of our reasoning is vitiated, and where the sources of enjoyment are corrupt. A little Spring physic is as wholesome for mental diseases, as for those of the body; and I know of no moral medicines of a more alterative efficacy, than those which operate by the gradual introduction of new sentiments and tastes. I generally recommend a Spring in preference to a Summer course, because the novelty and vivacity of its productions, engage us to persevere in it with greater cheerfulness and constancy; and make it the properest to be balanced against the common amusements of a dissipated career.

But though, in this view of it, my prescription must be acknowledged to be excellent, inasmuch as, by giving us a sublimer relish of life, it discredits those pleasures which are at best unimproving and

barren, yet, as a specific against the melancholy passions, I consider it as deserving still greater praise. Pride, envy, and those choleric and gloomy feelings, which for the most part accompany poverty and disappointment, are softened and subdued in our minds, as soon as our ambition is directed to more obvious gratifications, and to more attainable objects. The inquiry to which Nature invites us is so boundless, so various, and so inexhaustible a theme, that no man, who has ever engaged in it with spirit, has ever complained of weariness or satiety, looked back with regret on the objects which he has abandoned for it, or repined at the triumphs of the great and the fortunate, in the more envied situations of life.

It is a certain truth, that few things contribute more to calm the passions and expand the heart, than this direction of our inquiries ; it calms the passions, by disposing them to milder and more innocent enjoyments ; it expands the heart by the infinity of new relations it unfolds, and the vaster views it affords of creative wisdom. By thus acquiring the habit of regarding things more in their relative places, and in their real colours, we learn to make a juster estimate of life, to set the proper price upon unsubstantial greatness, and to look around us (*oculo irretorto*) with resolute complacency, and with dignified composure.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:  
You cannot rob me of fair Nature's grace;  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;  
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve.

But that which, perhaps more than all, recommends the silent lessons which the mind may receive through the eye, by a proper use of this season of

the year, is the happy and wholesome mixture of gay and grave admonitions with which they are checkered. I could never look upon the progress of vegetation, and so complete a renewal of Nature's graces, without a secret pensiveness, inspired by the reflection that the return of the daisy, and the regeneration of the rose, has brought me, with a sensible approach, one step nearer to old age and the grave; that they meet me again, indeed, but not where they met me before; — not renovated as they are, not gathering fresh youth and vivacity; endued, perhaps, with less ability to enjoy them; perhaps deprived of some of those sharers in the satisfactions they conveyed, who were wont to endear them by a partnership of feeling.

It is true, that right over yonder hill the sun is rising again with his usual splendour; I recognize the returning fragrance of this grove and this field; I see the little lambs in sprightly groups again covering the green slopes, and the furze again hanging out their golden baskets. But where is that bosom friend that stood with me upon this spot last Spring, and remarked with me the then returning glory of the sun, as he broke out from behind that same hill; that recognized with me the returning fragrance of this grove and this field, and contemplated, with a corresponding gayety of heart, the little fleecy progeny sporting on the declivity of yonder hill, amidst the yellow bloom of the furze? Alas! the winter in the mean time has laid him in his grave, where his worm-eaten body lies, without sense or motion, although the same objects which used to raise in him such high delight are come again with their former charms, though the fields smell as fresh as ever, and the same merry tribe are again skipping on the sides of the mountains.

Hélas! hélas! ce beau Printemps,  
Qui quelques jours à-peine dure,  
Ne revient point pour les amans,  
Comme il revient pour la nature.

At this season of the year, and cherishing, as I do, these ideas of the Spring and its advantages, I must needs be a little out of humour with the metropolis, where she is only regarded for her cabbages or her campaigns. Indeed, I have cautiously abstained from introducing her as a subject at any houses where I visit, since the other day, when upon my observing, at a friend's table in the city, how great a feast was afforded to the curious and contemplative at this time of the year, a little gentleman with spectacles, at my right hand, agreed that now we might begin to expect news from the Continent; while at the same instant I was supported in my remark, by a very consequential voice from the top of the table, which pronounced that salmon was in all its glory.

These are affronts passed upon Nature's prime, which I cannot with any patience endure; and as the Spring is always personified, in my fancy, under the form of a beautiful female, breathing perfumes, and adorned with garlands, I feel all that gallantry and zeal in her behalf, which it is natural to be inspired with in the cause of the sex. Accordingly, I am sure to be filled with indignation, when I see her the object of gross and indelicate regards, and viewed only as the source of sensual gratifications. I am impatient to go where I shall behold her treated with her due honours, and where she speaks not to sense and appetite, but to the understanding and to the heart.

In the mean time, I cannot help regretting that our English gentry, by the present modes of living, are cut off from all connection with the country at this

delightful time, and really see little more of it than what languishes in their flower-pots, or travels on the backs of chimney-sweepers. Anything attracts more than rural objects and rural contemplations; and the barren sea receives them as soon as the town is too hot to hold them, or pronounced so by the laws of fashionable feeling. I tremble for the fate of the English garden, that pride of our nation, in such inauspicious times, unless while their owners are salting themselves at Weymouth and Brighthelmstone, they could put their country-seats in a pickle that could preserve them. The sea could never with more propriety be said to be gaining upon the land, than at the present moment; nor does she in this instance restore what she takes, with the same punctuality with which she is said on the coast to make good in one place what she has wrested from us in another; indeed, it would not be easy to make us compensation for these robberies which she commits in the very heart of our country. That she pillages our forests, I can see with patience; she is even welcome now and then to a morsel of barren land on the coast; but I never can bear that she should rob our gardens of their due care and cultivation, till I am satisfied that in this particular also she makes us a complete public reparation.

I shall finish this day's entertainment with a translation of some remarks which I find in Baron Von Lowhen's *Analysis of Nobility*, and which I think assist the objects of this paper. "It will not be disparaging the nobility, to recommend agriculture to them in all its branches. The English philosopher, whose thought on education I have quoted, among other objects of a young person's study, lays considerable stress on the advantage of learning some manual trade; which also made a part of the plan of Charles

the Great in the education of his children. The benefits flowing from agriculture are so great, that an attention to this art will supply the want of more splendid talents to the community. There is certainly no part of natural philosophy of equal importance with agriculture ; and a nobleman merits as much the esteem of his country for benefiting it through this channel, as through that of war or negotiation. The use of such talents results from the depravity of mankind ; but both the origin and objects of agriculture are innocent and virtuous. The perfection of a nobleman's character consists in the union of these qualities ; so that, while by his civil and military talents he is promoting the honour, by his agricultural skill, he may be improving the estate of his family. Among the Romans, Cato the Censor, wrote treatises upon agriculture, and the Emperor Dioclesian, resigned for it the charms of sovereignty. Cyrus the Great, made it a mark of his particular favour to admit a subject into his little orchard which he had cultivated with his own hands. We read in the historical relations of China, that there is a public ceremony of opening the grounds, at which the emperor and other Indian monarchs assist every year ; and the kings of the ancient Persians mixed with the husbandmen at an annual feast. We are also told, that every year the farmer who has turned his lands to the best account, is made, by the emperor of China, a Mandarin of the eighth order. The heroic Prince of Condé, frequently made agriculture the amusement of his leisure ; and I myself, when in England, saw the Earl of Peterborough, who had commanded the British forces, stripped to his waistcoat, with his spade in his hand, and hard at work with his gardeners."



## No. 57. SATURDAY, JUNE 15.

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*Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam?*

Still must I hear, and never answer make?

JUV. SAT. i. 1.

## SERMON TO A CLERICAL CONGREGATION.

*How was he honoured in the midst of the people, on his coming out of the sanctuary!*

*When he put on the robe of honour, and was clothed with the perfection of glory, when he went up to the altar, he made the garment of holiness honourable.*

ECCLES. chap. 1.

IT is now a long time that the privilege has been yours, of counselling, correcting, exhorting, admonishing, and reproving myself and the rest of my countrymen, without danger of interruption or reply; and, upon the whole, I have no great fault to find with your doctrines, which, in the main, have been salutary and well intended. But it is the great mischief attendant upon the office you have undertaken, that, while a man is employed in exposing the errors and reprehending the vices of his fellow-creatures, he is apt to make a tacit reserve in his own favour, and, in the ardour of his preceptive zeal, to forget the necessity of practice, and the power of example. The corruption of the clergy in earlier times, was the effect of this self-partiality. Their eagerness to make converts, swallowed up this attention to their own conduct; and if their consciences became importunate and troublesome, the sophistry of the passions was

always at hand, to suggest that their private vices were only the result of their public zeal; that, in our present state of imperfection, a great and unlimited scope of exertion must necessarily multiply particular failures, and that these particular failures drew a kind of honour to themselves, from the alliance they claimed with an universal activity and unbounded zeal in the great cause of religion.

This argument, if true of one man, must be true of another; pursue it whither it leads, and we shall find it will operate its own overthrow, and prove nothing by proving too much. Let every man adopt it, and let every man neglect himself in the pursuit of a general good; where will be the advantage of lessons and instructions, and what kind of general good will that be, which fastens upon no individual? Such palliatives of private and particular vices, are absurd and dangerous in the extreme; since the end of our creation, the interests of humanity, and the law of nature, require that a man's self should be his first care, and that his own practice should be the measure of his worth.

If there were men, however, formerly, who could satisfy themselves with these hollow excuses, even these have now lost every shadow of foundation. The age of church-errantry is over—missionaries, legates, crusaders, and reformers have long gone off the stage; and the range of our parochial clergy is sufficiently confined, to give them the needful time for attention to their own conduct, and the discharge of their personal duties. On the contrary, I conceive that the great leisure they enjoy, comparatively with the generality of professional men, imposes on them a severer obligation, in respect to all the rules of social virtue, as well as the principles and practices of religion and morality; whereas, amidst the nu-

merous calls and interruptions that arise in all secular professions, that collectedness of principle, that steady march of virtue, which are the fruits of much reasoning with one's self, and the tacit victories of the heart, are hardly to be expected in any eminent degree, from men immersed in interested pursuits and habituated to look upon worldly advantage as the great concern of their being.

If some of our teachers are more engaged than others ; if some are even loaded with occupation ; yet this occupation, however great, is always, or should be always, calculated to season their minds with wholesome lessons, to supply matter for the highest contemplations, and to purify, whether it be little or much, the leisure they enjoy.

I consider that our Creator has made us all stewards in different departments, and of different trusts. That one is a steward of his riches, another of his health, another of his faculties, and that thus one will be more particularly responsible on one account than on another. The clergy are stewards of their leisure, inasmuch as they, for the greater part, possess more of it than other men. To him, therefore, who has husbanded well this leisure, it may perhaps be said, when the moment of retribution shall arrive : "Well done, thou good and faithful servant ; thou hast been faithful over thy portion of time ; I will make thee partaker of eternity !"

The space, it is true, is circumscribed, in which this leisure is to be exerted ; and this I will allow to be a most honourable ground of complaint, in those who have exhausted all the opportunities of doing good, which the limits of their station afford ; who have silenced every call of misery ; removed every aching doubt ; adjusted every family dissension ; and performed every part of their commission within the

reach of their ability, to the extent of their parochial charge. But I cannot admit that the space for their labours to move in, is too confined to nourish that dignified love of praise, and that wholesome ambition, which, they may fairly contend, is a very principal and commendable spring of virtuous actions. The indeterminate admiration of crowds, where few can give any better reason for their applause than because those around them applaud, may satisfy a coarse appetite for praise, and an avidity that excludes preference ; but a noble mind values admiration for the spirit in which it is bestowed ; and is more flattered by the eulogies of humble gratitude, and the unsuborned testimonies of rustic veneration, than the senseless shouts of staring multitudes, that have nothing but noise and number to enforce their applause. It was wisely said to Alexander, in reproof of his extravagant thirst of fame, that but little more than Greece was sufficient to render Hercules a demigod, while all the world was not sufficient to render Alexander a Hercules.

The want of room, therefore, in their several spheres, for the exertion of their industry and talents, supplies no excuse to clergymen for that deviation, too common among them, from the paths of their profession, and the adoption of new and strange characters. As every man who deserts his character, forfeits the esteem and credit attached to it, so some men can repair this loss by their new acquisitions and collateral attainments ; but a clergyman is a double loser, who departs out of his own province, in search of remote excellence ; he is contemptible for what he has abandoned, and ridiculous in what he assumes. When I see, therefore, a minister of the gospel straining every nerve to shine in the *beau monde*, and pass for a choice spirit, I look upon such

a person as the most miserable of all dupes to his vanity ; and such a conduct as no bad comment on that energetic line of the poet's,

“ Guilt's blunder, and the loudest laugh of Hell.”

A grave and modest carriage in a young clergyman is so well rewarded, and there is yet remaining in our country such a disposition to venerate a virtuous parish priest, that one cannot but wonder, that a description of men can prevail upon themselves to forfeit this preëminence, for the sake of a profane distinction in characters and attainments, which in others are indecorous and unamiable ; in them preposterous and criminal. There is, in life, a contrast between certain professions, and certain manners, which deepens the scandal of small obliquities and irregularities of conduct.\* Thus, in one who is revered by his profession, levity is laxness of principle, wantonness is wickedness, intemperance is debauchery, violence is outrage, vanity is vice, obscenity is profanation, idleness is desertion, mimicry is buffoonery, and swearing is blaspheming.

There certainly is, in the mass of mankind, a natural and general feeling of physical and moral proportion, which no logic can subvert ; they will continue as long as the present system holds, in spite of all our reasoning and declamation, to look with ridicule upon a man who on the Sunday is expounding the gospel in the pulpit, on Monday cutting capers in a ballroom, singing glees at a club-dinner on the Wednesday, riding after a fox on the Thursday, on Friday betting on a race-ground, acting Falstaff at a private theatre on the Saturday, and again, on the Sunday, expounding the gospel, to which the same commentary succeeds during the week following.

A prelate was taken prisoner in France, by Richard the First. The pope, being informed of his imprisonment, wrote in a peremptory manner to the king, to insist upon the immediate release of his beloved son. Upon which his Majesty sent to his holiness, the bishop's whole set of armour, with this satirical answer. "See now if this be thy son's coat or not." A modern curate in a domino, or with his hunting whip and cap, is almost as little in character, as the bishop in his suit of armour.

A well-directed and intelligent mind is thoroughly aware how much the system of this world depends upon rules, decorums, and forms. It is by these that all the beggary of life is covered, and a screen is placed before the nakedness of our minds. These remain in the habits, even when the essence of virtue is departed from the principles, and keep even the vicious in a certain awe of each other; they supply the place of reason, to the simple and uninstructed, and will sometimes bind stronger than the laws of one's country, or the dictates of conscience. When I observe, therefore, a manly, spirited, and well-informed person, whose mind is in itself above the necessity of them, thus condescending, for the sake of example, to the little forms and usages of society, I regard this conduct as an unequivocal mark of greatness of soul, inasmuch as it discovers a disdain of those diminutive triumphs, those facile victories, which are gained from such petty contests.

It may be true, that set forms and observances are not equally necessary to all; but if the ignorant and uninstructed discover, by the cheapness and neglect in which they are held by wise men, that they were designed only as helps to their own incapacity, and as corroborations of their own weakness, the pride of our nature will dictate an opposition in the persons

to whom they lend a very essential support. There were some mathematicians, says Selden, who could, with one stroke of their pen, describe a circle, and, with the next touch, point out the centre. Is it therefore reasonable to banish all use of the compasses? Set forms are a pair of compasses.

Those who are occupied about their daily concerns, or to whom their situations have denied them all the advantages of culture and intellectual exercise, will necessarily judge confusedly of distant objects; they will necessarily, in the consideration of them, seize upon those parts which come most within the sphere of their senses and observation, and, upon the testimony they offer, conclude in regard to the whole. Thus ordinary men contemplate religion in its professors; they appreciate its worth, by the operation of it upon their lives; they see its order, its beauty, and its harmony, in the decency, the dignity, and the consistency of their pastors; and raise their thoughts to the conception of its internal excellence, on the testimony of those external marks with which it is accompanied.

But those indecorums and irregularities which, in the daily conduct of a clergyman, are such stains and blemishes in his character, are downright deformities in his official capacity. When he is not content with degrading his profession by his ordinary manner of comporting himself, but must even introduce his coxcomberies, affectations, and eccentricities into the high service in which he is engaged in the pulpit, the friends of religion have only to mourn over his folly and wickedness, while the scoffers grow more bold in their ridicule and loud in their exclamations, insult the feeble and confound the irresolute, by casting in their teeth the depravity of their teachers.

It has always appeared to me, that human arrogance and insolence has then reached its furthest limit, when a clergyman, in his pulpit—in the house of his God—in the actual exercise of his ministry, where an overwhelming sense of his own littleness, in respect to the sacred service about which he is occupied, ought, methinks, to bow down his heart of flesh to the dust, and prostrate every selfish thought within him, looks only to his present elevation above his audience, and discovers plainly, by his gestures and grimaces, that he is solely taken up with a pragmatical conceit of his own consequence, and forgets his Maker's glory in the mistaken pursuit of his own. What bosom does not swell with indignation, to behold a clerical fop, whose week has been passed in the sty of Epicurus, or consigned to the meanest amusements, and most barren occupations, suddenly start up in his pulpit in all the pride of office, and all the plenitude of pudding sleeves, blown out like a bladder with pursy conceit, unable to subdue the effervescence of his folly, or restrain his obstreperous ignorance within any bounds of decency, and tearing unmercifully to rags and tatters one of Tillotson's best sermons, with the fury of his mock zeal, and the unsparing vengeance of his emphatical blunders!

I would, with all my soul, that the manes of those reverend gentlemen, who have done honour to their profession, by so many wise and profitable sermons, might rest in peace; but if anything, methinks, could disturb their shades, it must be the galling necessity of beholding their meaning so miserably murdered in some of their most laboured and finished performances. It is thus that spendthrift heirs throw away their ancestral property, and make ducks and drakes of that gold, which, in wise and charitable hands, might answer a thousand useful purposes. I



think we want some legal restriction, by which such valuable relics might be preserved from the rude touch of the vulgar and profane; and these clerical Goths should no more be admitted to such a repository, than a blind bullock into a glass manufactory.

But there are many other classes of abuse through which the church is wounded in its dignity and its interests, by the ignorance and affectation of its professors. Sometimes the mischief is done by turbulent and tempestuous folly; sometimes by smooth and adulating ignorance. Religion has its *petits-mâîtres*, as well as its swaggerers. Thus it is regarded by the mass of its votaries, under different aspects, according to the character of the minister who sets it forth; for, at present, such is the rage for fine preaching, that, in the contemplation of the greater part of sermon-fanciers, their devotion is fastened upon the pulpit, or pinned to the sleeve of the minister. Religion undergoes a kind of personification in their imaginations, that depends upon the complexion of the teacher. It has sometimes a red face and a fiery deportment; sometimes a sleek countenance and a white hand; and sometimes a saturnine pomposity of aspect, that can afford to dispense with knowledge and with wit.

It would be pleasant to observe, could we draw pleasure from a ridicule which touches the concerns of religion, the various methods adopted by those ministers, who "give not God the glory," to play upon the doting imbecility of their auditors. I have known the heart of an elderly lady taken captive by a clergyman's manner of walking to his pulpit; another has fallen a victim to his method of making himself up; another has held out till the cambric handkerchief has begun its operations; and some are proof against every thing but the *coup de main*,

or slapping-to of the book after the second lesson. My curate distinguished himself, upon his first arrival in my parish, by a most irresistible roll in his reading; he would begin with a simple motion of his lips, which at length rose to such a solemn mutter, as announces a thunder-clap; and presently such an uproar would succeed, as threatened to dispart the earth and discover the realms of Pluto. The discipline of our club, however, and particularly the chastisement of the Echo, has sobered down his tones to so reasonable a pitch, that ladies in any state may venture to be present, and the parish is no longer in pain for the foundations of the church. He retains only, now, a sort of whining recitative, a kind of opera tone, which I understand is in high esteem in the metropolis; where, I am told, it has been in contemplation to invite over a certain number of Italian youths, to be educated for evening-lecturers.

It is my plan in general to preach comfortable and cheerful doctrines to my congregation; not that I spare them, either, when I see grounds for severity and reprehension. But I find that the minister of the next parish has drawn off a part of my audience by the very winning manner of his denouncing them to perdition. He tosses about his damns with such a grace (as Addison says Virgil, in his *Georgics*, did his dung,) that his church is crowded with voluntary victims, who repair to this sacred executioner, to be launched into a dreadful eternity, with as much cheerfulness as to a christening.

Indeed, it is a sad truth, that the church has, of late years, been considered, both by the preacher and his congregation, as a place rather of amusement than instruction, as a kind of show or spectacle, where we hear and see, and do a great many fine

things, without a reference to any other end than that of showing ourselves to each other to the best advantage. In this view, therefore, it signifies not, whether the subject of the day be cheerful or melancholy; whether it be tragedy or comedy, we are equally amused and equally impressed; our object is to see fine acting, and splendid scenery. On the same principle, but little regard is had, in the adoption of candidates for holy orders, to their characters or their knowledge; and Mr. Allworth says that a bishop will ordain a priest with less inquiry into the state of his morals, than he uses in the appointment of his butler. If what this gentleman says be true, who never asserts rashly, there shoots up with every new prelate, a fungous cohort of ecclesiastics, whose only pretensions are the want of provision, and the dignity of their new connection. Thus the diocese of a new-made bishop is crowded with a hasty growth of clerical adventurers, like a nabob's park with Lombardy poplars.

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No. 58. SATURDAY, JUNE 22.

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*Ξηνίων δέ τε θυμὸς ἄριστος.*

Welcome is the best cheer.

THE manner in which my return home has been welcomed, has been truly grateful to my feelings. I find that every member of the club is resolved upon

giving me an entertainment at his own house. That my readers, however, may be in no mistake about the spirit of these meetings, it may be as well to assure them that the institutes of our general society furnish the model to these private parties; and though here we are under no dread of forfeits or the Echo, a kind of loyalty to the cause in which we have embarked, keeps us firm in our adherence; and we pique ourselves upon showing that our habits are mellowed into principles, and are no longer the fruits of coercion. Nothing has more contributed to spread the honour, and propagate the advantages of our institution, than these little volunteer corps, which I am assured have already begun to make a sensible impression on the character of this part of the country.

It has been more particularly remarked of the members of our society, that no men entertain so well, or, in other words, are so perfect in the art and mystery of rendering their houses comfortable to their guests. This I take to be the natural result of the rules by which we are governed, which, as their immediate tendency is to inculcate self command, and to foster the habit of forbearance, impart that characteristic ease to the exertions of politeness, without which it is little more than trick and gesture. The effect of our institutions is the more valuable on account of its rarity; for, although hospitality, in its grosser sense, is a common attendant upon opulence, instances are unfrequent of those happy arts of welcoming, those unbought graces of manner, which, to a delicate mind, give to the coarsest food a relish above the tables of princes. In these urbanities and comforts of hospitality, I know no man so consummate as my friend Mr. Allworth. He has a way of making his guest appear to be the

entertainer, and has so nicely hit the middle point between neglect and importunity, carelessness and punctilio, want and waste, indifference and anxiety, slovenliness and encumbrance, that at his house you have a home stripped of its cares; and the foundation of many a Looker-on has there been laid, under the notion that I was in my slippers and *roquelaure*, and seated in my mother's great chair.

It is, I suppose, on the same account that every thing I taste at this gentleman's house seems to be better in its kind than what I meet with elsewhere; and his oysters and cider I should prefer to a supper with Lucullus, on the produce of Lucrine bay, and the vines that grew on the mountains of Arevisia. As others have entertained us with essays on the sublime and the beautiful, I have seriously projected a treatise on the COMFORTABLE (*vacuique animi tranquilla voluptas*), which, with the hints I shall be able to borrow from my friend, I shall hope to reduce to a very rational system, and raise my name in the world as the founder of a new philosophy.

As there is a false taste in regard to the sublime and the beautiful, so are there an infinity of false notions in what respects the comfortable; and I much question if our advances in the two former have not been more considerable than in the latter. That philosophic equilibrium of mind, that sober spirit of calculation, that chastised and wholesome relish of life, that perfect measure and tacit control of feeling, requisite to the constitution of a true taste in the one, are surely qualities at least as rare as those intellectual perfections which the others demand. It is for this reason, and purely from the many constituent excellences which enter into its composition, that the comfortable so seldom makes a part of any man's scheme of hospitality; that the common rule

by which its extent is measured, is that of quantity alone ; and that so few men have any knowledge of that part of it which cannot be cut into solid inches upon a trencher.

But while I cannot admit the quantity or quality of an entertainment to the same consideration with those unpurchasable delicacies of manner, which there are those who have the talent of blending with it, I do not entirely despise the solider parts of it, but regard them as the foundation of the building, which should be strong and substantial, or it will be in vain that grace and accommodation are consulted in the superstructure. A good dinner has its good effects ; it sometimes opens the heart as well as the mouth ; it has sometimes reconciled ancient enmities ; it often disrobes the pride of office, and shows the real man ; it gives to merit and genius opportunities of discovering themselves ; it not unfrequently removes prejudices and antipathies, by approximating the distance between man and man ; and it brings to light many hidden qualities which may contribute to render men reciprocally more amiable to each other. All this, however, is only to be understood of those tables where mirth is tempered with decorum, and where a liberal jollity, a *verecundus Bacchus*, characterizes the day. Under these circumstances, many a man eats himself into a good opinion of his neighbour ; and if he carry his resentment to the end of the dinner, it is ten to one but he swallows it down with the first glass of wine.

Since I have taken upon me the care of this parish, I have not been insensible to the moral effects of a good dinner, and have found it a most efficacious mode of effecting reconciliations between my neighbours. When I find one person rather violent in his abuse of another, I always take the liberty of sus-

pecting that his own interests or pride are somehow or other remotely or immediately affected ; for I conceive that we have very few of those patriotic declaimers who take up the public cause against an individual from a genuine regard to justice, or to truth. As we descend lower into life, we find its interests and concerns simplified into objects, if not more sordid, certainly less complicated, and which are circumscribed more to the common feelings and wants of nature. Thus, when one of my poorer parishioners complains to me of the roguery of an acquaintance, I generally suspect that the quarrel is more with his mutton and potatoes, than his principles or his practice ; and, accordingly, by enabling the delinquent to give his accuser a plentiful meal, have found that it was not possible for two men to have a better opinion of each other in their hearts. My mother has followed up this plan of peace-making with the most remarkable success ; and, as a proof of the effects it is capable of producing, has preserved a list of cases, which runs much after the following manner :—

Timothy Blaze was suspected, a few years ago, of entertaining the dreadful design of setting fire to some stables belonging to Mr. Blunt. This gentleman was advised to give his bitter enemy the run of his kitchen for a day. And the stables are a standing monument of the efficacy of this our plan.

Will Savage carried a case-knife about with him for six weeks, to the great terror of one of his neighbours ; till Savage, being invited to put his weapon into a joint of his enemy's mutton, lost sight of its original destination.

James Firebrand's resentment was beef and mut-

ton proof for a week together, but surrendered to pancakes on Shrove-Tuesday.

Mark Fury's revenge was subdued by a couple of capons.

The anger of Kit Crab was a martyr to codlings and cream.

Jacob Cross slept away his animosity, after some ale with a toast in it.

Sam Surly picked a bone, instead of picking a quarrel, with neighbour Brute.

A roasted pig discovered to Benjamin Backbite his mistake about his neighbour's wife.

A Michaelmas goose was arbitrator in a difference between Walter Wagstaff and Will Stout, and prevented a lawsuit, which would have ruined them both.

A Welsh rabbit threw an entire new light upon a matter between Joe Crib and Jeremy Jumps.

Ben Bodkin, who had cabbaged most notoriously in the making of Sam Spruce's new coat, made it up to him in two yards of black pudding, London measure.

But it is not only among the lower order of the people that I have remarked the conciliating efficacy of a good meal. Its effects are very observable in higher life; a haunch of venison, or a Christmas turkey, has wrought miracles this way, and has succeeded better in composing differences, than all the law in the parish. Mr. Blunt, whose quarrels with his neighbours I have remarked upon in my third Number, tried the potency of a good dinner with wonderful success, in rubbing off old scores, and effacing all impressions to his disadvantage; and those who have taken opinions respecting him on the Monday, and again on the Wednesday, have been



astonished at the change in the public sentiments wrought by the intervention of a single day, during which the whole neighbourhood was treated in a sumptuous manner,

And fools, that went to scoff, return'd to praise.

As I have before observed, however, this tendency of a good dinner is rendered abortive, and its triumphs are turned into mourning, by intemperance and excess. I remark with concern that there is usually more tragedy than comedy in our merry-meetings; and have rarely been present at any one where men have met with a determination to be jolly, which has not made a very sombre conclusion. I apprehend that the principal source of these disappointments, is the very mechanical way in which we set ourselves to the business; for we seem to consider ourselves as a kind of electric substances, which, to be properly excited, require a redundant quantity of inflammatory fluid to be forced upon us, till our equilibrium is completely destroyed. Now, it is as absurd for a man to say that he is determined to be merry upon a particular occasion, as to say he will repent of his sins on the first Sunday after Easter; for both repentance and mirth do certainly presuppose a favourable disposition of mind, which it is in no man's power to command, unless he can bring every circumstance that appertains to him under perfect control. It is a mark of a poor and debauched spirit to trust to wine for its happiness; besides, it can only be half the man that is made happy by such methods; that half which is stripped of our highest nature, our noblest attributes and properties, our judgment and our memory.

We are told by Lonicerus of a man who was violently urged by the temptation of the devil to the

commission of one of these three sins; to be once drunk, or to pollute his neighbour's bed, or to murder a certain person. At length the tempter gained so far upon him as to prevail upon him to commit the sin of drunkenness, as apparently involving the smallest guilt. No sooner, however, was the poor wretch completely inebriated, but the temptation to adultery became irresistible, which ended in the murder of the husband, to prevent the consequences of his resentment.

There is certainly no poorer picture of the human mind, than what hourly exhibits itself in the complaints of those martyrs to the indulgence of their appetites, whom no warnings can reduce to any measures of forbearance, while they are carrying their puny lamentations from house to house, as if they were persons robbed of the rights of their nature, and curtailed in the privileges of humanity. Every man's stomach is doubtless his best physician; but unhappily its doom is, like that of the prophetess Cassandra, always to speak the truth, but never to be believed. We have surely no right to bewail our condition, when we reflect how much of our misery is of our own making, and how few of those ills are attached to our nature, which are the theme of our constant complaint. Nor, on the contrary, can we soberly presume much upon the elevation of our fortunes, when we regard the train of sorrows by which they are accompanied; when we consider how little riches, or titles, or empires, can balance against the disabilities and tortures of sickness and disease.

I met with a comical little fable the other day, which, perhaps, may be as new to my readers as it was to myself.

It happened on a certain day, that Gout and a Flea took it into their heads to travel together.

They proceeded sociably enough on their way till night drew on, and it became necessary to think of repose. As it was perfectly dark when they entered a large town, where they proposed to rest themselves, it was too late to seek for acquaintances, or to be particular about accommodations. That they might find a more easy reception, they agreed to go separately in search of lodgings; and it so fell out that the Flea took up his quarters at the house of the worshipful mayor, while Gout was entertained by a poor fisherman who lived in the suburbs. The next morning our travellers met by times to prosecute their journey. After the first compliments had passed, they began to be particular in their mutual inquiries as to the manner in which the preceding night had been spent; for nothing could be more apparent than that neither had had his needful repose. "A murrain take this inhospitable town!" cries Gout, as he limped along with pain and difficulty. "I never have been so scurvily treated in all my life. I had hardly got footing in the house of that rascally fisherman, before I was clapped into a jack boot, and, tired as I was, carried out by this inhuman fellow into the midst of an eel pond, where I was kept three miserable hours up to my calf in water. Judge if I have enjoyed a very refreshing repose. I never was happy in low company. Give me a gentleman, say I." "And give me," returned the Flea, rubbing his eyes, and yawning piteously, "give me any thing rather than a gentleman. No sooner had I began to stretch myself between the shoulder-blades of Monsieur the Mayor, and taken a mouthful of supper, before such a riot was commenced, as was never heard before in the world. I thought all the elements were coming together to destroy me. The bell was rung a dozen times in a minute, and the room was

presently filled with a set of the most determined assassins that were ever met for the purposes of destruction. After being bruised in every part of my body, and hunted about for the space of two hours, I with great difficulty escaped with my life. My dear friend, we must contrive better in future. You are always boasting of your reception among the great, where you are seated on satin sofas, and have your toes as much regarded as if they were the Pope's. In God's name, keep these elegances to yourself; but give me content and a cottage as long as I live."

As I reckon the concerns of eating and drinking to involve a question of the most general consequence to my readers, I design to continue my remarks through next Saturday's paper, in which I shall touch again on the uses and abuses of good dinners, and enter into a further delineation of my theory of the comfortable, and the nature and criteria of true hospitality.

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No. 59. SATURDAY, JUNE 29.

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— *Non aliâ bibam*  
*Mercede.* HOR. CAR. i. 27, 13.

On these terms only will I dine,  
 However excellent your wine.

It was my intention to have offered, in this paper, such rules of hospitality as I thought might help to ascertain and fix its true character; but upon re-

flection it occurred to me, that where there is the want of openness of heart and accuracy of feeling, rules could be of but little benefit, while they are necessarily bred in the mind where these requisites subsist. There is frequently a crossness in the decrees of nature, which maintains a pertinacious struggle with the dispositions of civilized life. Thus she continually withholds from the rich and lofty that liberal conformation of mind which is so essential to the dignity of their stations, while she lavishes her finest qualities on the children of obscurity and want. I look with no common compassion on those indigent souls which are poverty-struck amidst piles of riches, and, encumbered with their own magnificence, move heavily under the weight of their trappings and insignia; condemned by an inborn obtuseness and contractedness of feeling, to be without grace in their gifts, or welcome in their hospitality; to be sordidly sumptuous, and penuriously prodigal.

I have always thought that the worst qualities a dish can have is the sour taste of obligation; and he who lets it appear that his friendship and affection are typified in his table, makes his meat cost more to a spirited guest, than its price in the dearest market. This poor appreciation of friendship, was reprobated by Juvenal as common among his countrymen. "*Fructus amicitiae magnæ—cibus.*" And I fear the present age is not yet corrected of these illiberal notions. Friendship and a good dinner, though things perfectly consistent, cannot be representative of each other, and if friendship will not satisfy a man who comes hungry within our threshold, so neither are the demands of friendship to be paid with the hospitalities of our board.

When I enter the house of one of these wealthy

plebeians, I am almost frozen at the entrance ; and, however magnificently furnished his parlour may be, however briskly his fire may burn, there is the gloom of the prison in my imagination ; and when I place myself at table, I sit under the sword of Damocles, or, like the governor of Barataria, amidst contraband delicacies. The real source of half the prodigality in the world, is not in the excess of generosity, or a constitutional negligence of mind, but in a contractedness of spirit, that cannot embrace the right and rational uses of wealth, and a certain disproportion between the man and his circumstances. Thus, we should not be prodigal, if we knew how to be generous ; and a man is frequently luxurious or ostentatious, for want of knowing how to be noble and hospitable.

Demades is a person of great property, and has an undoubted share of good-nature ; he looks on nothing with so much abhorrence as the character of a covetous man ; and, rather than be thought to want hospitality, would make his whole neighbourhood swim in an ocean of Madeira. Nothing can be more costly than his furniture and his liveries ; all his appointments are magnificent ; and it is not easy to excel him in the splendour of his entertainments. But Demades makes but a sorry figure in the midst of all his profusion, with which he is evidently overstocked and encumbered. He lets you perceive in a moment how high he rates the honor he has done you, and takes especial care that no part of his magnificence shall escape your notice, which if it appear to dazzle you, he cannot help betraying the delight your embarrassment affords him, in a smile of exultation. As this sort of feeling in his guests is considered by him as the most unequivocal praise that can be offered to him, he is solicitous to produce it

as often as possible, by playing off his grandeur before men of broken fortunes and blushing indigence. Thus it is a rule with him to propose a dozen sorts of wine to a man who, he knows, has never tasted but two, and is charmed with his perplexity of choice, and mistakes of pronunciation. His table, for the same reason, is filled with foreign dishes, "of exquisitest name," and of most ambiguous forms; and you might fancy yourself at supper with Lucullus, on fattened thrushes and the cranes of Malta. Most of his dishes have such formidable names, that few care to risk the ridicule of their host by venturing to ask for them; and if they name them rightly, it is ten to one but they blunder in eating them, which answers equally well to the facetious entertainer. If any thing is particularly rare and out of season, you are told how much it cost before you touch it, so that you eat with a sort of grudge, and with that feeling which disappoints the relish of the richest dainties. This ham was sent him from Westphalia; this pickle was prepared from the receipt of an Italian count; this wine was imported for him by the Spanish ambassador; the venison he killed himself; the pig was fed with chestnuts and apples. Every thing has its history; his potatoes are not common potatoes; they are the potatoes of Demades; they have an anecdote belonging to them—touch one and you will hear it. His apartments are replete with every imaginable contrivance for elegance and accommodation; but his manners render it plain that they are there, not for your convenience, but your admiration. Whatever you touch, taste, or use, you cannot forget for a moment who is its owner. Egotism, and a certain stamp of property and possession, accompany all his acts, and characterize all his phrases. My is a monosyllable never

omitted, and always emphatic; thus it is my doors, my hinges, my coals, and my carpet. Touch his poker, and you will presently feel that it belongs to Demades. You may always know in what part of the room Demades is seated, without the trouble of looking for him; for, besides a magisterial cough, his voice is the loudest in the company; and if he moves, you are sure it is Demades, for some ceremony attends upon every act, that marks it for his own. He breathes with a certain emphasis; he has a motion more than any man present in using his handkerchief; there is a supererogatory flourish in his manner of drinking your health; his glass makes a turn or two extraordinary in its journey to his lips; and in seating himself in his chair, the toe of his right foot describes on the floor a semicircle with the other—that is to say, he does it with a swing that shows him to be the master of the house, and the chair to be his own. Thus altogether his entertainment is the grandest and the meanest, his viands the best and the worst in the world. I prefer a radish with Mr. Allworth.

To complete my idea of true hospitality, I require three constituent qualities—generosity of spirit, delicacy of feeling, and a taste in the comfortable. The first two demand no explanation; those only can comprehend them who feel them, and their rules and criteria are supplied from nature and the heart alone. They have their shrines in some certain bosoms, where appropriate honours are paid them; where they are secretly adored with those rites and mysteries which no tongue can express, and which cannot be revealed to the vulgar and profane. I am persuaded, however, that these silent feelings of the breast have a more kindly growth in our own country than anywhere besides; and that there runs



through English veins a fuller tide of sensibility, a more vigorous current of humanity, than foreign hearts can supply. When I regard the immensity of our philanthropical institutions, and the vastness of that capital which circulates in charitable uses, I look upon this systematic humanity as one of the great branches of our domestic commerce, as a staple article of British produce, and as a noble medium of circulation and employment peculiar to this generous country. In what respects the comfortable, no nation has ever enjoyed such lively and accurate ideas as the natives of this island. The word itself, as well as the idea, is peculiar to my countrymen, and only an Englishman has a perfect sense of the charm it expresses. In looking, however, for the origin of this preëminence, we shall meet with some check to the pride it suggests.

It is the nature of melancholy minds to seek with earnestness all the relief and consolation which can be derived from exterior circumstances, and to borrow a colour by reflection from the objects about them, that may help to brighten the complexion of their thoughts. In that state, too, of dissatisfaction with the way of the world, which is so common with minds of a delicate and susceptible make, and a constitutional bias towards melancholy, it is natural to cast about with solicitude for such resources as can be procured most independently of others, and, as the phrase is, "to make much of ourselves;" by which I understand an attention to those little points of order, of neatness, of cleanliness, of disencumbrance, and of ease, comprehended under the general idea of comfort.

It was in this shaded part of the English character that our notions of comfort first took their rise; born of necessity, like other arts, and nursed in the cradle

of want and solicitude. But the art of being comfortable, however sombre its origin, having once obtained a name, and raised itself upon principles, has proceeded in the same progress of improvement with other arts, and undergone a variety of new modifications in a course of subsequent embellishments. It has, by degrees, become a very principal feature of our national hospitality; insomuch that, where it is wanting, its loss is not to be redeemed by any waste of opulence, or wantonness of expense, by any polish of address, or courtesy of reception.

When thus the comfortable began to be generalized, and to form itself into some kind of system; when it began to be blended with our characteristic hospitality, and to take a higher colour of sociability, that was considered as but a small part of its excellence which was circumscribed to ourselves; the noblest use of it was implied in the art of dispensing it to others, while its abuse consisted in that selfish excess which induces a negligence of other men, or the sacrifice of our personal duties and regards.

I do not find in the Greek and Roman authors any very accurate ideas of the comfortable. From barbarous ages the want of repose must necessarily exclude it, where there is no security of person and property. In such times, the means of our preservation are a sufficient object for the employment of our thoughts. In republican forms of government, domestic refinements can have little place, amidst the general interest and agitation in the concerns of the commonwealth; amidst the fluctuations of power, and the struggles of ambition. Despotical governments, by destroying all personal independence and individual consequence, by discouraging commerce, and perpetuating poverty, by inspiring alarm and distrust, by damping the exercise of ingenuity and

invention, by subjugating, contracting, and impoverishing men's minds, are still less calculated to cherish a taste in the comfortable, and to foster the growth of so perishable an art. In our own country, where personal freedom conspires with public control; in our own country, where it is not forgotten that a nation is composed of individuals, and that where individuals are ill at ease, it is idle to talk of national prosperity; where every man's property is as secure as his person is free; where there is a government strong enough to oppose great fluctuations, and good enough to make them unnecessary; where there are objects to excite activity, and pledges to inspire security; where there is wealth to support liberality, and liberality to employ wealth—in our own happy country has the comfortable been rightly understood, generally systematized, and brought to a dignified perfection.

It must be owned, however, that there are two Latin authors in whom something like the comfortable is to be found. In Tibullus, and particularly Horace, there are passages very descriptive of those feelings which enter into its composition; but these are rare instances, and are not only invalidated by other passages in the same writers, containing very contradictory sentiments, but are found not to correspond with the state of manners at the time in which they wrote. It was the boast of Augustus, that he found Rome constructed with brick, but that he should leave it a city of marble. It is a question, however, if he left it much improved in its ideas of comfort, and, indeed, according to the principles here laid down, the kind of government which succeeded the reign of that emperor, was very unfavourable to the progress of this object.

In those times the comfortable had but an indiffer-

ent chance amidst an excess of luxury, debauchery, and pride. The multitude of domestic slaves was itself an encumbrance sufficient to banish true comfort from their houses ; nor do I think I should have made a comfortable supper with Cicero and Pompey, in the Apollo of Lucullus. There is but little either of true elegance or delicacy in Petronius, and surely not enough to balance against the testimony of Tacitus, and the invectives of Juvenal. If we believe either their gravest poet or most faithful historian, the manners of the latter Romans were entirely exclusive of every principle on which the comfortable is founded. What ideas were entertained by them, analogous to this subject, were in general borrowed from the philosophy of Epicurus, which a little examination will convince us comprehended only that negative and spurious description of it which consists in a certain apathy and nonchalance, an indecorous ease, and a selfish indolence.

The doctrines of Lucretius breathe no very comfortable spirit to a sensible mind ; and even were they of force to release us from all sense of constraint and obligation, they would resign us over to a dull and mechanical existence, to a torpid leisure, and obtuse indifference. There are some ideas of snugness in the four following lines of Tibullus ; but let it be remembered that snugness is but a part of the comfortable, and that the general turn of thought throughout the elegy from which these lines are taken, is such as does not harmonize at all with the description which has been given in this paper of the subject before us.

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,  
Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu !  
Aut gelidas hybernus aquas cum fuderit auster,  
Securum somnos, imbre juvante, sequi !

In the sixth Satire of the first book, and the sixth of the second, are found those ideas of Horace which come nearest to the true description of the comfortable; but the libertine and lazy notions of happiness which are dispersed through his Odes, are a proof that he had formed no solid system of comfort in his mind, and throws over his sober paroxysms a shade of insincerity. His sentiments, too, on this head, are generally more expressive of the snug than the comfortable, and are such as could not easily enter into social life. And when he takes in the social idea, he degrades it with so much grossness and profligacy, that the dignity of true comfort expires in debauchery. I will not admit that to be the comfortable in which I do not recognize the hospitable; nor do I set any price upon that hospitality from which the comfortable is excluded. As far as snugness goes, I know not a more delightful picture than that which Thomson has given us in his Winter.

Now all amid the rigours of the year,  
In the wild depth of winter, while without  
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat  
Between the groaning forest and the shore,  
Beat by a boundless multitude of waves,  
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;  
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join  
To cheer the gloom; there studious let me sit.

As I have already observed that in my notion of hospitality I include the comfortable, there is an obvious reason for my silence about the hospitality of the barbarous ages. The virtues of those times, those virtues which have their birth in trouble, misery, and disorganization; those virtues which spring out of a vicious constitution of human affairs, I regard with some pleasure, as proofs that the mind of man cannot be dismantled of all its distinctions and

attributes, under any depression of circumstances ; but as common sense cannot desire a revival of those situations which inspired those exertions, our business is only with such qualities and virtues as belong to man in his improved nature, as are answerable to his present wants, and accommodated to the habits and occasions of civil society. Such hospitality as was exercised in those early times, cannot find a place in the present system, where the same objects and the same opportunities do no longer occur.

New arrangements and dispositions of life establish a new kind of intercourse between man and man, and demand a new modification of hospitality ; in the mean time charity springs up in the place of the old ; so that in fact the same measure of virtue subsists, under different denominations. There is, however, an instance of hospitality recorded in Lucian, that does honour to an early period of Athenian history, and which has always afforded me a peculiar pleasure in the perusal. The anecdote to which I allude, is the introduction of the Scythian Anacharsis to Solon, by Toxaris his countryman. "Toxaris then went up to Solon. 'I have brought you,' said he, 'a valuable present. A stranger who stands in need of your friendship and protection ; a Scythian by birth, who has left his country and family, to live with us, and see the wonders of Greece. I would fain point out to him the shortest way of being acquainted with every thing and everybody worth knowing here ; and for this purpose, I have brought him to you. If I have any knowledge of Solon, I may presume he will treat him hospitably, pay him public honours, and adopt him as a citizen of Greece.

"And now, Anacharsis, you have seen Solon, and in him every thing. He is Athens, he is Greece.

You are no longer a stranger here. All men know, all men love you. ' So much depends upon this good old man. Living with him, you will soon forget Seythia.' ”

How much Solon was pleased with the present which Toxaris had made him was soon proved by the strict friendship which was formed between them, and the profit which, in the sequel, Anareharsis derived from his services and instructions.

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No. 60. SATURDAY, JULY 6.

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— *Solutis*  
*Gratiæ zonis.*

HOR. CAR. i. 30, 5.

Graceful with ease, and loose without neglect,  
With caution bold, without constraint correct,  
Thus let translation hold that mellow'd mean,  
A strait-lac'd prude and arrant romp between.

It is the peculiar hardship of my undertaking, that, while Homer was sometimes allowed to sleep, I can at no time take a nap, without great danger to the interests of my paper ; unless, indeed, I have the luck to dream of something that may turn to the profit of my readers. Those authors who are judged of in the gross, have a much better chance with the public. In the scope of a volume, they may sleep through a dozen pages, provided they awake to some purpose at last. It is thus that, in a very extensive prospect, a few barren spots serve to brighten the effect of the rest ; but, in an acre of garden-ground, we require

throughout a rich and cultivated appearance. The privilege, however, which I enjoy, of flying from one subject to another, as it may suit the occasional complexion of my thoughts, I consider as a great relief to the severity of this duty ; for, while in an almost unbounded tract of country we are at liberty to fix upon the happiest spots, we have certainly less to plead in excuse for our miscarriages.

I am now going to say something on the subject of translation, for which I should feel it necessary to offer no further apology to my readers, than that it happens to come into my head, were it not for the advantage of my paper to place before them the circumstance which put me upon this consideration. The other day, during my last visit to London, as I was reading the paper in the coffee-house, a person, that had very much the appearance of a compositor, entered the room, and put into my hands a packet directed to Simon Olive-Branch. Upon opening it, I found it to contain proposals for a new translation of the *Æneid* of Virgil, together with one or two specimens, on which, with some compliment to the clearness of my judgment, I was requested to pronounce my opinion. As I was not given to understand where I might find the author, or how I might privately convey to him my sentiments, I concluded him to be among my readers, and that, accordingly, he chose to be conversed with through the channel of my paper. I am pleased with this mode of consulting me, and confess I would always choose rather, on a grave subject, to converse with my pen than with my lips ; for, as it is my custom to be long in collecting myself, before I can deliver my thoughts with ease, I have no chance in an oral contest with the declaimers of the present hour.

The literary present, of which I have been speak-



ing, was the more agreeable to me, as, on the principles on which I reason, in regard to the general character of any particular period, it exhibits, as far as it goes, a testimony to the honour of the times; for I consider that a spirit and taste in poetical labours, as long as they hold a place in our minds, are a proof that we are not yet abandoned by that vigorous relish, and that keen sensibility, which belong to a lively and sound organization, and which, in the history of all nations, I perceive, do gradually desert them, when they have passed the consummation of their fortunes, and begin to measure back their steps through that returning scale, by which all human greatness is humbled.

It is with nations, as it is with individuals. In the florid stages of youth, when the spring of the mind is unworn, and the spirits and health are sound, the resources of real life are hardly enough for the exercise of its powers; the bounds of truth and existence are broken, and the stores of fiction are called in to supply the deficiency. As age advances, the mind narrows itself to the range of actual objects, and finds a sufficient exertion in the common topics and occurrences of life. At length the season of decay arrives, and the date of a more limited activity; what remains of force and vigour, is expended on the means of preservation; and existence itself is object sufficient for the efforts of extreme decrepitude. While the works, therefore, of imagination, preserve their esteem in this country, and the higher poetry has still a train of votaries sufficient to maintain her dignity, I consider that ominous moment at some distance, whence the period of our national decay is to be dated.

The close of the eighteenth century will have produced English translations of two of the most cele-

brated poems in the world, which, if we refuse to admit them as testimonies to the genius of the age, we must at least accept as proofs of a yet prevailing taste for the sublimer kinds of poetry. If there be genins, however, in catching the spirit of a great original writer, in transfusing that spirit into a new language; in sustaining a correspondent dignity of expression, and elevation of manner, through so different a medium; in taking to pieces the whole structure of his language, and building it up again with new materials, which materials we have also to shape and adjust to the purposes of our new edifice; if there be genius in all this, there is genius in the work of an accomplished translator. It has been sensibly observed, that to comprehend perfectly the extent and value of another's abilities, a portion of those abilities was necessary in the judge. "*Ut enim de pictore, sculptore, fictore, nisi artifex judicare, ita nisi sapiens non potest perspicere sapientem.*" If, therefore, simply to qualify us to taste and appreciate them in others, such a participation be necessary, a much larger share, surely, must be required to represent them with fidelity and justice. Were it asked, therefore, what qualifications were requisite for a translator of Homer, nothing less could be demanded, than a perfect knowledge of the two languages with which he is concerned, and a sympathy of feeling and conception with the great original.

An Englishman has a stronger interest in asserting the dignity and difficulty of translation, than the native of any other country, inasmuch as his own language contains the most arduous attempts and most successful specimens. The French, it is true, have not been insensible to the advantages to be derived from this direction of literary industry. They understood that the deficiencies of a language were

only to be ascertained by comparing its strength with that of others. But together with what profit they derived from the labours of translation, they made also this unwelcome discovery, that there was something of constraint and formality in the genius of their language; something court-bred and precise in its character and complexion, which rendered it of a cast unfit for the great representations of general nature, and the sublime simplicity of the higher poetry. We have nothing of the Greek and Roman labour in this kind, of any importance, unless we can agree that some of the plays of Terence are versions of those of Menander; a notion taken up too much upon trust, like a thousand others of a similar nature. The *Iliad* of Salvini is without the first pretension of poetry, its power of giving pleasure; I shall therefore say nothing upon it, for where there is nothing to invite a reader, there can be nothing to provoke a critic.

In England, the spirit of translation has extended itself over the whole province of ancient literature; an effect attributable to two causes—a genuine and prevailing relish of these precious models, and the pliancy, vigour, and abundance of our language. In that spirit of commerce, which is our national characteristic, we have extended our traffic in words to every corner of the globe; and have carried on this trade with the dead and the living, to a greater degree than any other country. We have not only drawn immediately from the Greeks and the Romans, but, in the circulations of commerce, we have made other countries our carriers, and have imported, in foreign bottoms, a variety of ancient idioms, and classical derivations. Out of such a fund of materials, and such a choice of combinations, a style is furnished us for every occasion, and for objects the most op-

posite in their nature and demands. We have an arsenal replete with all kinds of stores ; and whether we are to depend upon our artillery or our muskets, whether we fight on horseback or on foot, we may be armed for either contest.

There is something, however, in the nature of translation, which discourages genius, by throwing a veil before that perfection which it loves to contemplate. We can propose nothing to ourselves but second praise, and for this we have to struggle with a band of difficulties which it is not even in the power of genius to remove. While language is of so local and complexional a nature, while words are not merely representative of things, but represent also the feelings which accompany them, which feelings vary with the manners and customs of different nations and ages, more or less disappointment will always attend upon the labour of translation. It is a task with which the world is never satisfied. To content us, it must suit our present tastes and complexions, while it is required to be true and faithful to its original. These merits are rarely consistent with each other ; the hero of one country is the savage of another ; and what in one age is simplicity, in another is vulgarity.

The heroes of the *Iliad*, to modern conceptions of courage, are a group of bullies and bravadoes. If it be nature, it is nature stripped of its humanities ; and a mind must be lost to feeling, or blinded by its partialities, to draw pleasure from such a contemplation. Veiled in the obscurity of a language but half understood, and surrounded by a cohort of sonorous words, and noble images ; viewed through so reconciling a medium, the descriptions and characters of Homer in a great measure lose their natural effect, are carried to a distance that levels their obliquities,

or regarded behind a screen that throws an advantageous shade upon their deformities. It may be remarked too, that, in the perusal of a strange language, the mind insensibly drops a portion of its native habits and sentiments, and in some degree accommodates itself to the spirit of those new objects which are presented before it. But when customs and manners, the most abhorrent from our nature and feelings, are exhibited in all the familiarity of translation—in the dress of our fathers and brothers; when they set foot, as it were, on our very hearths and thresholds—it is impossible we can make those same allowances; it is impossible, with our present principles and feelings, to delight in such a contemplation. It is, as if a savage from Otaheite were to appear in the dress of an English gentleman, eating his raw meat, or dressing his food in a hollow stone.

The latest translation of Homer exhibits an attempt to render, in our language, the real spirit of the original, and to present a faithful transcript of its simplicity; it has certainly succeeded in departing much less than former endeavours, from the spirit of its model. To this ambition, however, it has sacrificed what is of the first importance to a writer, the power of attracting readers; and its general character is so coarse and rugged, as not to be redeemed by those features of true poetry by which it is here and there adorned. Very opposite to this was the design and principle of Mr. Pope's translation. He wrote for the English reader, under a conviction that, to produce entertainment, was the first object of poetry, and that in this end he must necessarily fail, unless he consulted the genius of his own language and his own times. This is what Homer did before him; and had Homer written under his circumstances, there is little doubt but that his immortal poem

would have breathed a similar elegance. The nature, however, of our minds is such, that we can entertain no principle with moderation ; and Pope has carried a little further than was expedient that of accommodation to the taste of the times. He seems to have had the same stomach for Homer, as had the superstitious old slave, in the Sultan's seraglio, for the Alcoran, who devoured a versicle every night, at going to bed, written on a piece of China satin.

The English reader will certainly derive from Pope's translation no accurate acquaintance with the *Iliad* ; but the scholar can never cease to wonder at those talents which have been able to compose any thing so different from it, and yet so like it. He can never cease to wonder at that admirable art by which the same story is told, with so different a colouring, and that mighty genius by which so much of its sublimity has been saved in the wreck of its simplicity. We have in this translation, an inexhaustible store of poetical language, and the richest treasure of poetical combinations that any production affords. There is no instance of so much elegance with so much energy, in the whole compass of English literature ; and perhaps we are to date the highest polish of our language, from the appearance of this wonderful work.

There must necessarily be a strong affinity in the constitution of all truly poetical minds. Their chief difference is derived from the bias of education and the influence of external circumstances. I speak here with reference to those princes in poetry, who extend their sovereignty to ages ; that is, to such men as Homer and Virgil. I conceive that Virgil might have written like Homer, had he written in barbarous times ; and that the polish of the age would have decorated the genius of Homer, had he

composed his *Iliad* in the court of Augustus. While the bewitching arrangement and the consummate choice of words in the *Æneid*; while its inimitable variety of phrase, and captivating harmony of rhythm, imposes a trying task upon the translator—he is encouraged and supported by the consideration, that the affinity of character between the age in which the original was produced, and the translation undertaken, must eminently contribute to reconcile the spirit of the former with the interests of the latter, and, by blending truth with entertainment, and exactness with elegance, require none of those mortifying sacrifices by which a translator, to attract readers, must expose himself to critics—must die a martyr to fidelity, or live a scandal to scholarship. With these advantages, Dryden is less excusable for the faults of his English *Virgil*. Had he put his genius to the stretch, he might surely have maintained that constant magnificence, that unbending majesty, which is the characteristic of the Roman poet. His irregularities, and his meannesses, merit a double reproach; they are not only blemishes in themselves, but are sins against that uniform dignity which runs through and distinguishes the whole of his mighty original. The best manner of Dryden is always stately and magnificent; and there is a bound and elasticity in the march of his verses, which, had it prevailed throughout his translation, would have very successfully represented the character of the original; but his constitutional carelessness broke in upon this system, and betrayed him into such unpardonable negligences, that it seems as if he had designed to exhibit the two extremes of good and bad translation, in the course of his volumes. The gentleman by whom the task is at present undertaken, has submitted the first five books to my perusal; and

as far as I can judge, if the rest are in the same spirit, it will be the most complete translation in the English language. He has adhered to the sense of his author with a remarkable scrupulosity, to which, however, he has made no sacrifice of ease or perspicuity. If you read it with an eye to the original, you are delighted with his precision; if you read it for itself, you forget it is a translation. It is a modern structure built with Roman brick and Roman cement, and such as gave such unperishing strength to their ancient castles. I shall close my paper of to-day with the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, which he has sent me for a specimen, beginning with the 454th line of the Fourth Georgic.

Now, wild in woe, the miserable bard  
Mourns his rapt bride! she, while along the stream  
From Aristæus' hot pursuit she fled  
In headlong haste, saw not before her feet  
A Hydra huge, beneath the spiring blade,  
Guarding the banks; saw not—to death devote!  
'Twas then the Dryad Choir, her sister train,  
Rais'd piercing plaints, that loftiest mountains rang;  
In tears the Rhodopean rocks dissolv'd,  
And tall Pangeus wept, and (nurse of Mars)  
Thrace, and the Getæ, and swift Hebrus' stream,  
And Orithyra fair, Athenian maid.  
He, soothing his sad love, thee, consort sweet,  
Thee sole along the solitary shore,  
Thee at advancing, thee at parting day,  
Sang to his hollow shell. Th' infernal jaws  
Of Tænarus, and gates of Dis profound,  
And forests that with blackest terror gloom'd,  
He pierc'd; and dar'd to face the shades of hell,  
And the tremendous king, and ruthless souls,  
Unknowing how to melt at mortal pray'rs.  
But, at his strain arous'd, came flitting fast  
Thin shadows from the bottomless abyss  
Of Erebus, and empty shades of men  
Now banish'd from the light of upper day,  
In number countless as the birds that fly  
By myriads to the woods, and hide them there,  
Driv'n from the mountain tops by closing eve,  
Or wint'ry show'rs. Here matrons, husbands, throng,



And spirits, now of life disburden'd, once  
 Heroes magnanimous; unwedded maids,  
 And boys, and youths, erst on funereal piles  
 Laid 'fore their parents' eyes; whom circling bind  
 Cocytus' mire obscene, and squalid reeds,  
 And, with her sluggard wave, th' abhorred lake,  
 And Styx, with streams thrice three times circumfus'd;  
 Nor less the dammed domes astounded stood,  
 And Death's Tartarean deeps; and Furies three,  
 With tangled locks of twisted adders blue;  
 And Cerberus, to silence charm'd, fast held  
 His yawning mouths threefold; and sudden paus'd  
 Ixion's indefatigable wheel.

And now, all perils with reverted step  
 Safe had he pass'd, and, on the verge of light,  
 Ransom'd Eurydice was now arriv'd,  
 Following behind (such law Proserpine gave)—  
 When here infatuate frenzy sudden seiz'd  
 Th' unwary lover; pardonable, I deem,  
 To pardon could the gods infernal know.  
 He stood; and now, on the last bounds of day,  
 All mem'ry lost, alas! and soul-subdu'd,  
 On his Eurydice back-turning—gaz'd!  
 There lost was all his toil, and there infrig'd  
 Th' ungentle tyrant's law! Thrice sounds were heard  
 To bellow through Avernus' floodless pool.  
 Then she:—And who me, miserable me!  
 And who, my Orpheus, thee, hath thus undone?  
 What madness seiz'd thy soul? See! once again,  
 Where me the iron destinies recall,  
 And death-like slumbers seize my swimming eyes!  
 And now farewell! By deepest night clos'd round,  
 Far am I borne away, and stretch to thee  
 My pow'rless hands! ah me! now thine no more!

She said; and sudden melted from his view  
 In flight dispers'd, as smoke dissolving blends  
 Into thin air; no longer him discerns  
 Claspings the shades in vain, and eager still  
 To speak innumerable things; nor more  
 Hell's boatman grants th' opposing lake to pass.

What should he do? or whither (twice by Fate  
 His bride now wrested) bend his wandering way?  
 How shall he weep, what magic tones employ,  
 To mitigate the manes? She the while,  
 Chill'd by the hand of death, sails far away.  
 While sev'n sad months in tedious order roll'd  
 (So fame records), beneath a sky-clad rock,  
 Beside forsaken Strymon's pensive stream,  
 Ceaseless he wept, his woes revolving sad  
 In gelid caverns, soothing tigers fierce,

And luring with his song the list'ning oaks.  
 Under a poplar tree, thus Philomel,  
 Moaning, bewails all lost her tender young,  
 Whom, callow in her nest, th' obdurate clown  
 Observing, thence in secret drew; but she  
 Sorrows all night, and, drooping on the bough,  
 Renews and still renews her doleful strain,  
 And fills with piteous plants the regions round.  
 From that sad hour, no joys of Venus born,  
 No Hymeneal rites his constant soul  
 Could bend; but ice-bound Hyperborean climes,  
 And snowy Tanais, and Riphæan wastes,  
 To frost forever married, wild he roam'd  
 In solitude forlorn; lamenting still  
 Eurydice forever, ever, lost,  
 And Pluto's frustrate boon.—The Thracian dames  
 (Their love despis'd), amid the rites divine,  
 And Bacchanatian orgies of the night,  
 Wide o'er the fields the lacerated youth  
 Scatter'd. Not less ev'n then, when Hebrus' stream  
 The head rude-torn from off the marble neck,  
 Amidst his eddying tide roll'd buoyant on;  
 Ev'n then, Eurydice! the voice itself  
 And torpid tongue, ah! sad Eurydice!  
 While linger'd still the parting spirit, call'd;  
 Eurydice! along the river's length,  
 The winding banks in dying echoes bear.

# NO. 61. SATURDAY, JULY 13.

*Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirculo.*  
 HOR. ARS POET. ult.

Nor will he leave his skin, until he drains,  
 Through every pore, the liquor of his veins.

THERE is no better proof of the difficulty that attends any species of composition, than the scarcity of successful specimens it affords, among a more than

common multitude of trials. It is hard to point out an indisputably good translation in the language; whence it follows that no mind of ordinary mould is equal to the performance, and that, to accomplish for the task, some certain qualities must conspire, which do rarely operate in conjunction. Why men should think humbly of an object which great geniuses have thought not unworthy to employ them, and on which original talents have been tried in vain—which, in the literary warfare, has proved too strong for the mighty, and which, circumscribed as its limits may seem, has held out against those conquerors by whom greater provinces have been subdued, it is not easy to conceive, unless it arise from the envy inspired by failures in original attempts, which derive some consolation from underrating the glory acquired in less arduous undertakings. They are best answered, however, by a fact which contains in it something a little problematical. There never was a capital translator that was destitute of original powers, while many an original genius is without the qualifications of a translator.

If translation were nothing more than a verbal exercise of the memory, and a mechanical accommodation of one part to another; if the letter alone, and not the spirit, were concerned; if the force of a man's mind existed separately in the words, and not in their combination; and if the sum of his meaning were always to be produced from the same denominations; the translator might stand in the middle, between the maker of an index, and the compiler of a vocabulary. But, if there be any intellectual chemistry employed in the transfusion of thoughts and images from one language into another; if, to represent, in all their vivacity, the pictures wrought in another's imagination, we must possess all the cor-

responding colours in our own ; if it be necessary to feel nicely, to describe justly ; if we must conceive fully, to copy faithfully ; then there is a dignity in translation above the reach of common men ; a merit that belongs to it beyond what the original reflects, a merit peculiarly and eminently its own ; and a mode of excellence not always within the grasp of original ability.

But what is that circumstance in which consists the superior difficulty of translation ; a difficulty which great wits and accomplished writers have rarely, if ever, surmounted, and before which genius itself falls often prostrate, and avows its imbecility ? A greater felicity of invention, or power of imagination ; a greater skill in combining, or force in colouring ; a greater expansion of thought, or affluence of materials, it cannot require than works of original genius. To these belong whatever hold the highest place and character in the order of intellectual endowments ; whatever is paramount and princely in the mind. In what, then, consists this peculiar difficulty of translation ? Not in its concerns with the genius or the judgment separately ; not in its claims upon the imagination, or its exercise of the memory ; but in that equal tribute it exacts from all the powers of the intellect, in that poise and equilibrium of the faculties it requires, which holds them all in reciprocal dependence ; in its calls for genius, but genius yoked to discretion ; in its calls for prudence, but prudence informed with vivacity ; in that rigour of its demands, which requires an assemblage of qualities, that rarely conspire, which requires ambition with moderate pretensions, emulation without the wish to surpass, freedom tempered with reserve, and spirit exercised to forbearance.

This speculative difficulty of translation has produced those defects in practice, which might have reasonably been expected. In its earlier efforts, we behold a tameness and servility which disappoint us of all the genius of the original; by its idolatrous adherence to forms and symbols, it lost sight of the true objects of its adoration—the spirit and divinity itself. Of this character are the attempts of Ben Jonson, Hobbes, Holiday, and others. Then followed a crowd of slovenly translators, whose pride seemed to consist in familiarizing their originals, by coarse and ordinary expressions, content with a loose display of their meaning, without caring about the quality of the medium through which their sense was conveyed. Such are the versions of Echard and Estrange, whose productions may be studied with advantage by those whose business is with the vulgar combinations of the language, with sordid witticisms and proverbial buffoonery. In the cohort of licentious translators who followed, and who may justly be said to be above their profession, Dryden appears at their head,

———— by merit rais'd  
To that bad eminence.

Franchised by nature, and endued with that grace of manner by which some men are privileged above rules, he felt that he could adventure in poetry beyond any other writer of his age. Unhappily, he carried this habitual carelessness into the province of translation, where it could not but work considerable mischief, and overthrow the very principle and purpose of his labours; where it was a breach of literary trust, and a violation of that faith to which he pledged himself by the undertaking. He complains, indeed, of the insufficiency of our language,

which was unable to supply what the original exacted in the grace and splendour of diction ; and repines at the difficulty which grew upon him, of making new words and phrases, to correspond with the unwearied variety of his author's language ; but this plea, which is doubtful as far as it goes, can never excuse his violations of that first and fundamental law of his original, which enjoined a chaste severity, and a uniform elevation of style.

I do not know how a man can reasonably complain, with the *Paradise Lost* in his hands, of the want of strength, or variety, or majesty in our language. We have words in abundance for high and low occasions, for grave and mirthful topics ; a wardrobe furnished for every character, whether we act the prince or the mountebank, the hero or the harlequin. Yet, true as this observation may be, of the language in general, it is a misfortune inherent in translation, that no language can furnish, for every particular phrase, a phrase of corresponding dignity ; for every particular word, a word of similar energy. Some sentences must unavoidably lose a proportion of their value, for the want of adequate expressions ; and the force of a passage must frequently be reduced by words of inferior sound. But where there is a prevailing character in the original, whatever that character may be, such is the versatile capability of our language, that the English translator is inexcusable if he fail in the ultimate resemblance, and lose sight of the leading excellence, of his model.

Languages are not always in unison, and their chords will not always afford corresponding effects of sound ; an irremediable defect attached to translation, in respect to single words, which no arts of combination can supply, and no subsequent compen-

sations redeem. When the harassed army of the Greeks, under the conduct of Xenophon, after innumerable sufferings and fatigues, had gained the heights of the Carduchan mountains, the sea, suddenly bursting upon their view, gave them a prospect of their homes, and, in a moment, filled their hearts with a thousand tender hopes and recollections; they saw before them the sweet reward of all their toils; and already their fancies regaled them with the joyful congratulations of their wives, and the lisping welcomes of their children: “θάλαττα! θάλαττα!” broke involuntarily from the lips of those who were foremost, and the sound ran increasing from the van of the army; presently those who were behind took it up, till at length it spread from battalion to battalion, till it reached the ears of Xenophon, who was bringing up the rear of his troops. Now, what sort of figure will the words, “the sea! the sea!” make in place of “θάλαττα! θάλαττα!” Not all the echoes of a thousand hills, or the union of a million of voices, could give it an equal effect; and here we must confess, that there is no force of mind in the translator, which can compensate for the defect in his language.

But, as certain words, in certain languages, have sounds which cannot be imitated, so have they meanings which cannot be transplanted. If any man of knowledge and research, equal to the undertaking, were to set himself the task of collecting those words, in different languages, which are most untranslatable into others; the adoption of such words, instead of the multiplication of our synonymous terms, might be a real accession of literary wealth, and, by saving the necessity of circumlocutions, would bring with it very material advantages in respect to brevity of phrase, and simplicity of expression. In the course

of such an inquiry, he would often fall upon very pleasing discoveries of the strong connection between language and manners, and might discern, through this medium, many of the distinguishing features of ancient and modern times. Thus, "sentiment" is a word of modern origin, and explains in a manner, by its date, an effect of the Gothic institutions of chivalry. In the Latin word "*orbitas*," for which we can find no corresponding term, we perceive some intimation of the consequence and immunities which were gained among the Romans by a numerous progeny. The complexional peculiarities of the English have produced a variety of appropriate words, such as "comfortable," "humour," and a hundred others; of which quality are "*appétissant*," "*piquant*," "*naïveté*," "*ennui*," in the French.

But it is not in single words, only, that one language bids defiance to another; they are as often irreconcilable in their combinations; and there are sentiments in every language which can neither be literally nor virtually translated. That accidental force which is communicated to words by those circumstances and incidents, those trivial localities which leave their impressions on a language long after they expire themselves, impart also to certain phrases an untranslatable quality, an essential inherent virtue, which baffles imitation. Thus, in some writers, who are most intimately acquainted with the secret resources of their language, we observe a delicacy which will not bear removal, a vivacity which dies in the handling, a charm which fades with exposure. This is that *curiosa felicitas* by which Horace is distinguished above other writers, and which adheres to the language, as a painting to its canvas. Who can express, in other words, the "*strenua inertia*," the "*facili sævitiâ*," the "*simplex munditiis*," and a



hundred other phrases of that most exquisite poet? They are among the *απαξ εἰρημέια*, once said and never to be said again.

It is flattering to our natures to find excuses for human failures, and to lodge the blame rather with the instruments with which we work, than with ourselves. In the business of translation, we are sure that no perfection of intellect can remedy or supply the deficiencies of language; yet, in the specimens which our country's literature exhibits, we perceive a sufficient number of errors, for which no reason can be given, but the false taste, ignorance, or pride of translators. It may be fairly attributed to one of these causes, when we see an author's meaning grossly mistaken, a new dress given to his sentiments, or new sentiments substituted in their place. Thus, I lose my patience, when I see what was meant metaphorically by the author, interpreted literally by his translator; or a thought cast into a metaphor, which was simply intended. This is only warrantable in cases where one language cannot be accommodated to the spirit or idiom of another; but it is plain to be perceived, how often it springs from a pragmatical interference in the translator, who is so continually led away by the conceit of improving upon his original.

A vanity of this sort seems to have strongly possessed the mind of the celebrated translator of Cicero's and Pliny's Epistles, who not seldom sacrifices his original to an overspun delicacy of phrase, and is, in some respects, too fine a gentleman for a faithful translator. "*Epistola enim non erubescit*"—thus Tully, in his famous letter to Luceius; which his translator has Englished, "For a letter spares the confusion of a blush." Had he rendered it literally, its strength and its brevity might have been pre-

served in the translation. He has too much of what the Greeks express by the term *ὑπερβεια*, a word whose force cannot be represented by any single word of any language with which I am acquainted.

There is no fault into which the pride of improving more frequently betrays modern translators, than this aberration from the simple meaning and spirit of their authors. The circumstance, indeed, which still secures to the ancients their poetical preëminence, is that superior vein of simplicity by which, in general, they are distinguished. As the dress of shepherdesses becomes some women best, so some thoughts are best adorned in the plainest attire. The modern translator is for tricking out every thing in a meretricious splendour; is for covering with a corrosive cosmetic the vivid bloom of nature, and for hiding her original whiteness with a cold and lifeless enamel.

This difference of character between ancient and modern compositions, is marked in nothing so strongly as in the taste for allegorical representations. The emblems of the moderns are distinguished by their complication and confusion; those of the ancients, by their simplicity and propriety. The same opposition of character runs through the whole range of metaphor and allusion. The ancient designs with two or three strokes; the modern is always filling up and retouching. The one imagines you can never have enough; the other is afraid of giving you too much. It was a risk more perilous than he thought, for an ancient to have indulged his genius; his boldness is sure to be outraged by his translator. If he be witty, he is converted into a conjurer; all his conceits are wrought up into conundrums: his native elegance is refined into coxcombry; and, if his nat-

ural walk be graceful, he is made to dance in the translation.

I don't know whether I do not seem to my readers to fritter things into too curious distinctions ; but I cannot help observing that there is a way of translating a passage, which, though at first view it shall seem to run pretty close with the original, shall yet, through pores of the language not discernible except to nice observers and exercised organs, suffer, as it were, all the spirit to escape, and shall play the losing game so dexterously, (if this double metaphor can be excused me,) that the stake shall be lost where success seemed inevitable. This losing game some of us moderns excel in. To illustrate my meaning, let us take, for an example, the beautiful passage from the *Medea* of Euripides, where that princess thus gives vent to those agonizing feelings which must rend a mother's heart ere she can resolve to murder, with her own hands, her infant babes :—

Φεῦ φεῦ· τί προσδέρεσθε μ' ὄμμασιν τέκνα ;  
Τί προσγελάτε τὸν πανύστατον γελῶν ;  
Αἰ αἰ· τί δράσω, κάρδια γὰρ οἴχεται.

This passage, in the hands of one of our elegant translators, would run a great hazard of losing its strength through an affectation of grace and purity, and perhaps might be thus translated :—

Alas! alas! why, my children, do you turn your eyes upon me?

Why do you laugh for the last time?

Alas! alas! what course shall I take, for my courage abandons me?

A robuster hand, that despised pusillanimous graces, and dared be literal where the spirit was in the letter, would translate the passage word for word.

Alas! alas! why do you look at me, my children, with those eyes?

Why do you laugh your last laugh?

Ah! ah! what shall I do, for my heart is gone?

Now, though there is no great ambition of elegance in the first mode of translating the passage, and the language is coarse in comparison of the usual tenuity of modern versions; yet has it lost the characteristic energy of the original Greek, where the very strength and vigour of the sentiment consists greatly in that seeming tautology and pleonasm, which, in the first translation, is fastidiously rejected.

In the business of translation, there is no attempt more delicate and dangerous than that of tampering with a thought, under a notion of improving its effect. It is not in the compass of any general rules to define so dubious a right, or limit so precarious a liberty. Let it be exercised by those only, who, by long acquaintance with their author's manner, have learned with accuracy to distinguish the colour of his thoughts, to embrace the true scope of his meaning, and to detect in his language the tacit operations of his mind. To force upon him a thought, of which he has given no sort of intimation, is an offence without excuse or palliation; and so much like treachery and falsehood, as to take a shade of immorality. If this be a crime in translation, Dryden must be considered as criminal in no common degree, unless it will be admitted in excuse that, as often as he overcharges the sense of his original in one place, he curtails it in another.

The last stumbling-block to translators, which I have room left me to remark upon, is the wit and humour of their authors. There is nothing which will bear so little to be loaded as genuine humour, the texture of which is generally so fine, that a breath will almost dissolve it. Yet here the wan-

tonness of the translator conspicuously breaks out; and nothing is more rare than a flower of this kind that survives the transplanting. One might wonder how any man, in whom there was nothing congenial, should venture upon the translation of a comic writer, if every hour did not serve to convince us that the point of humour is that in which our self-flattery leads us into grosser mistakes than any faculty which belongs to our natures. The sources of humour lie so buried in the words, and its effect is so complexional, and adheres so closely to the manner, that it cannot be separated by rude hands, or developed by common acuteness.

Besides which, the jest of the humorist lies often in his earnest, and his earnest reciprocally in his jest; a circumstance which induces perpetual mistakes in the translator, who is forever interpreting seriously, what is jestingly meant in the original; and is shaking his sides, when his author only smiles severely. We may boast, however, of translations, both of Lucian and of Plautus, two of the most humorous writers of antiquity, which are highly creditable to the literature of this country; and a living author of some sensible essays has shown us, by a very spirited specimen, how well qualified he is to preserve, in a translation, the irresistible humour of Aristophanes. I do not recollect an instance in which the idea of an original has been improved by a chaster and happier turn, than one that occurs in a passage of Plautus's *Treasure*, translated by Thornton. The passage to which I allude, is in the fourth scene of the second act, the force of which, however, can only be understood by a perusal of the context. —“Hem! sic oportet obseri mores malos!” The turn given to “mores malos!” by translating it “wild oats,” adds infinitely to the humour, without departing from the scope of the idea.

## No. 62. SATURDAY, JULY 20.

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*Manus manum fricat.*

Give ME that warmth which hands impart,  
That, join'd, convey from heart to heart  
The glow which gratitude conceives,  
And pity, genuine pity, gives;  
The fire that's borrow'd from above,  
And only heaven-taught bosoms prove.

IN an age and in a country wherein the tones of every thing are stretched to their utmost, and in which the thirst of refinement has carried our virtues to the very confines of vice, it is a useful service to distinguish between the just measure and the excess, the pretended and the real, the solid and the superficial. There is a period in the progress of society, when virtues and vices seem to draw towards each other with a mutual approach; a period in which a certain delicacy of appetite, and fastidiousness of feeling, shapes our vicious indulgences to something like a virtuous elegance, and overstrains our virtues to so unnatural a pitch, as to destroy their efficacy, and distort their appearance. The noble preëminence to which this country has raised itself in the present crisis, by a Catholic spirit of charity, which no enmities, no hostilities, no national difficulties can repress, should, methinks, make us the more solicitous to preserve this lustre of character from the tarnish of ostentatious and hypocritical sensibility.

Nothing has a greater tendency to lower the price of real virtues, than the progress of these imita-

tions. When it is found that the boast succeeds as well as the practice, and that loud and loquacious feeling raises our credit higher than the quiet tenour of good actions, the imbecility of our minds is overcome by this union of ease and splendour, and we are content to take the honour without its pains and sacrifices.

It is the lot of some impostors to impose upon themselves, while they think they are only deceiving the world ; and, by continual professions and boasts of sensibility, the mind comes at last to believe them itself, erects to itself a secret shrine, and is the idol of its own contemplations. Even in the best constituted minds the smallest speck of ostentation is a dangerous blemish. It steals on with an insensible enlargement, till it stretches to the whole circumference, and admits only a troubled and deceiving glare, while it shuts out the distinct and definite objects of genuine compassion.

We are come to those times in which it is necessary almost to set as strong a guard upon our virtues as upon our vices ; since it is the tendency of great refinement to draw out the one to an excess and extravagance that destroys its practicability, while it operates as a check to the other, and mitigates its violence. Besides which, there is in the high polish of general manners, an effect, which in some measure confounds the distinctions of virtue and vice, and, by giving a uniform universal brilliancy to our actions and deportment, requires a very close observation to distinguish the different shades and colourings of characters.

But, besides the distinctions between true and false sensibility, there is a very material difference in the nature of sensibility itself. There is a sensibility which is bounded to our own interests and con-

cerns ; and there is a sensibility which embraces all that appertains to man—which makes the cause of misery its own, dissolves with a stranger's woe, and drops tear for tear with the sorrowful and broken-hearted. Again, we may divide into two separate classes, those sensible hearts that feel unfeignedly for the woes of others, and interest themselves tenderly in all that concerns the happiness of their fellow-creatures ; for there are those who sympathize with every tale of distress, who love to dwell on topics of sorrow, and whose tears drop fast at a tale of affliction, but whose pity is only in speculation, and who make but few sacrifices for the woes they lament ; and there are others again whose tears are few or many, and whose apparent commiseration is either much or little, but whose actions invariably point to objects of kindness and humanity, and whose hands accompany their hearts in every concern of benevolence or pity. Let such as come under this latter description enjoy exclusively their just though silent claims ; let them not be confounded with fraudulent pretenders, who ravish the rewards without performing the duties ; or with such as feel only within the circle of their own interests and connections ; or with those barren sentimentalists who love to refine upon sorrows without relieving them. But let them stand in their due eminence above the common mass of pity's advocates, and let their inheritance of praise be such as rightfully belongs to the eldest children of humanity.

After all, however, in our estimation of human actions, perhaps it were better not too curiously to examine into their origin and motives ; we have little else to do in this world, but with ostensible proofs and results. Whatever it is which keeps a man in the observance of his duty, or in the practice of be-



nevolence, it is enough for us that the present purposes of humanity are answered ; we shall account at a future tribunal for our secret motives, where all hearts will be laid open, and the depths of human counsels scrutinized and exposed. Among those whose hands are always open to human distresses, and whose actions seem to testify sensibility of soul, there are some, doubtless, whom the love of celebrity alone incites, and in whose bosoms a tacit bargain accompanies every act of generosity, by which they bespeak an equivalent of praise ; others, by whose conduct it should seem that they conceive that they purchase a right to sin, by scattering their bounties among the poor, or consecrating their tears to suffering humanity ; and some again, whose charities belong to no better motives than a mere mechanical impulse, or a certain bias towards imitation, or an imbecile homage to the fashion of the day. It is fair, however, to pronounce, that the charities of that man are not the fruits of his sensibilities, nor his public assiduities and liberalities the progeny of genuine feeling, when his wife deplores at home his indifference, his unkindness, or his tyranny, or his children bear testimony to the narrowness of his heart, that has induced him to withhold those opportunities and instructions which were requisite to open their minds to their better interests.

As the business of life becomes arranged, classified, and systematized in the progress of national refinement, and as inventions and improvements push themselves on all sides, till every thing is reduced to a science, we may observe, that even the virtues themselves are squared into rules, so that the practice of them may be learned by those who have but little of the spirit or essence of them in their hearts.

A gentleman becomes a natural philosopher by purchasing a cabinet, and adopting the cant of the London schools ; a house filled with paintings, establishes a connoisseur ; a man is made a gentleman at the Herald's office much sooner than by the ordinary methods of education ; and, not satisfied with manufacturing nobility of blood, we have contrivances for making men charitable, humane, and tender-hearted, without requiring them to possess these qualities in their bosoms. Thus we have only to bestow in a certain way a certain sum of money, and exercise ourselves in a certain mode of declamation, to be considered as professors in the science of humanity. My projecting friend, with whose conversation I am seldom favoured, by reason of the multiplicity of business he has always on his hands, passed a day with me a fortnight ago, and was prodigiously struck with my idea of a school of sensibility, accommodated to the present state of fashionable feelings. He sent me, the next day, the following advertisement, intended for the public prints, in which some part of his plan is exhibited.

**“GROWN LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TAUGHT SENSIBILITY ON MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLES.**

“The advertiser hopes for the encouragement of the public, upon the strength of his long and laborious application to this most elegant of all arts, which he has reduced to a system, that makes it easy to the duller capacity. The principal excellence of his plan consists in its being universally applicable, as it requires no particular constitution of the mind, or habits of life, to qualify a scholar to arrive at all its advantages. As the advertiser is well aware that different kinds of sensibility be-

come different characters and stations in life, he will do his utmost to accommodate all ranks and denominations, from the countess to the common-councilman. Any lady who may have occasion to faint during the present hot weather, at any public place, may learn of him the most natural and easy mode of accomplishing her purpose. He flatters himself he can give equal satisfaction in his hysteric fits; and engages, in the course only of twenty lessons, to teach a delicate embarrassment and gentle suffusion, to the most unbending set of features, and the most rigid apathy of countenance. In the different modes of weeping, he is acknowledged to be an unrivalled master, by those who have made trial of his abilities this way; he would engage to 'draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek.' In the course of a twelvemonth, he pledges himself to turn out of his academy such a tribe of snivelers, whimperers, sobbers, and blubberers, at our funerals, charity-sermons, hanging-bouts, and tragedies, as shall raise a very sentimental uproar through his Majesty's three kingdoms. Young divines may be taught how to cry at any part of their sermons, in such a manner as to overcome the women and churchwardens; and the flourish of the white handkerchief is reduced to general rules. From a gentle dying-away to an agony of sorrow, from a burst of compassion to a soft murmur of sympathy, the advertiser is consummate in his art. And whether it is at Sterne's ass, or the woes of Clementina; whether at the dissolution of a cock-sparrow, or the death of a husband; whether his assistance is required by a fine lady or a carcase butcher, a mountebank or an undertaker; he will teach the most becoming modes of sensibility, and the most characteristic expressions of sorrow. The

younger part of his scholars will have their heads filled with scraps from Sterne, and his imitators; and such books as the 'Feelings of the Heart,' and the 'Tears of Sensibility,' will be considered as classics of the highest authority. The boys will be taught to ask for their bread and butter in a recitative, and return thanks for a holiday in the most plaintive and desponding tones. Thus much at present for the notice of his scheme. A fuller explanation of his plan will be given with the proposals, which he has it in contemplation to publish in a few weeks. However, in the mean time, to prevent any suspicion that his methods of discipline are harsh and painful, and require an exerting process to produce their ends, the advertiser assures his friends and the public, that nothing beyond a common rod will be used on the most indocile disciples, and that gentle means will always be preferred, such as onions, mustard, and the like, where these are sufficient to exercise the scholars, and there is a reasonable irritability of organs. Any hints or communications will be received with the warmest effusions of gratitude, and the most exquisite feelings of the soul, by

“PAUL PENSIVE, Heart-street.”

I have been always delighted with an anecdote of Louis the Fourteenth, which exhibits a delicacy of feeling in that monarch, not common among the great and powerful. As he was one day sitting in the midst of some of his courtiers, he undertook to tell them a story which should make them all die with laughing. Notwithstanding his promise, however, the conclusion was very insipid, and produced only a forced smile on the countenances of his hearers. As soon as he had finished speaking, the

prince d'Armagnac happened to leave the room; whereupon Louis resumed his story, with informing those who were present, that he had recollected, in the middle of it, that, in the humour on which it turned, there was something which might give pain to the nobleman that had just left the company; but that, now he was absent, he would try again. His story, which was exceedingly diverting, had its full effect upon his auditors.

Sensibility branches out into as many relations as the scriptural sense of charity, and touches as many points of human character and conduct. Where I discern only a partial exercise of it, I cannot think that it can have any real existence in the mind; and such as can weep at a tragedy, without solicitude or sorrow for the actual distresses of life, or those who, while they are founding an almshouse, can feel pleasure in mortifying honest pride, or exciting a blush on the cheek of modesty, may be well enough as active citizens, but, in my mind, are among the lowest order of hypocrites, considered as moral agents, and as members of social life.

I hold it necessary to offer no apology to my readers for the introduction of the two following little poems. The one, by discountenancing the false, the other, by exhibiting the true sensibility, are both of them promotive of the purposes of to-day's essay, and have in themselves the richest claims possible to the patronage of every feeling heart. Why need I mention that the author is a female, since she stands neither in need of courtesy from the critic nor of partiality from the public.

#### TO SENSIBILITY.

OH, sacred source of joy below,  
Thou friend of life, thou nurse of woe;

Rich essence of the high-wrought soul!  
Blest spark that animat'st the whole!  
That bid'st th' enlighten'd thought aspire,  
That lend'st to genius all its fire—  
Thy gifts ennoble and refine;  
Aye! all the LIFE of LIFE is thine!  
Shall then conspicuous Sorrow pour  
From willing eyes her ready show'r,  
At mimic woes by fashion dress'd,  
Because distress becomes her best,  
And the soft heroine appears  
Most amiable when dress'd in tears!  
Within so cold, so vain a heart,  
Thy angel form can share no part;  
Nor dwell'st thou in th' eternal quote  
Of hackney'd phrases conn'd by rote;  
Or whining sentimental chat,  
How Sterne said this, Eliza that.  
Yorick! indignant I behold  
Such spendthrifts of thy genuine gold!  
To see Le Fevre's hallowed tear  
To vulgar eyes expos'd and bare!  
And every rhyming school-girl's verse  
Thy poor Maria's woes rehearse;  
And, panting for a fond renown,  
Call thy "recording angel" down!—  
Sick is my wearied soul to see  
Such proofs of sensibility.  
Ye spirits, who delight to show,  
And deeper dye, the dress of woe!  
Go, range through pallid Mis'ry's cell;  
Go, where Disease and Anguish dwell?  
Where Want extends her eager hands,  
Where unrepining Patience stands,  
And palsied Age, by Grief subdu'd,  
In faltering accents craves for food—  
There fix thine eyes—there ask thy heart,  
If in these sorrows thou hast part?  
These scenes full surely will reveal,  
If thou hast learn'd what wretches feel!  
If *then* escape the stealing sigh,  
If the kind tear *then* dim thine eye;  
If, more than all, thou weep'st to know  
So scant thy lot of wealth below,  
As barely leaves thee for thy share  
But little more than tears to spare;  
Yet, unresisting, still you give  
That LITTLE MORE that bids them live;  
Deny'st thyself one joy, to shed  
A comfort on thy brother's head,

And all the while unheard thy sigh,  
 Unseen the tear that dims thine eye;  
 If thy benevolence be known  
 To misery and thy God alone;  
 Then answer'd is thy just appeal;  
 Yes! thou hast learn'd what wretches feel!  
 Yes! yes! will voices from on high,  
 Of sainted sufferers seem to cry—  
 Yes! when my mortal flesh was weak,  
 When tears bedew'd my pallid cheek,  
 And when my naked limbs were cold,  
 When I was hungry, poor, and old,  
 You rais'd me from the bed of woe,  
 You bade my tears no longer flow;  
 You did my naked body hide,  
 Gave me what great ones had deny'd,  
 The needful long-untasted meal—  
 Yes! thou hast learn'd what wretches feel!

#### WRITTEN AT THE BEDSIDE OF A SICK INFANT.

AH, dear one! while thy suffering form I see  
 So pale, extended on thy bed of pain,  
 What a sad tale, thy dumb grief tells my heart!  
 Yet sure 'twere kind to let thee thus depart,  
 Nor call thee to this cheating life again.

For should'st thou live, sweet cherub! who can tell  
 What woes, what vice, may future years impart?  
 And what could I, to soothe thy misery,  
 But cling around thy neck, and weep with thee,  
 And, weeping, load afresh thy breaking heart!

See cold neglect repress each rising thought,  
 Or see thy youth's first hopes meet swift decay;  
 The roses on thy mind-illumin'd face  
 Wither'd, and every soul-enchancing grace  
 Thrown, like a weed, a worthless weed, away!

Or crush'd by Poverty's indurate hand,  
 Or Labour's ruder grasp, thy rising powers;  
 Or worse, some sworn seducer stain thy mind,  
 Whilst thou to thine own killing thoughts resign'd,  
 Weep'st out the remnant of thy wretched hours!

Oh, better, better far to see thee dead!  
 Nay, better could I bear to see thee die;

Could sooner take thee in these trembling arms,  
And offer up to heav'n thy infant charms,  
Than see thee scorn'd by each insulting eye!

Thou God of mercy, justice, truth, and love,  
To whom, at Mis'ry's midnight hour, I pray,  
Who seest that quiv'ring cheek, who seest these tears,  
These restless thoughts, these agonizing fears,  
"Whate'er Thou wilt, unargu'd I obey."

No. 63. SATURDAY, JULY 27.

*Tuas res tibi habe, Amor: mihi amicus ne fuas unquam.*

PLAUT. TRIN.

Love, I have nothing to do with you—you were never a friend  
to me.

My readers may well wonder how the subject of love finds its way into the thoughts of such a poor little piece of anatomy as myself. It is a certain, though singular truth, that our family, as far back as we can trace our lineage, notwithstanding our hereditary composure, have had locked up in their veins a portion of this subtle poison, which has never failed to manifest itself with more or less strength in every generation, and still inhabits the weak little frame with which I am endowed. In me, however, age, and the natural coldness of my constitution, have overcome its ordinary effects; and I am only put in mind of its existence by a certain involuntary interest which I feel in all that concerns this noble passion, in every tale of tender sufferings, and every instance



wherein true hearts are united. This hereditary partiele in the constitution of the Olive-Branches, has sometimes lain quiet for a generation, and then again it has broken out with redoubled effect. But I gather from our family records, that it has shown itself under very different aspects, according to the different complexions on which it has operated.

What remains of my great-grandfather's opinions on this subject, are eminently sober and sentimental; and in consonance with his love of general rules, and his spirit of legislation, he has left us a very ample code of amorous institutes, adapted to all ages and all conditions. I remember, when I was full five and thirty, before which age, by the laws of our family, we are not allowed to assume the *toga virilis*, my mother put into my hands this mysterious manual, saying, "There, Sim, this will make a man of you. Depart not, while you live, from the wisdom it contains; and when you shall, at a discreet age, bethink yourself of matrimony, lay it by, as a sacred gift to be handed down to your children's children."

In the person of Mr. Isaac Olive-Branch, who is considered as the wittiest of our patriarchs, this hereditary sentiment discovered itself in the drollest conceits imaginable. It was one of his whims to contrive what he called his amorous pudding, into which he threw such a collection of ingredients, as, by a proper fermentation in the stomach, might send up those melancholic fumes into the brain, which engender soft ideas and images, and dispose the whole system to love. My comical progenitor having a pretty turn to poetry, put his receipt for this dish into verse, a part of which, for the whole is very long, and contains a list of ingredients that would require a long life to collect, I shall here insert.

Round about the pudding move,  
You that wish to live and love;  
And the magic fuel throw,  
All that to love does sacred grow:  
First a lock of Lydia's hair,  
But not that one that floats in air,  
That which in her bosom lies;  
Ruthless seize the wanton prize,  
Seize it, ere it yet has seen  
Summers more than bare fifteen.  
Trouble, trouble, tender trouble,  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.  
The tear from night's blue arch that drops  
Till in the blossom's bell it stops;  
Tip of Philomela's tongue,  
Chanting o'er her callow young;  
Plume pluck'd from a sparrow's side,  
As it quiver'd by his bride;  
Farina from a passion-flow'r,  
That hath not felt the zephyr's pow'r;  
Pend'ulous drops, in morning gray,  
The balmy quintessence of day;  
Then a tear from Chloe's eye,  
That with Indian pearl doth vie;  
Finger of the gadding vine,  
That with liquid love doth shine;  
Snow-drop nurs'd in April's lap,  
Throw into the potent pap;  
Flower of Nigella great,  
Stooping to his dwarfish mate;  
Sprig of woodbine, ivy shoot;  
Munro's leaf throw in to boot;  
Nodding cups of cowslip sweet,  
Cast into the charmed treat.  
Trouble, trouble, tender trouble,  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

In those days of witchcraft and credulity, an invention of this sort gained an easy belief, which was moreover assisted by the spirit of amour which the genius of chivalry inspired. Mr. Isaac, who was somewhat of a beau, a knight, and a conjurer, and who had almost a faith in the magical potency of herbs, persuaded himself and half the court into a high conceit of the merits of such a pudding.

If our records are to be believed, Queen Elizabeth

invited Lord Essex to breakfast upon one of these puddings, of my ancestor's making; the first effects of which so much resembled the colic, that it was always a nice point to distinguish between love and simple indigestion. As this was the first refinement upon the ancient plum-pudding, and gave the first stimulus to our inquiries into those innumerable modifications of which this standing dish is susceptible, I conceive that the world is more substantially indebted to my family than it imagines. The ancient mystical pudding is represented at present by the wedding-cake; and the property ascribed to it, when cold, of settling love, is a discovery that has since branched out from the great original invention of my wise progenitor.

This constitutional bias towards love did not fail of manifesting itself in my mother's father, together with a strong analogous propensity towards pudding; and as a disorder in the viscera carried him off at the age of ninety-seven, my mother and the faculty are still at issue about the cause of his death—the one attributing it to disappointment in love, the other to a constipation of the bowels. The family-mark is not yet worn out of my mother. I found her, the other day, in the middle of Solomon's Song; and a variety of old ballads, which have fastened upon her memory, and from time to time break involuntarily from her lips, betray symptoms of a yet unsubdued relish of these amiable fancies. She called me to her, about a week ago, as she was reading in our little arbour the *Memoirs of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*; and assured me very gravely, that she had thoroughly resolved against a second marriage—and that, not so much from any aversion to the state, as from her dislike to the manner in which our young cavaliers conducted the business of love in the present

day, when she compared it with the disinterested ardour and generous enthusiasm of our gallant forefathers.

I assure my readers I am not behind the rest of my family in this warmth of sentiment, though I confess that my turn is rather to speculate upon the passion of love; and watch its effects on the bosoms of my fair countrywomen, than to take an active interest in its proceedings. As a fountain plays the stronger the more confined its aperture, so the sentiment of which I have been speaking, having nothing to play it off in my exterior, no grace of carriage, and but little animation of feature, no magic of persuasion or secrets of utterance, no seductions of manner or brilliancy of tongue, acts in my bosom with a collected force, and inspires it with an energy of feeling that extends to every concern of my fellow creatures where love has a place. Thus my soul is kept continually awake by an unwearied solicitude for the sorrows and sufferings of this noblest of the passions; and I am ever lamenting that there is so much in the world to cross its tendency, and abuse its blessings.

There is surely nothing more to be deplored in the system of life, than its counteraction to the natural movements of this exalted passion; and it is, methinks, the greatest of all satires upon our schemes and contrivance for happiness, to reflect, that it is their tendency to traverse and exclude those boons of nature from which our greatest enjoyments arise. That unnatural disposition of things which has raised money to so undue a preëminence, has placed love under those circumstances of slavery and depression which effectually disappoint all its grandest purposes, and leave it little more than a name to decorate a fiction, or to cover a design. In contemplating the

gradual extinction of this sentiment, to which, in its true nature, is attached whatever is great and honourable in man, we cannot regard without shame the system under which it is trampled, and repine at the triumphs of those treacherous passions which engage us to conspire against our own felicity. Instead of that delight to which it naturally leads, we see nothing in the present operations of love but a perpetual warfare, an incessant struggle after that freedom for which Heaven designed it. And instead of forming a part of the system of life, so widely has the present scheme departed from its principle, that wherever it appears, it beggars the hopes of rising fortunes, and diverts from the road of industry and advancement.

In former days it was the effect of love to prompt the spirits to activity, and to challenge all the vigour of the mind; to inspire felicity into all our undertakings, and to animate the business of life. The arrangements of society were not then in hostility with this generous passion. To insure success, we had only to prove ourselves worthy—and personal superiority, the distinctions of manhood and the gifts of Heaven, were the only claims that beauty would acknowledge. But how is the complexion of things altered! In vain has Nature distinguished her favourites by her costliest endowments; in vain has she bestowed her orders of merit, her titles of nobility. She gives nothing that is negotiable on the Exchange, where the commerce of love is at present transacted;—her funds supply no interest that is marketable, no dividend that can be transferred. Shame on the peddler system of life! her handwriting has less credit than that of a jobbing Jew; and her promissory notes, whatever their amount, are of less value than a Liverpool penny.

In former days, a true and virtuous love was the source of dignity and confidence, and prowess and magnanimity ; it lent intelligence to the simple, and grace to the rustic ; it was the ornament of youth, and the attribute of a gentleman ; no man feared to avow it, or dared to despise it ; the eyes that confessed it were the brighter for it, and it bloomed on the lips and on the cheeks ;—but that was when the dispositions of life made it paramount over the sordid passions, and placed it in its just elevation.

Alas ! what a reverse has succeeded ! Is Pamphilus in love, and is he fortuneless ? Adieu the confidence of his carriage, and comeliness of his looks ! Adieu the manliness of his mind, and vigour of his understanding ! Lost is his activity, and lost are his hopes ; defoliated is his mind, in the very spring of its advancement ; and the promises of his intellect are cankered in the blossom. A gradual dereliction of his powers sinks him lower and lower in the scale of society ; every one remarks the change, and Envy is gratified with contemplating his fall ; till at length even Envy loses sight of him, and Pamphilus is heard of no more. This is the fate of the genuine passion without portion. I have nothing to do with that mockery of it which subsists at present—it is a subject for bargainers and for calculators.

— What woes arou's'd

Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,  
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life !  
Neglected Fortune flies ; and sliding swift,  
Prone into ruin fall his scorn'd affairs.  
'Tis nought but gloom around : the darken'd sun  
Loses his light ; the rosy-bosom'd Spring  
To weeping Fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,  
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.

I am an ancient man, gray-headed, and fettered to principle ; not illuminated by the lights of the

new philosophy in morality or metaphysics; and tenacious of the maxims of my forefathers: and yet I freely declare myself to regard with more favourable eyes a clandestine amour, nay the grossest prostitution by which the temple of the Holy Ghost can be defiled, than the basis on which modern marriages are founded—in which some of my countrywomen sell themselves, not for a transitory bliss, not for the fleeting raptures of the moment, but for the whole of human life, for the whole of that life on which heaven depends; and in a manner stipulate to pollute that life with one lengthened series of perjury and legal prostitution, one continued course of sanctified abomination, for the sake of a paltry eminence and a spurious grandeur. I look upon it as one of the unhappiest consequences that flow from ill-sorted matches, or those in which the true passion has no place, that they induce a constant habit of feigning, where any sense of decency prevails, and perpetuate a lie through a course of years. The best feelings and the strongest principles are not able to contend against such a stress of circumstances; necessarily, then, such feelings and such principles as those women must have, who can marry without love, must be without much contest overborne.

Clarina was married to the most affectionate of husbands; and, as it appeared to the world, the love which she felt in return had never been equalled in any tale or romance. Four months had not elapsed since their marriage, before the husband fell dangerously ill; yet the poor Clarina was the object of the greatest compassion. It was judged impossible for her to survive him; and so unbounded was her affliction, that no one thought she could live to close even the eyes of her dying husband. “O Death! Death!” she cried, as she leaned weeping over his

emaciated body, "O Death! if you are not altogether a stranger to pity, make me your prey, instead of my dear husband." Death heard, and presenting himself at the door, demanded, Who called? "The gentleman who lies in that bed," replied Clarina.

I shall conclude this paper with something on the other side, that the ladies may not quarrel with my severity, or suppose that it is a pleasure to me to heap censures on that sex to which life is indebted for its sincerest delights.

In the year 1594, a young Norman gentleman entered at the university of Angers, to study the civil law. Renée Corbeau was the daughter of a tradesman in the same town. She was young, prudent, and handsome, and possessed an extraordinary share of understanding and wit. But these brilliant qualities were tarnished by a fault, of which philosophers make but little account, but which, in the eyes of the world, was deemed unpardonable—Renée Corbeau was poor. The young student no sooner beheld this amiable lady, than he became enamoured, and had the good fortune to inspire her with an equal passion. So rapid was the progress of their mutual flame, that in a few weeks he made her an offer of marriage, and, in the transports of his affection, gave her a promise in his handwriting. It was too in one of these transporting intervals that the poor young lady forgot her prudence; so mighty and sudden is the success of love in overthrowing that structure of modesty, which whole years of admonition and discipline have been spent in erecting.

The effect of this amour could not long be concealed; and the unhappy girl was obliged to tell the sad tale to her mother, who disclosed it to her



father. It was now past the season for reproaches ; all that was left them, was to lay their heads together to discover the best remedy which the case admitted. After a reasonable consultation, it was agreed that the parents should feign a design of going into the country that same evening, while the daughter, in the mean time, was to give an interview to her lover at their own house, so that thus they might be surprised together. The contrivance succeeded entirely ; the lover was surprised, and in the first emotions of his fear, confessed himself ready to enter into any engagement that would be deemed most satisfactory. Not to lose this opportunity, they pressed him upon his word, and forced him to sign a contract of marriage. This business was scarcely transacted in a regular form by a notary, before the young gentleman felt his passion unaccountably chilled, and a sense of compulsion gave the engagement into which he had entered the colour of an odious obligation. He quitted his mistress in two or three days after this transaction with very little ceremony, and repaired to his father, to whom he related his story from beginning to end. This father was, as fathers often are, a stranger to the true interests of his child, and determined against any match for his son that was not brilliant in point of fortune and connection. In this difficulty, the only means of escaping, was by entering immediately into holy orders ; a proposition to which the son readily agreed.

Renée Corbeau received the intelligence of this cruel transaction with such grief and indignation as was natural in her situation. Her parents determined to avenge her infamy, and entered into a prosecution of the perjured seducer. The affair was referred to commissioners from the parliament of

Paris, of which Mons. de Villeray was president. Here the whole proceeding being traced and laid open, its iniquity appeared so flagrant in the eyes of the judges, that the culprit was condemned to lose his head, unless he chose to fulfil his engagement; and as this was rendered impossible by his entrance into holy orders, it was decreed that the sentence of decapitation should be executed. He had only a short time given him to prepare himself, with the aid of his confessor, for his approaching dissolution.

In the mean time the heart of Renée Corbeau was cruelly torn, when she considered what a lamentable end her excessive love was on the point of bringing upon its object. She was unable to support this idea; and, in a distracted state of mind, rushed into the hall where the judges were yet assembled. Here, with such eloquence as grief inspired, she thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, I come to present before you a lover, the most wretched that the cruelties of fortune have ever afflicted. In condemning to death that dear person, you pronounce the same sentence upon me—upon me, whom you have judged more unfortunate than culpable. Nay, the very infamy of his death will rebound to me; and I shall die, alas! as dishonoured as I have lived. You have done this to repair the wound my honour has received; but in doing it you have doubled my disgrace, and have made me an object of detestation to the world. How can you reconcile such a conduct with the justice you profess? You were men before you were judges, and have, some of you, felt what lovers feel. Yes, you have felt enough to paint to your imaginations the torment which one that so dearly loves must feel, when she can reproach herself with being the cause of death, of a miserable

death, to the object of her passion. Tell me, if ye are men, and sympathize like men, is there in the compass of your decrees a punishment equal to this terrible idea? To condemn me to the scaffold, would be a blessing in comparison. I am now going, Sirs, to open your eyes. I have hitherto concealed my crime, that your decision might be favourable to me; but, urged by remorse, I can no longer dissemble my guilt. It was I that loved the first—I communicated the flame which was consuming me—I was the seducer—I was the instrument of my own dishonour. Spare an innocent person—spare my love; and let your punishment fall upon the real offender. He has indeed engaged in holy orders, to avoid the necessity of fulfilling his contract. But this is not his own action; it is the action of a barbarous father whom he had no power to resist. Is it right in you, who are fathers, to postpone the duties of a child to the duties of a lover? But how can you retract your first decree? You condemned my lover to death, unless he performed his promise to me; and then, by your second award, you precluded that option which your first had allowed. You permit him a mockery of choice, and then choose for him what his own heart would of course have rejected. That he may yet marry me, in spite of the profession he has embraced, who can doubt? Although, in truth, I am nothing but an ignorant girl, my love prompts my tongue and gives me knowledge upon this occasion. Ah! what science could not such love as mine inspire me with, if its interests required it. Yes, I know—and you, Sirs, know also, that an ecclesiastic may marry, with a dispensation from the pope. The legate from his holiness is expected soon to arrive, and he has all the plenitude of the papal power. I will ask myself—on my knees will I beg this dis-

pensation, and I know I shall obtain it. My love is a match for all obstacles. Oh! deign then to suspend the execution of your decree, till the legate arrives. Though you still persist in thinking the crime of my lover enormous, ah! consider, in your clemency, what crime is not all the apparatus and show of death, that has already moved before his eyes, sufficient to expiate? Are you still inflexible? Then refuse me not the consolation of dying under the same axe with my lover."

The judges were melted, and suspended the decree; but the legate was so struck with the iniquity of the young man's conduct, that he would grant the dispensation to no instances or tears. Distracted with the disappointment, Renée Corbeau rushed into the presence of the king, and threw herself at his feet. It was Henry the Fourth, and afflicted beauty was imploring his assistance;—little more need be said. The kind monarch himself became her advocate, and easily obtained the dispensation. The marriage was immediately celebrated, and became the happiest in all France.

As my story is no fiction, but among the celebrated causes collected by Mr. Gayot de Pitaval, let my readers confess that it is one of the greatest miracles which love has ever performed.

## No. 64. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3.

*Pace vestrâ licent dixisse, primi omnium eloquentiam perdidistis; levibus enim atque inanibus sonis lulibriâ quædam excitando effecistis, ut corpus enervaretur et caderet. Grandis, et, ut ita dicam, pudica oratio non est maculosa nec turgida, sed naturali pulchritudine exsurgit.*

PETRONIUS.

Allow me to say that you have been among the first corrupters of the true eloquence; you have substituted indeed a kind of mockery of it, while the real substance is perishing. An elevated and chaste style of oratory is not tricked out with cumbrous ornament, but recommends itself by its own natural beauty.

IN the course of these papers some pains have been taken to discountenance that false refinement to which the present age is tending, and towards which every age and nation inclines, at a certain period of its growth. But it is not enough to expose that mock sensibility of manners which has borne away the rewards of genuine feeling—of that feeling which is too dignified to be loquacious. There is also a mock sensibility in the writings of some men, that deserves all the ridicule which can be thrown upon it, as it falsifies the natural tones of virtue, and debauches our relish of the sublime in morals. I have before remarked the alliance which subsists between taste and morality; the truth is, that the one is rarely corrupted without some depravation of the other. He who ingrafts upon his stock of virtue solecisms in taste, and distorted ideas of elegance and beauty, however upright and pure his theory may be, will hardly escape continual absurdity in his

practice and deportment. There is a decorum in truth, and in every thing in which truth is concerned, that demands a certain severity of dress, and simplicity of ornament; and virtue, methinks has an honest sort of language in which she loves to express herself, and which, though by no means preclusive of elegance, disdains that gaudiness of phrase and imagery which may be necessary to meaner subjects.

Religion and virtue are not always assisted by their busiest friends; and there is an officiousness in some of their advocates which disappoints their purposes, and brings no honour to the cause. Of this number are those who are forever introducing their favourite themes, however little they harmonize with the subjects they are upon; or, when their principal concern is with these sacred topics, are perpetually degrading them with low allusions and comparisons, and laying under contribution to them the whole of the natural world, in a strain of symbolical enthusiasm. At the head of these raving philosophers, is the author of certain Meditations upon tombs and gardens; one who could find a resemblance between religion and a radish, or draw the fire of devotion out of cucumbers; to whom every thorn was the thorn of Glastonbury, and every bush contained a divinity; who could make up the ten commandments into a nosegay for the bosom, and squeeze morality for a dozen pages out of a green gooseberry. I shall suppose this gentleman, after a visit to Covent-garden market, detailing, in a letter to a lady, the reflections which occurred to him on so moving an occasion.

“MY DEAR MADAM,

“After following my melancholy march among the silent dead, and my gayer progress among the garden flowers, you will not refuse me your gentle so-

ciety in a moral stroll through this instructive scene. What a delicious confusion of tongues! One might imagine one's self at the building of the Tower of Babel. But who can wonder, where there is so much to nourish contemplation, and to prompt the tongue, that this most amiable part of the creation should exalt their tones, and give a loose to those laudable feelings which the objects before them inspire? What a rich and varied repast here offers itself to the thinking mind! In this view, the luxury of courts, and the appointments of princes, must yield up the palm to yon loaded jackass, that seems to smile significantly as he trots on with his vegetable burden. Approach, thou venerable beast! for in those symbolical baskets which grace your comely sides, I read important lessons of life, and a vegetable kind of philosophy sprouts up in my view. Jog on, my gentle friend! and let it render your burden light, to reflect that it is all instruction which you carry. In the mean time, my thoughts shall ramble to the place whence you set out on your morning's progress, saluting the sunrise with a bray of exultation. And why should not the kitchen garden be as great a school of morality as the beds of the flaunting flowers, or the silent sepulchres of the dead? Or why should I injure the olitory, by seeming thus to doubt of its attractions? If the tomb and the grave present us with wholesome mementos of mortality and revival, may we not find as striking emblems of both, in those regions where what goes in a dead seed, comes out a living cabbage? Shall the vegetable tribes hide their diminished heads before the children of Flora, so long as the mouth shall maintain its due preëminence over the nose? so long, too, as the bean shall rival with its odours the choicest essences of the parterre, while, on the other side, the most un-

refined feeder would die of hunger amid the richest exuberance of jasmines and roses?

“But let me spare my eloquence,—for either I am duped by the illusions of an enthusiastic fancy, or yon artichoke, with its hundred tongues, is raising itself on its stalk, to plead the cause of its esculent brethren;—and even the low-born and grovelling potato might, on such an occasion, rise from its earthly habitation, and, in a strain of native Hibernian eloquence, confound the boldest orator in the courts of Flora. And which could we select, among all these various tribes, as better entitled to the honourable privilege of pleading for the rest? For surely we shall not, like the worldling, measure desert by external standards; we shall not appreciate the pulp of the potato by the humility of the situation in which it grows, or underrate the qualities of this precious plant, because its retiring modesty renders it necessary to dig it from its courted obscurity. Rather shall this circumstance convince us, if we doubted it before, of its title to our respect. And why does it sequester its plain, I had almost said clumsy form, from the sight of man, but for the noblest purposes, viz: that when our summer friends of the garden have deserted us in our need, it may bring forth its stores in the winter adversity of our tables, and endure, for the gratification of our capricious appetites, sometimes the ordeal of the grid-iron, sometimes the martyrdom of the fagot, and sometimes the lingering and cruel persecution of the salamander.

“Alas, poor potato! Oh! that a more eloquent tongue than mine were employed in singing thy praises, and asserting thy claims! But I will leave thee to that happy consciousness of deserving a reward, which, to the virtuous, ever constitutes that



reward itself; and pursue my exquisite meanderings among the other sons and daughters of the spade, my eyes watering with gratitude, and my mouth with appetite, as I range through the delicious cohort of turnips, cabbages, kidney-beans, radishes, brown-cole—not forgetting thee, thou sacred artichoke of Jerusalem! O how tumultuously mingle in my breast emotions of delight, at the lavishness with which the culinary stores are showered around, and of self-abasement at the reflection how little worthy am I of the most insignificant stick of horseradish, which at once garnishes and improves the titled loin that smokes upon my Sunday board! like some fair one, at once beautiful and wise that graces our dwelling while she meliorates our minds. And as I throw my glistening eye around, a sweet perplexity where to open the theme of wonder, forces adown my glowing cheek that tear which stood ripe for its fall. My heart roves from one topic of admiration to another; and, like the humble beast in the fable, my gratitude is in danger of starving, from inability to choose between the rival delicacies which solicit my preference.

“O why will the fickle ones of this world devote themselves to the charms of variety, and pall their sensuality by the ceaseless repetition of vapid pleasures, while their garden gates stand open day and night, and invite them to scenes of inexhaustible profusion and incomparable delight!—scenes that might leave Methuselah, in the last year of his life, yet but beginning to investigate their beauties! In this we should do well to imitate, instead of destroying, the curious caterpillar, who is never content with wandering through the mazes of the cauliflower—and the contemplative hog, who never manifests such genuine transport, as when an opportunity is yielded

him of revelling with inquisitive snout in the territories of Vertumnus ; while we jealously bar his researches, by inserting that envious ring in his nostrils which would far better become our own, when we intrude them into the concerns of our brethren.

“ Ah ! how long might the eye rest unsated on the upright graces of those aspiring asparagus, that bristle up their vegetable spears, as if in defiance of the mightiest children of the garden ! while yon crouching cabbages, that grow at their feet, seem to spread abroad their leafy arms, as if to acknowledge their prowess, and implore their mercy. Well may the end of the former be to lose their heads, the death of the valiant—and well may the latter be the constant emblem of the knights of the thimble, nine of whom are required, by the contemptuous arithmetic of the vulgar, to compose an individual man. Yet, as the bee can extract honey from the nettle, so can charity find good in the cabbage. Thus, let us not scoff at the dastardliness of this production, without, at the same time, drawing a lesson of unanimity from the ways of this numerous family.

“ O Foxite and Pittite, Jacobin and Aristocrat, Atheist and Christian ! blush ye all at your enmities and divisions, while ye see the Early-York, the Sugar-loaf, the Battersea, and the Scotch-kale, with all their hostilities of season, colour, form, and flavour, growing side by side, and each meekly tolerating the diversities of the other ! Shall man and wife still pollute the annals of matrimony by divorces and separations, while the purple broccoli, and the snowy cauliflower, possess one bed ? And shall history stain her page with the animosities of the white and red rose, while the white and red cabbage are content to vegetate on the same soil, simmer in the same pot, and smoke upon the same table ?

“O philanthropic root! that, like some bountiful father of a family, not content with yielding us the fruit of its own sound heart, dedicates its posterity to our use, in that profusion of sprouts, which it supplies to us from its own parent stock! O how unlike the penurious pea, that obliges us to tear open its bowels for its globular treasures! while even for these we are indebted to our own industry, in supporting its sluggish tendrils, which else would sordidly creep and wither on the ground. So, many a profligate genius of this world would suffer his talents to moulder away in indolence, but for some solicitous friend, that, with salutary severity, forces them into exertion.

“Not less harsh, nor less beneficial in its agency, the stimulating camomile, that, like a rigid, yet loving confessor, descends into the depths of our bosoms, and compels us to discharge their foul and peccant accumulations. And see, too, where, in the hue of innocence, humbly shows its head the pious parsnip, that pays us its annual Lenten visit, and, by its significant insipidity, points out to us the tastelessness of worldly pleasures and pursuits! And what are those two that suddenly strike my sight, whose name shows them to be allied, while their shape and properties betoken irreconcilable contrariety? They are French and Windsor beans—O how pertinently so named! The former, in its spare form and scattered growth, aptly representing the meagre figures and disunited state of the people from whom they have their name, while the mangled and massacred condition in which they are brought to our boards still more forcibly typifies the savage ferocity with which they have substituted the sword for the sceptre.

“Turn your eye from the painful picture, to contemplate its like in name, as its antagonist in nature, the Windsor bean—and admire, with me, how appo-

sitely the fair rotund form of its contents represents the honest British plumpness of the gracious potentate whose residence has furnished its title—while the clustering manner in which they hang from their luxuriant branches, adumbrates the numerousness and concord of his royal offspring. But see where, on this side, spires the Coss, and on that, spreads the brown Dutch lettuces—plants that instruct us by their very nothingness! Those very leaves, that, in the natural state, are considered but as provender for the swine, O how sweetly, how gratefully do they salute the palate, when aided by the delicious provocatives of the cruet-stand!

“Let us hence collect the emptiness and unserviceableness of man in his natural state, and the high things of which he is capable, when heightened by the precious sauce of education. And let the mystic artichoke, which once more arrests my attention, read us a lecture on human life. May I not be indulged in the pleasing, even the fanciful supposition, that the leaves with which it is so munificently arrayed, may have been designed as emblems of the years through which we pass in our human pilgrimage, which, as each is exhausted, gradually unfold to us the choke of mortal miseries—those miseries, like that choke, covered over with a flimsy coating of comfort, which, moreover, we ever burn our fingers in endeavouring to obtain; till, at length arrived at the bottom, or death, our difficulties are at an end, and our sweets begin?

“But what ambiguous root is here, whose flavour contradicts to our palates the report made by its form to our eyes?—The turnip-radish! O let it warn us against the wily foe, that cheats our credulous eyes with the smooth turnip of tenderness, while inwardly he bites us with the sharp radish of ran-

cour. Nor let yon hypocritical onion less admonish us of the insidious wretch, that can force tears from our eyes at one moment, and at the next annoy us with the foul breath of defamation; and, to render his machinations still more fatal, can lay us asleep while they are working. And see, too, how those callous cucumbers, though ripened and fostered beneath the genial glass of protection, shall return the benefactions of their patron with coldness at least, if not with bitterness.

“And as at the moral uses of these vegetable riches, so let us admire at the contrivance which has accommodated each with its appropriate form and structure, which it could not exchange but with disadvantage. How should we smile to see the cumbersome cauliflower hanging, like an infant with a dropsied head, from the slim spires of the asparagus! or the diminutive pea, which we now behold so artfully emboxed in its commodious mansion, loosely scattered, like the potato, beneath the earth, while the hours of the impatient cook would pass in the tedious toil of separating the little balls from the clods amidst which they would be lost! and, in return, the rugged and hardy potato, transplanted from its subterraneous abode into the slender and silken shell which we now see so aptly tenanted by the miniature globes of the pea! What room should we find for extolling the artifice of creation, if the artichoke, of which we have already admired the progressive conformation, should exhibit its parts in an inverted series? if the moist and marrowy bottom were taken from its needful asylum in the inmost recesses of the plant, and laid bare to the beating hail and blowing blasts, while the tough and sturdy leaves should be translated from their present characteristic exposure, to a useless security within? In

all these cases, would not the transposition equally offend the eye of a spectator, and the interests of each individual product?

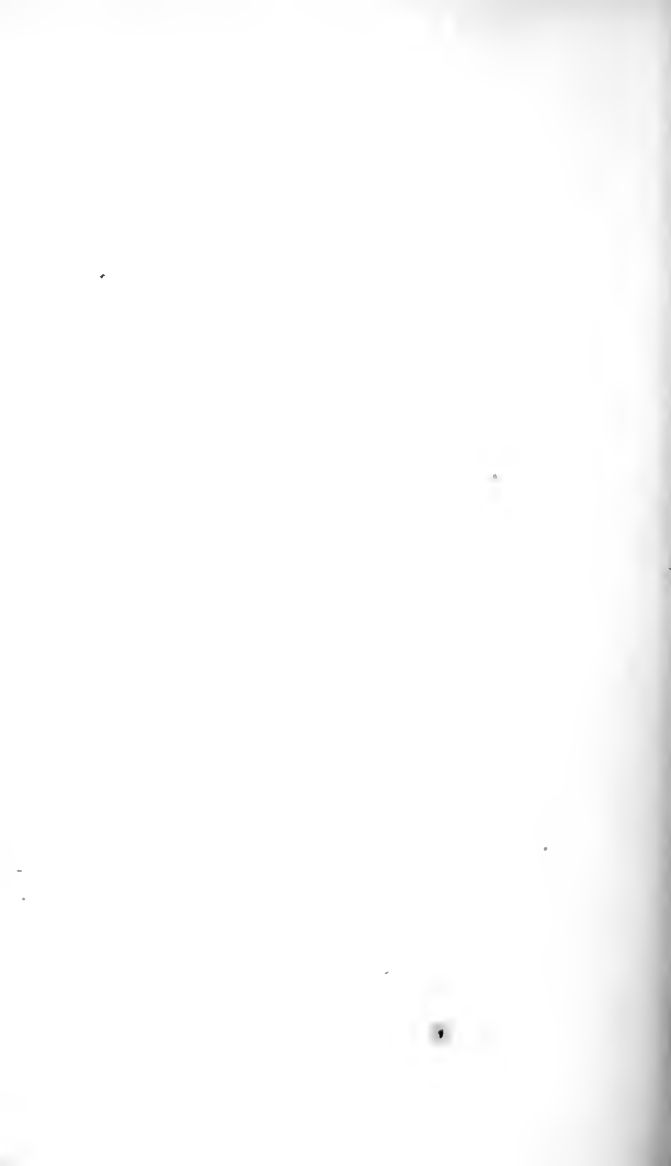
“Thus rich, thus copious, does the page of horticulture appear, even in the feeble epitome of it which is here exhibited. Ah! would we but study it as it deserves! Would we but resort as eagerly to its more refined and symbolical, as we do to its grosser, though not more substantial advantages, we should find it speak a language of reason and religion, that would set all the subtleties of logic and all the systems of ethics at defiance. With such a clue to guide us through the labyrinths of life, no process would occur in the cultivation of our beds, which would not give a lesson to our consciences, while it provided a meal for our tables. We should not then water a plant, without dropping, at least from our mind’s eyes, the fostering tears of transport over our growing virtues, or of repentance over our transgressions. We should not rake the stones or root the weeds from our foul ground, without at the same time raking out the foul passions with which our hearts are choked and overrun—or roll the gravel of our walks, without adverting at the same time to the rising turbulence of our desires, which need to be pressed down by the roller of reflection. Above all, we should not fail to impress on our hearts the fragility and transitoriness of all sublunary things, when we consider how soon the luxuries of the garden fade away, and elude the most confident hopes of hunger.

“O let the ambitious man learn to despise the ladder on which he stands, while he considers that yon towering artichoke shall shortly wither on its stem, or be scalded in the pot! O let the lover withdraw his adoration from Chloe’s eyes, when he sees

the blushing apple of love droop and shrivel in the odious embraces of time, and the amorous pea torn from its darling stick, and sacrificed to the voracity of man ! O let the epicure renounce his delicacies, while he reflects that, like yon cauliflower, he shall soon administer to the gluttony of the worm ! and the fop his essences, when he faints at the fumes from those corrupted beans, so late the pride of vegetable fragrance ! In a word, let all the hunters after worldly delights resign their ardour for them, as they contemplate that period when kings and cabbages, popes and peas, sages and salads, beauties and broccoli, artichokes and archbishops, lords and leeks, princes and parsnips, tyrants and turnips, cucumbers and conquerors, shall lie in one promiscuous heap of sapless putrefaction ! ”

I do seriously apprehend that these false models have been so successful in corrupting the taste of the public, that it may be necessary to apprise some few of my readers, that what they have been reading is really not sublime.

END OF VOL. XXXVI.















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